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OLD WILLIAMSBURG
AND HER NEIGHBORS

By the Same Author:

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Each with frontispiece in full color
and many pen and ink drawings
by the author.



OLD WILLIAMSBURG
HER NEIGHBORS

by
WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS

Illustrated by
THE AUTHOR

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1938



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TO ALL THOSE PATRIOTIC MEN AND WOMEN
WHO HAVE GIVEN OF THEIR TIME AND
THEIR SUBSTANCE THAT THE MEMORIALS OF
OUR HISTORIC PAST SHOULD BE PRESERVED,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTION

SOMETHING ABOUT THE OLD DOMINION

When Edmund Spenser dedicated his *Faerie Queene* to "The Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Empresse, Renowned for Pietie, Vertue, and All Gracious Government, ELIZABETH," he wrote that she was, "By the Grace of God, Queene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Virginia." In the colonial coat of arms also one may read "En dat Virginia quintam" (Lo, Virginia gives a fifth). This cryptic motto means that after James the First took the English throne and added Scotland to the British union, Virginia made the fifth realm. It is amusing to notice the claim to the throne of France still maintained in these words, but it is interesting to observe that the whole of the New World territory claimed by the English, an area which covers the entire United States of today and Canada as well, was "Virginia," a kingdom fit to take her place beside England, Scotland, and Ireland, not to mention "Fraunce." At the time Spenser wrote this flourish there was not one Englishman living in this territory. The boundaries of the new realm were vast but cloudy. For some reason it was supposed to contain a convenient passage westward to the South Sea, and in its forests colonists were expected to come upon hoards of gold and silver, as the Spaniards had done in Mexico and Peru, and ship them back to their liege lord, who had plenty of use for money which he did not have to beg from Parliament. Virginia

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disappointed those early hopes. Much bitter suffering was endured and many brave men died before a real foothold was gained for English institutions in the New World. In time Virginia shrank to the status of being only one of a number of colonies all carved out of the vast territory her name once covered on English maps. In a sense, therefore, she is the mother of all the rest. At all events, there is no soil in America more redolent of great traditions and great names than that of the Old Dominion, and the native Virginian may be forgiven for the local pride for which he is famous. "Never ask a man where he is from," so runs the old story of a Virginian giving advice to his son. "If he is from Virginia he will tell you. If he is not, why humiliate him?"

It is told also of a Virginian who went to call upon the Pope, that when His Holiness asked politely, "Where are you from?" the reply was, "Fauquier County, suh."

At any rate, in Virginia were the very beginnings of the nation. Here a great colony developed. Here were born the greatest leaders in war and statecraft for the War of Independence and the building of the republic that followed. During the next great epoch, the Civil War, Virginia has an interesting record. It has been said that Virginia, by refusing to secede in 1860, saved the Union, for her example would have made secession an accomplished fact at that time when Buchanan was still in the White House. Then when the firing of Sumter precipitated war, in the spirit of chivalrous defense of a sister state from an army of invasion she withdrew from the Union. But even this decision, voted on April 17, 1861, was brought about only after stubborn opposition in the Convention from the Union sym-

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thizers, and strong-armed methods used by the party of secession. Thereafter Virginia became the chief battleground of the war, Richmond was made the capital of the Confederacy, Virginians took the lead of Southern armies, and no other state, north or south, sent so many men to war in proportion to its population. Not a few of these were men like General Thomas and Admiral Farragut, who sacrificed friends and kindred because of their loyalty to the Union.

So as the traveler drives along the highways, it seems as if at every step there stands a "marker" noting some spot of historical interest connected with an epoch of the nation's past. In all this area of the Old Dominion the most historic ground is a small patch of land lying between Fredericksburg and Norfolk, most of it on a narrow peninsula between the York and the James rivers, which is fast becoming a national shrine. Here on a little island in the James is all that remains of Jamestown, where the earliest foothold for English-speaking colonists was gained in the wilderness of the New World. (Only six miles away is that second capital of Virginia, Williamsburg, the scene of so many stirring events and the familiar haunt of those giant figures of the War of Independence.) And a dozen miles to the east lies another historic town on the bluff overlooking the broad waters of the York River, Yorktown, famous for the surrender of a British army which marked the conclusion of the Revolution. In this small area, therefore, our nation had its birth, here it bred the leaders of the movement for independence, and here it won the decisive victory that made us a nation. It was an appropriate phrase which Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, historian of Virginia and President of William and Mary

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College, used to describe this part of his native state, "The Cradle of the Republic."

For many years, however, there was little interest taken in the old Cradle. Before the Civil War not even Virginians felt any concern about Jamestown, Williamsburg, or Yorktown. The river steadily ate away the site of the first settlement at Jamestown, Williamsburg was simply a drowsy, small-college town, and Yorktown dwindled into a handful of shabby houses.

Naturally, the Civil War made matters worse. It was not until the closing decade of the nineteenth century that patriotic men and women of Virginia made a beginning to save Jamestown, and it is to their efforts that we owe whatever we have of that ancient shrine today. But a tremendous change has taken place in recent years, thanks to the benefaction of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the restoration of Williamsburg to the glory of its colonial days, and, with that, the work of the Federal government not only in creating a superb parkway from Yorktown to Jamestown through Williamsburg, but also in restoring the ancient fortifications at Yorktown itself. The result is that the Cradle of the Republic is now a national Mecca. Every year, and at every season of the year, tens of thousands of motorists from every corner of the country come to see.

This volume is a story of just such a pilgrimage to this shrine of America. To those who have already paid their respects here the author hopes that these pages may bring back pleasant memories. To those of his countrymen who have not as yet doffed their hats in the Jamestown Church or strolled in Bruton's God's Acre, he hopes that the same pages may help

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them to enjoy these scenes when they do come. For everyone does come in time. And it is well that there should be such a place for us Americans to gather and pay a silent tribute of gratitude to the past. Here is our history at its point of greatest antiquity. Here lived and toiled and fought and died the giants who gave us so much of what we have to be proud of as a nation. Here, even as a new country, we may be reminded that we have a historic tradition to live up to.

Recently a writer of the female gender declared in a book that Thomas Jefferson's ideals were no longer entrusted to "decadent New England or the defeated South," but rather to the children of recent immigrants. By an odd coincidence the lady is herself a child of foreign-born parents, and naturally she should know. But her statement is rather hard on the rest of us who are not fortunate enough to trace our parentage back to Odessa, or Smyrna, or Naples, but, instead, sprang from "decadent New England" or the "defeated South," or maybe both. We "vanishing Americans," however, may get a sense of pride and satisfaction in coming to the place where Jeffersonian democracy was born, and pray that it may survive. And these new guardians of our democracy also may well come and see something that might remind them of a day when America was not merely considered in terms of making money as fast as possible by hook or by crook. If they are the new custodians of our democracy, they should be interested in knowing more about the tradition they have to guard. Perhaps what they see may make them prize that tradition more, even if democracy seems very much out of fashion these days. Let's hope so! At any rate, this Cradle of the Republic is a place where all of us

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Americans may gather—whether we are Sons and Daughters of the Steerage or Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, and happily that is exactly what is happening today.

Now any pilgrimage to a shrine must start from somewhere, of course. Chaucer, for instance, began his at the Tabard Inn in Southwark. For this journey we shall set out from the little town of Fredericksburg, Virginia. No other place has a better claim on our interest. Here is probably the most historic town in America. It combines the two great traditions of the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, those epochs of which there are constant reminders in the area which has Williamsburg as its center. What is more, it lies on the direct route running south from Washington, the fine Number 1 highway. But too many tourists make the mistake of trundling straight through Fredericksburg on the line of its Main Street. They never see the real Fredericksburg, which is one of the most interesting and attractive towns in all these United States. One cannot call it the ideal gateway to the Cradle of the Republic without mixing up the metaphors beyond hope of unscrambling, but the reader may catch the drift of the idea. In short, there is no place so appropriate from which to begin our visit to the Williamsburg area as Fredericksburg. Indeed, we shall give it a little visit of its own.

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CHAPTER I

FREDERICKSBURG

IF motorists do bowl on straight through this delightful town it is their own fault, for there is everything here to make the traveler pause. He may take his ease in either of two excellent inns. The older one, the Princess Anne Hotel, has a mellow tradition. The building stands on the site of what was formerly the home of the Barton family; one of whom became a brigadier general of the Confederacy and died here. In this house Webster, Dickens, and Thackeray were entertained. Here, shortly after the Civil War, General Lee was tendered a reception and kissed by all the young ladies present. Apparently this had become an Old Confederate Custom, and presumably Mrs. Lee did not object. After the original house had been removed and a hotel arose in its place, it received as guests the international figures of another great war, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, and others.

A newer hostel greets the traveler from the north just on the outskirts of the town, the Stratford, named after the birthplace of Lee. This hotel has no ancient memories, but it spreads its arms in a wide welcome as if to express the idea of the old-time hospitality of the South. In either place, or wherever else one lodges, the traveler should ask for a small, very convenient folder containing a map of the town, with the location of the principal places of interest marked thereon, and also a brief

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summary of its history.

Thus one may learn that as early as 1608 the mighty Captain John Smith came here on one of his exploring expeditions. This was the end of navigable water on the Rappahannock, for at about this point began the "falls" of the river. But it was not until 1727, our folder tells us, that the town "was officially laid out," and it adds that five years later Mr. Augustine Washington, the father of the Father of His Country, was appointed one of the trustees of the town. This was the year his distinguished son, was born.

Here George came as a boy, living at "Ferry Farm," however, on the opposite side of the river. It is said that he used to cross the ferry daily while escorting his sister Betty to school. This country place was the scene of the famous cherry-tree story which Parson Weems gave to posterity; and also that other anecdote about George's pitching a Spanish silver dollar across the Rappahannock, an ancient tale always followed by the almost equally venerable quip about the dollar going farther in those days. The feat was repeated by Walter Johnson, the professional baseball pitcher in recent years, but it should also be remembered to the glory of George Washington's pitching arm that the Rappahannock, though it can still boast a forty-foot channel, was a much larger river in those days.

The importance of this Virginia town in the eighteenth century, strange as it may seem now, lay chiefly in the fact that it was a seaport. Sailing ships came all the way from London to drop anchor at Fredericksburg. It appears to have been fairly prosperous, but it never grew to any great size as compared with its neighbors in Virginia and the other colonies. Indeed,

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there is a tradition among the old-timers that the town suffered from a singular curse laid upon it many generations ago. It seems that a group of Baptists, unwanted in their own neighborhood, wandered to Fredericksburg for an asylum. But the Fredericksburgers didn't like Baptists either, and cast them forth with opprobrium and brickbats. Whereupon, the legend runs, they shook the dust of the heartless Episcopalian town off their feet, crossed the river, and camped down at Falmouth. As they went, they pronounced a curse upon Fredericksburg; namely, that the town should not prosper for ninety-nine years. "And," added my informant, "the curse came true. It was just about ninety-nine years after that before the settlement began to perk up." It does seem like an unchristian thing for those Baptists to have done, but it is pleasant to know that the ninety-nine years are long since past.

Although Fredericksburg was never a large town, it produced a glorious array of distinguished men. Besides George Washington, who was born at Wakefield, a short distance away, but who can fairly be claimed as a citizen, there were George Mason, Richard Henry Lee, Lighthorse Harry Lee, James Monroe, and Lieutenant Matthew Fontaine Maury, U.S.N., who at one time or another made their home here. For the Revolutionary War the town contributed five generals besides Washington. Fredericksburg was the only American home of John Paul Jones, whose brother was a citizen here.

There was another remarkable personage of this town, so utterly forgotten by the outside world that he should have a few paragraphs to himself. This was the cantankerous, hard-fighting soldier of fortune, Lewis Littlepage, whose bones lie

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in the Masonic cemetery. As an undergraduate at William and Mary College he attracted notice by scribbling verses. At the age of nineteen he accompanied John Jay to Madrid as an under-secretary to the embassy. But he soon decided that although the pen is mightier than the sword it is not half so much fun, and he joined the French and Spanish forces in their attacks against Minorca and Gibraltar. He was appointed aide to the Duc de Crillon, who commanded the combined army. He was wounded in one siege and was blown up in another, but he survived to be presented with a sword and the title of Chevalier by the King of Spain.

From that time on his life was one long succession of romantic adventures. The King of Poland took a fancy to him, made him a member of his cabinet, and presented him with a golden master key that opened every door in the palace as evidence of his faith in him.

Being sent on a mission to conclude a treaty with Russia, he caught the eye of the Empress Catherine the Great who, despite her years, still had a weakness for fighting men. She borrowed Littlepage from the King of Poland and sent him on the Black Sea campaign against the Turks with the rank of Major General. Oddly enough, in this same expedition the admiral of the Russian fleet was none other than his fellow townsman, John Paul Jones. Both these men learned to their sorrow that service under Catherine meant harder fighting against court intrigues, jealousy, and treachery than against the Turks.

Six years later another turn of the wheel of fortune brought him back to Poland. In Catherine's invasion of that country he fought under Kosciusko. Again he was wounded. He lingered

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on in Warsaw several years until finally he reappeared on the streets of Fredericksburg broken in health and fortune. Here he died, in the year 1802, at the age of thirty-nine. In that short life he had seen enough romantic adventure and hairbreadth escapes to make a dozen novels.

To return to American history and more familiar heroes, the fathers of John Marshall and George Rogers Clark were citizens of Fredericksburg. Commander William Lewis Herndon, the first explorer of the Amazon, in whose honor a granite obelisk stands in the Naval Academy grounds, and for whom a destroyer was named, lived in the house on Princess Anne Street where the National Bank now stands. His daughter became the wife of Chester A. Arthur. Commander Herndon was the brother-in-law of Lieutenant Maury. Finally, at Stratford, which is a near country neighbor of Wakefield, Robert E. Lee was born.

Practically all these were men of action and affairs, statesmen, sailors, or soldiers, with just one great scientist, the founder of the science of oceanography, Matthew Fontaine Maury. There were no painters, poets, philosophers, divines, dramatists, or novelists in the lot. But what a galaxy for one small provincial town to boast of in a single century! One may forgive a local historian for saying, "No other area in the world produced so many great men in so short a time." Of course, there was Athens in the age of Pericles, but why go back that far? It would be interesting to know how many citizens of New York's seven million today could measure up to the stature of any one of half a dozen men who walked little Fredericksburg's streets, say in the year 1775.

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This Revolutionary era was the first heroic age of the town. Here Washington's brother-in-law and close friend, Fielding Lewis, manufactured arms for the Continental army as hard as he could in Hunter's Iron Works. Here Cornwallis planned to come to destroy that little factory because it was accomplishing so much for the patriot cause. And in "Kenmore," the beautiful mansion of the Lewises, the maid found one day to her horror a large gentleman in uniform, with muddy boots, lying asleep right across the counterpane of Mrs. Lewis's best company bed. The mistress went up in haste only to discover that the unconventional visitor was her brother George on his way back from Yorktown, worn out with much care and travel. Let us hope that she was a good, sweet sister and did not mention the matter of his muddy boots.

When finally it was clear that Yorktown meant the victorious end of the war, a grand Peace Ball was held in Fredericksburg, attended by generals in buff and blue, including Washington himself, who entered the room in state with his aged mother on his arm, French officers resplendent in white and gold, and beautiful ladies in billowing satin skirts and high, powdered headdresses, not to mention others not so beautiful, perhaps, and more plainly arrayed. Anyway, it was such a brilliant event that for generations afterwards one spoke of the Peace Ball as *the* great social event of all history.

After the Revolutionary War the town seems to have prospered moderately, although it must have suffered, as all colonial ports did, by the severance of the old relations with the mother country. The Rappahannock gradually ceased to be an avenue of transatlantic commerce, and other commercial interests, such

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as tobacco, grew to greater importance. But it was still a quiet little Southern town when the second war overwhelmed it. This time the conflict was no distant affair which one heard about from dispatch riders and discussed over a glass of wine at the Rising Sun Tavern. The Civil War seemed to select this village for a special martyrdom, for it lay on the direct route between the two capitals, Washington and Richmond.

If Virginia was the chief battlefield of the war, Fredericksburg and her surrounding plantation country was its cockpit. Seven times the unhappy town changed hands. It was the only place where both President Lincoln and President Davis made public addresses during the war. One fearful battle takes its name from Fredericksburg because it was fought through its very streets. Three of the most terrific struggles of the war took place within a short radius, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, and Spotsylvania Courthouse. Near by are also the scenes of minor battles such as Salem Church, Hamilton's Crossing, and the famous Bloody Angle. It has been said that more men were killed and wounded in this Fredericksburg area than ever before in history in any plot of ground of equal size. The Federal government has set aside these battlefields as national parks with paths and roads following old trench lines, and with guides to give such information as the student seeks to know.

Seventy-five years ago the name Fredericksburg meant nothing to the average American. Then it gained a grim renown throughout the nation for the bloody conflict waged for its possession between the Union and the Confederate armies. This battle was fought on December 13, 1862. Lee was on the heights to the west of Fredericksburg and Burnside across the river to

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the east. On December 10, the Union army made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the stream. The next day Burnside concentrated his artillery on the town, and the following day succeeded in getting his army across on pontoon bridges. But on the thirteenth he failed with heavy losses in trying to drive Lee from Marye's Heights, and at the same time Jackson was beating back a Union attack near what is now the Mansfield Country Club. In the end, after desperate fighting, the Federal army fell back and recrossed the river, leaving the streets of Fredericksburg blue with their dead.

General Longstreet, in writing his recollections of the battle two decades later, said, "The charges had been desperate and bloody but utterly hopeless. I thought as I saw the Federals come again and again to their death that they deserved success if courage and daring could entitle soldiers to victory."

The Union defeat was so severe that when General Lee went to Richmond to talk over other plans of campaign he was informed by the administration that the war was virtually over, and that in another month or so peace would be proclaimed.

General Burnside was a good officer in more ways than one. For instance, he invented a breech-loading carbine used in the war, one that may be seen in the Civil War Museum in Fredericksburg. His home town, Providence, Rhode Island, has a bronze equestrian statue of him. But this defeat at Fredericksburg cost him the command of the Army of the Potomac, a command which, it is only fair to say, he had twice declined, and had finally accepted only with great reluctance. The disaster was of such proportions that it has pinned for all time the unhappy word "Failure" to his name in spite of that bronze

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statue. In fact it may be said, without flying in the face of Providence, so to speak, that Ambrose Burnside was distinctly out of his class in confronting Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. For that matter, what other soldier of his day anywhere in the world could have measured up to that combination?

Naturally the defeat caused great exultation in the South. For thirty or forty years after the war negro mammies were still chanting to little Virginians:

“Burnside rode down the line,
He stood up in his saddle,
Waved his sword, and gave command,
Cried ‘Right about, skedaddle!’

Chorus

“Let ’em come, let ’em come,
The way is always clear.
But *WHILST* they are comin’
We’ll flank ’em in the rear.”

The “whilst” seems to have been very important and loudly stressed as the climax of the chorus. It appeared that “while” would never do, for any child who sang it that way was always sternly corrected.

But it is not fair to leave General Burnside with these words of derision. When the news of the disaster spread north, his friends, and he had many, tried to lay the blame on the “higher-ups.” As a matter of fact, Burnside’s move toward Fredericksburg would have been successful if he could have had the pontoon bridges in time, but these were held up so long by confusion and stupid delay that Lee and Jackson had time enough to reach Fredericksburg first. Burnside’s letter to the Chief of Staff,

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General Halleck, is one of the manliest in military history. He said that his attempt to take Fredericksburg was entirely his own idea, contrary to the judgment of both Lincoln and Halleck, and therefore the responsibility was his alone.

Across the river is Chatham, a handsome old country place now happily restored. During the battle it was the headquarters of the Union General Sumner and the scene of Burnside's council of war, but General Lee refused to permit his artillery to fire upon it. "I could not do that," he explained. "I love Chatham better than any place except Arlington. I courted my wife in the shade of its trees." After the battle it was used as a hospital for Union wounded. In that hell of blood and agony it is said that there were two young people working for the wounded, Clara Barton and Walt Whitman, who became noted in widely different fields in later years. At the time of the battle Whitman happened to be here looking for his brother who had been seriously wounded in previous fighting.

When the Union army retreated, the Confederate soldiers first helped themselves to the clothing on the Federal dead—that was a bitter December, and Lee's soldiers were thinly clad—then hastily buried the hapless Yankees where they lay. The cold was so intense that many a wounded man died of exposure and the pickets froze hands and feet at their posts.

At the close of the war a Federal cemetery was created and fifteen thousand Union dead were collected there from their shallow graves. Of these nearly thirteen thousand are "unknown soldiers." There are still, under the lawns and streets of Fredericksburg, the bones of many another boy in blue who was buried where he fell.

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Soon after the war a Confederate cemetery was established with money raised by private subscription, much of it in the North. Of the bodies collected here, too, only a very few were ever identified. It is said that the first Memorial Day service in the country was celebrated in this cemetery.

The visitor may, if he likes, make the tour of the Fredericksburg battlefield; or he may content himself by going to the spot where the fiercest of the fighting occurred, at the line of the "Sunken Road" and the stone wall held by the Confederates, and looking up Marye's Heights to "Brompton," the house which was Lee's headquarters.

The little battlefield museum at the corner of George and Prince Edward streets is well worth half an hour's browsing. It is now in the basement of a private home and not too easy to find, but it rewards the effort. Here is an absorbingly interesting collection of war relics, particularly those that were gleaned from the battle of Fredericksburg itself. Here, too, is the stretcher that bore Stonewall Jackson from the ground where he was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, and also the table on which his arm was amputated. Here is the sash worn by "Jeb" Stuart, the tent occupied by Lee during the winter of 1862-1863, and countless other items. There are curious souvenirs of that theatrical madman, John Wilkes Booth; for example, his black and gold dressing gown of the green room, and the saddle on which he rode away after the assassination. Alas, two shots fired by Southern men did the South incalculable harm, the first fired by Ruffin at Fort Sumter—thus precipitating the war fought on Southern soil—the second, the bullet that killed Lincoln and turned loose upon a prostrate people the wolves and jackals of

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Reconstruction. These war relics in the museum make that great conflict intensely vivid.

But there are less grim souvenirs of history than these. In spite of the shelling and the fighting through the streets, which must have left the town a wreck of shattered walls and gaping roofs, enough remained of the old houses so that, as you wander about the streets away from the main thoroughfare, you see many a charmingly picturesque reminder of the age of Washington and Monroe. The finest of them all is the beautiful brick mansion known as "Kenmore," already referred to as the home of Betty Washington Lewis. This must have suffered during the battle of Fredericksburg and immediately after, for the tide of fire surged back and forth, through and around it, and afterwards it was used as a Confederate hospital.

Like many another mansion of colonial Virginia it went into gradual decay until, thanks to public-spirited individuals and patriotic societies, a splendid work of restoration was done, beginning in 1930. Items of furniture have been collected here from many sources. For instance, the great brass knocker on the front door was purchased from the Chase Home in Annapolis where it had hung for some one hundred and fifty years. It is a happy sign of our reunited country that so many of the contributions both of antiques and of money for restoration work came not only from Virginia but every quarter of Yankeeland. An admirable job was done, and Kenmore is now one of our national museum pieces. Today the old mansion sits embowered in its lofty trees and looks over its broad lawns upon the world with its old-time dignity and serenity. It is open to the public for a small fee, which is used for maintenance. A guide explains

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the chief objects of interest and a folder catalogues the various articles with the names of the donors. In passing, one may recommend for special notice Mr. Wollaston's portrait of Colonel and Mrs. Lewis. The painter earned for himself the nickname the "Almond-eyed Wollaston" for the small eyes he used to paint, but in his likeness of the head of the house we learn the interesting historical fact that Washington's brother-in-law was cross-eyed.

The ceiling decorations are among the most remarkable in the country. They were executed by a man whom Washington mentioned briefly as "that Frenchman." In one of these designs he played up "le Roi Soleil," Louis the Fourteenth—although the work must have been done in the reign of the fifteenth Louis. Perhaps the artist felt no particular pride in the sovereign of the moment. Over the fireplace in the "Great Room" is a quaint chimney decoration, a plaque in plaster executed by two Hessian prisoners whom George Washington assigned to the job. This apparently was his personal contribution to his brother-in-law's house, and it was done strictly according to the General's specifications. This was a representation of Aesop's fable of the fox and the crow, which Washington desired to stand as a perpetual reminder to his little nephews and nieces that they must never be taken in by flattery. In the background there is a curious combination of devices symbolizing the three bulwarks of the nation, the Church, the Home, and National Defense—the last represented by a tiny round tower or fort. Considering the terms of the contract, those poor Hessians did remarkably well, but they may have preferred doing an Aesop's fable to getting shot in battle for King George.

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Though Kenmore is the outstanding grand monument of the Revolutionary War epoch in Fredericksburg, it is not by any means the only one. There are many other houses, one-story dwellings with dormer windows and fat chimneys, which can remember the excitement over the Stamp Act, and perhaps some that can remember even as far back as the year when the town was named. This was in honor of Prince Frederick, the father of George the Third, a Prince of Wales who never became King. In those early days there were no subjects under the Union Jack more loyal to the Crown than the Virginians.

Here and there in the colony, it is true, there were certain Scots who at heart were quite scornful of the Hanoverian king. Some of them were in Fredericksburg, and one of them was a Dr. Hugh Mercer. As a young man he had followed Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Scottish army to the battle of Culloden in the official position of Surgeon's Assistant. After the disaster that befell on that day, the young doctor found it wise to flee to America. For ten years he practiced medicine in and about Philadelphia. Then the French and Indian War stirred his martial blood again. He followed Braddock and was wounded in that disastrous expedition to Fort Duquesne. At the same time he made a name for gallantry and won a colonelcy for it, together with a note of thanks and a medal from the Philadelphia City Fathers. Later he was appointed Commandant at Fort Duquesne and negotiated treaties with the sachems of the Six Nations. In these campaigns he met Washington, and it is believed that the latter persuaded Mercer to move to Fredericksburg. Here the embattled Scotsman married and settled down to the peaceful practice of medicine and the sale of drugs. The

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sojourner in Fredericksburg should see the restored apothecary shop which is preserved in his memory. Probably this is the only drugstore in America that never sold cameras, razors, electrical supplies, candies, sandwiches, and ice-cream sodas.

When the stirring year 1775 came around it was just thirty years since he first smelt powder at Culloden, but he immediately laid down his pestle and mortar and took the field as a colonel of minute men. He rose rapidly, for the following year saw him a brigadier general under Washington. In that celebrated Christmas Eve crossing of the Delaware, and the surprise attack on Trenton, Mercer was very active; when attempting to rally his men in the battle of Princeton that followed, he was overwhelmed by the redcoats, who left him on the ground covered with wounds, from which he died.

Not far from Kenmore, where no doubt he was a frequent guest, you may see a bronze statue of this gallant man, sword in hand. He is one of those shining citizens whom Fredericksburg still delights to honor. His widow and her children were taken into the home of her brother-in-law, General Weedon, at the "Sentry Box," a fine, square house which he had built overlooking the Rappahannock. You may see that also, as dignified and handsome as ever. Here the General retired shortly after the war and, regularly as Christmas Day came round, he held open house for all officers of the Continental army and for as many privates as he could accommodate. Regularly, also, at the end of the great dinner General Weedon would rise from his chair and sing "Christmas Day in '76," a song popular in the Revolutionary War, describing Washington's victory at Trenton. It was said that you could hear the old gentleman's

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ringing notes at the other end of town. Those Christmas dinners of his were famous far and wide, and continued until his death in 1794.

Of course, in even a brief ramble, we should visit the James Monroe law office, which is open to the public and is rich with objects of interest connected with the President of the "Era of Good Feeling." This long, narrow building of one story was built in 1758. Here in 1786 James Monroe began his law practice. In 1927 the structure was carefully restored, and furnished with Monroe's personal belongings generously supplied by his descendants. Among these is the desk on which he wrote the Monroe Doctrine. The furniture exhibited here was bought by the Monroes in Paris to equip the American embassy there and later brought by them to the new White House in the fall of 1817. Mrs. Herbert Hoover caused many of these pieces to be copied in order that she might have a room in the White House made to look as it did when President and Mrs. Monroe took possession.

Near by the Monroe law office is the home of Mary Washington, the mother of George. This shrine, also, the visitor may enter. Here came Washington to say good-by to his mother when he rode toward New York in 1789 to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States. It was a last farewell, for she died the following August. Originally her famous son set up a stone over her grave, but in succeeding generations the land passed into the hands of strangers who did not care. The grave was forgotten and the stone was lost. In 1833 a patriotic citizen named Burrows began a new memorial at his own expense. He was able to locate the grave by the help of an old

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slave who was one of those that had prepared it. But Burrows was never able to finish this monument and it suffered badly in the Civil War. The present shaft on Washington Avenue was erected by private subscription and was dedicated by President Cleveland in 1894. The story is that Mrs. Washington selected this spot for her grave because it was near a rock where she used to sit and read her Bible in solitude.

Within an easy walking distance is the Rising Sun Tavern, where patriots met and drew up resolutions expressing their demand for independence. This tavern was first owned by Charles Washington, the brother of George. It was built about 1772, just in time for the excitement leading to the War of Independence. The inn was kept by George Weedon of the Sentry Box and Christmas-dinner fame. An ardent rebel himself, he made his place famous for what an English traveler of this period described as the "flames of sedition." It is worth noting that here, under instructions from the Virginia Assembly, Thomas Jefferson met with a committee and drafted the first bill in America for religious freedom and the first for free elementary schools. Here, too, was held that famous Peace Ball in 1781 attended by Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse, and other notables. As we look at the building now, our first thought is that there was no room for such a large gathering, but the explanation is that the ball was held in what was called the "Assembly Room" of the tavern, the section of the building which burned down more than a hundred years ago. The tavern has a fine staircase and still boasts a "Washington's Room," the chamber where George was wont to sleep when he came to Fredericksburg to visit his mother.

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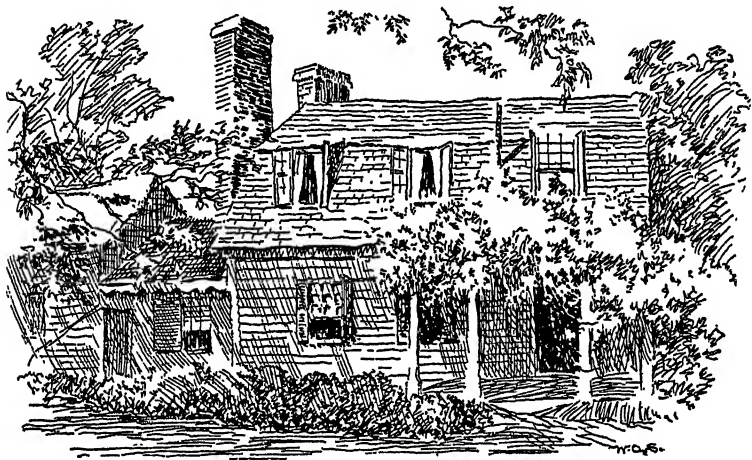
The one living survivor of this great era of the Revolution in Fredericksburg is a horse-chestnut tree, the last of thirteen which were planted by George Washington himself.

Among the historic relics one must not pass with unseeing eye that lump of stone on the corner of Commerce and Charles streets called the "old slave block." One lifelong citizen whom I met opined that it had never been anything but a horse block in front of the old Planters' Hotel. On the other hand, a local historian affirmed that while it was originally set out as a horse block it was often used for the auctioning off and hiring of slaves. He supports this statement by mentioning certain ancient Africans who told him that they had been sold on this very block. The last to make this claim died as late as 1931. It seems reasonable to believe this story, and the tourist may pause and try to imagine the scene with some Uncle Tom sold off by a poverty-stricken Ole Marse and a Little Eva weeping copiously in the background.

Speaking of slaves we should not miss a charming little building in Amelia Street called "The Quarters." It is now an antique shop, and the front has been remodeled where it faces the street over a colorful, old-fashioned garden. But the building housed slaves originally and did so for eighty years. This lot of land, with the mansion on the corner, was once the property of that General Mercer who fell at Princeton. And ever since his day the office connected with this house has been occupied by a physician. The old home is famous for its "Monuments of Paris" picture wallpaper, which was brought here by a ship from France about the time of the battle of Waterloo, and is still in excellent condition.

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The stranger with a fancy for old houses should walk along the river front, where he will find many ancient dwellings of the smaller sort belonging to the day of Washington and Monroe. These are not particularly historic and they have not been "restored." They are delightfully picturesque, and they sit be-



A COTTAGE ONCE OWNED BY WASHINGTON

side the modern cement highways old and ragged, to be sure, but still proud. These old-timers are veterans of the Revolutionary War, many of them, and they are far gone in age and decrepitude, but with their memories they eye the streams of present-day motorists with scorn. In *their* day a gentleman like Colonel Fielding Lewis went abroad in an elegant coach with spanking bays and silver-mounted harness. It is sad that these old houses should be allowed to decay. One of them, hung from chimney to cellar with ivy, now sits disconsolate among dis-

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carded tires and rusty Model T's. Perhaps someday the City Fathers will see their way to preserving these ancient habitations, the relics of a day when even modest homes had fine proportions and charming simplicity.

So far we have ignored the word "city" in regard to Fredericksburg, though no affront to its dignity was intended. In the list of "places of interest" on the folder that you are given at the hotel, there are such items as these: "State Teachers College," "City High School," "Virginia Central Railway Station," "Elks' Home," and "Electric Power Station." And on the same folder we observe the name of a "City Manager." All these are evidences of the fact that Fredericksburg is an up-and-coming city. But probably most visitors will pass up seeing the State Teachers College, or the Hydro-Electric Station without a pang. Any prairie town has these. They are not the things that make Fredericksburg unique. Another statement on the cover of that folder has the gist of it—"America's Most Historic City." That is a forthright claim, to be sure, and there may be a rumble of protest from Charleston to Boston. But the facts are behind it. Where else in America is so much history packed into so brief a compass of streets and outlying countryside? Just enough has been hinted at in these pages to encourage the visitor who loves the history of his country to go poking around among the old houses and historic shrines and see for himself.

Let us grant the title of city without looking up the latest census returns. But the stranger fresh from the roar and confusion of metropolitan traffic and the endless leagues of towering buildings will, after a walk about Fredericksburg, prefer to use a word like "village." It is so peaceful, rich in the archi-

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ture of a bygone century, shaded by immemorial trees, so "homey."

Fredericksburg is hard to leave behind, but there is more of historic interest lying ahead on this pilgrimage. With the echoes of her great past still lingering in our memories, we are in just the proper frame of mind to turn our faces (and motorcars) toward the Cradle of the Republic.

CHAPTER II

DOWN THE RAPPAHANNOCK

THE motorist who is heading for Williamsburg from Fredericksburg has his choice of three good routes. One, highway Number 3, wanders down the peninsula between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, the part of Virginia known as the "Northern Neck," turning right to cross the latter river on the Tappahannock Bridge. The chief recommendation of this route is that two important historical monuments lie just off the main highway. One is "Wakefield," the recently restored birthplace of Washington, a modest little story-and-a-half dwelling, and the other the imposing mansion that was the birthplace of Robert E. Lee.

The former is completely a reconstruction. The original home was burned down on Christmas Day, 1780, but its site was never lost to memory. The Federal government bought it in 1882; in 1896 Congress erected a shaft to commemorate the spot, and in 1923 it voted fifty thousand dollars to the Wakefield National Memorial Association for a restoration of the old house and garden. No picture of the original house had survived. The only guide for the work was the line of the old foundations for both main house and outbuildings, but on these a typical eighteenth-century dwelling was erected as a shrine to the memory of the Father of His Country second only to Mount Vernon. The spot is attractively located near the

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Potomac and Pope's Creek. The planting has been admirably done, and, as one guidebook expresses it, "Peace, hallowed peace, envelops the place."

A mile away, on a "Park Service" road, lies the graveyard of Washington's ancestors. In 1932 the Wakefield National Memorial Association turned over its completed project to the government to be administered by the National Park Service. This is as it should be. And of the four hundred acres included in the deed it should be noted that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., contributed more than two hundred acres as his own gift. Now, as the "George Washington Birthplace National Monument," it is open all day to visitors.

Stratford, or "Old Stratford House," the home of the Lee family, lies at the end of the next turn to the left from the main highway. This curiously H-shaped brick house with its huge open chimney clusters, its entry on the second floor, and its thick walls, goes back to the seventeenth-century traditions in building. Stratford is unlike any of the other famous Virginia mansions, for it was designed to stand in the center of a square with an outbuilding at each corner, all four connected by a brick wall. As it originally stood, the place must have looked like a fort.

It has a long history in the Lee family. The original seventeenth-century dwelling was the home of the first native-born governor of the colony, Thomas Lee. The present mansion was built in the early seventeen-hundreds on the site of the first. Here were born the sons of a family famous in our history, from the Richard Henry Lee who proposed in the Continental Congress the resolution for Independence to the great-

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est of all the Lees who was the outstanding military genius of the "War between the States." Indeed, one English biographer has said of Robert E. Lee that he was the greatest military genius the English-speaking race ever produced.

For a long time the old mansion was so remote that it was very difficult to see. In the eighteen-nineties the only means of reaching Stratford was a small boat that touched at a landing going up but did not stop on the return trip. And since the boat made only two or three trips a week, the traveler would be stranded here some days with no hotel. Now a fine motor highway has made Stratford accessible to the entire nation. Happily this home has recently passed into the hands of the "Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation," to take its place as a national monument.

So it would seem as if one could hardly take any other route than this Number 3. Yet it is a much more roundabout way to Williamsburg than the other two. The Number 1 route is the shortest, leading direct to Richmond from Fredericksburg. It is now possible to drive around the city, to avoid the traffic of the business section. From Richmond one takes Route 60 which runs, almost as the crow flies, to Williamsburg. If the wayfarer is in a hurry, this route from Fredericksburg is the one to take. This road is a three- to four-lane highway, dotted with markers, for it passes through ground drenched in the blood of the armies, Union and Confederate, who came to grips here so often and so desperately. But in itself it is not an interesting highway for all its broad lanes and Civil War history. Much of the way the eye is offended by a monstrous eruption of "barbecues" and hot-dog stands, and particularly by a noisome

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pestilence of road advertisements. I wish no harm to the fraternity of outdoor advertising, of course. I merely hope that they will boil in oil for a thousand years for the sins they have committed against the American landscape. There is little more to be said about this Number 1 route. It is merely a broad highway that leadeth to Richmond.

The third route is Number 17, the George Washington Highway. (Seventeen, no doubt, is an abbreviation for 1776.) Probably few of the visitors headed for Williamsburg ever think of following this road, and for that illogical reason, if for no other, we shall take the reader that way. But whatever route the visitor travels in these parts, he should first invest thirty-five cents in a copy of *The Tourist Guide Book of Virginia* which gives the "Virginia Highway Historical Markers." These historical markers are very interesting, but difficult to read out the corner of the eye when traveling at forty to fifty miles an hour. If you pause on the road to read these you will average something under five miles an hour. Hence it is a convenience to read them in advance of the trip. Besides the legends of the markers the pamphlet gives a vast amount of guidebook information about the history of the places along the way. It is, in fact, the best thirty-five cents worth in all Virginia to the stranger on the road.

This Route 17 which we shall follow in these pages has its historical associations too, as well as the better-known highways already mentioned. Here in this area Jackson, Sheridan, and Lee and Grant marched and fought. Within twelve miles of Fredericksburg is the little farmhouse where Stonewall Jackson was carried to die. Across this road galloped John

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Wilkes Booth after his murder of Lincoln, and just two miles south from the present highway—a marker indicates the spot—he was caught in a barn on the Garrett farm. The place was surrounded by Federal cavalry and the barn set on fire. One of the soldiers fired, and another shot was heard within. Booth probably fell by his own hand. The dying man was dragged out of the burning barn to the porch of the farmhouse. He regained consciousness long enough to murmur, "Tell Mother . . . tell Mother I died for my country"—theatrical to the end.

In addition to its historical associations, Route 17 has quite a rural charm of its own. To be sure, there is no such scenery as one gets in the Shenandoah Valley. This is tidewater country and the land is low. But occasionally there is a glimpse to be had of the broad, shining Rappahannock off to the left, and the road winds through placid country—wide fields of grain, sheep, and cattle pastures and masses of dense woodland which are restful to the eye. There are not many travelers on the road, and, so far, the offending billboards are few. Here and there are amusing negro cabins that are all out of drawing—your African is a true postimpressionist—and his doors and window blinds are often painted a vociferous blue,

"Whose hue, angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye."

They give a gay touch of color to the quiet landscape. Unfortunately the fine old country places on the Rappahannock are not visible from the highway. They are set far back, and as they are private homes they would require special pilgrimages and only for those who may be properly armed with introduc-

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tions. But all the motorist sees from the road is very peaceful farming country dotted here and there with whitewashed log cabins. At the same time, there is no air of decay about this landscape; in fact, there is a new note of prosperity, but there are probably many fewer inhabitants in this country now than there were a century ago. Some of it—particularly the dense woods—gives one the feeling that this region looks just about as it did in the days of Powhatan. For this was the northern part of that great chief's kingdom, and his seat and capital was near Gloucester at the lower end of the peninsula. He ruled the wilderness with a despotism that might make even a European dictator or an American labor-union leader sigh with envy, and he levied something like a seventy-five per cent tax on all his subjects for whatever they gained from the soil or the hunt. Even Congress hasn't gone that far yet.

About eighteen miles from Fredericksburg a sign on the highway informs you that if you turn right at the appropriate spot you may visit one of the famous old Virginia country places. This is "Gay Mont," which stands on an eminence overlooking the valley of the Rappahannock. Until very recently this estate remained inaccessible to outsiders, except through personal introduction, but now it is open to the traveler for the modest fee of fifty cents.

The house is not visible from the road and the way to the entrance seems to plunge into a wildwood, but the road soon opens up a vista of a fine colonial mansion standing at the head of long terraces surrounded by tall trees and flanked by a garden celebrated even in this region of famous gardens. According to a folder given to the visitor the original part of the

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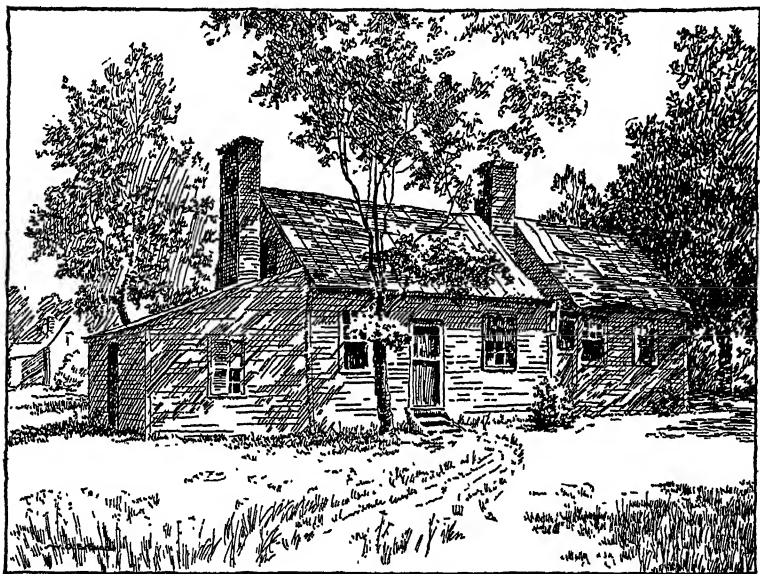
house dates from as early as 1725, though wings, and portico, and music room are successive additions at later periods. Here, as in that other old home in Fredericksburg, we may see an example of the landscape wallpaper of the First Empire. This, like the Fredericksburg paper, was brought to America in the year 1815. The scenes at Gay Mont are not the "Monuments of Paris," but in the hallway romantic Italian landscapes, and in the dining room the equally romantic castles and ships of the Bosphorus. On the music-room walls the paper is an imitation of draped satin curtains. In these rooms General "Jeb" Stuart was a familiar guest, as were other Confederate heroes, notably the famous young artillery officer Pelham. A group of these officers were hastily summoned from the dining table at Gay Mont to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg. Like nearly all other Tidewater Virginia homes it suffered during that war from hostile soldiers and the years of poverty afterwards. But it survived, and has been brought back to the bloom of its youth.

A little farther on Route 17, as the motorist's road map shows, there is a crossing of Road 207, with a sign indicating that if one turns left a few hundred yards he will reach a place called Port Royal. This is where the traveler should turn off without hesitation, if he would like to visit a little old hamlet which few have ever heard of and fewer still have ever seen, but which, though forgotten for a hundred years, has had its honorable past and present charm.

The name Port Royal has a magnificent ring to it. One pictures a forest of masts and smokestacks and rows of wharves thundering under trucks of merchandise. Well, long before the

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days of smokestacks there probably were to be seen many masts of ships at anchor at Port Royal, and much rumbling of hogsheads sounded over long wharves. This was, in colonial times, a great tobacco export center, where the trade was carried on



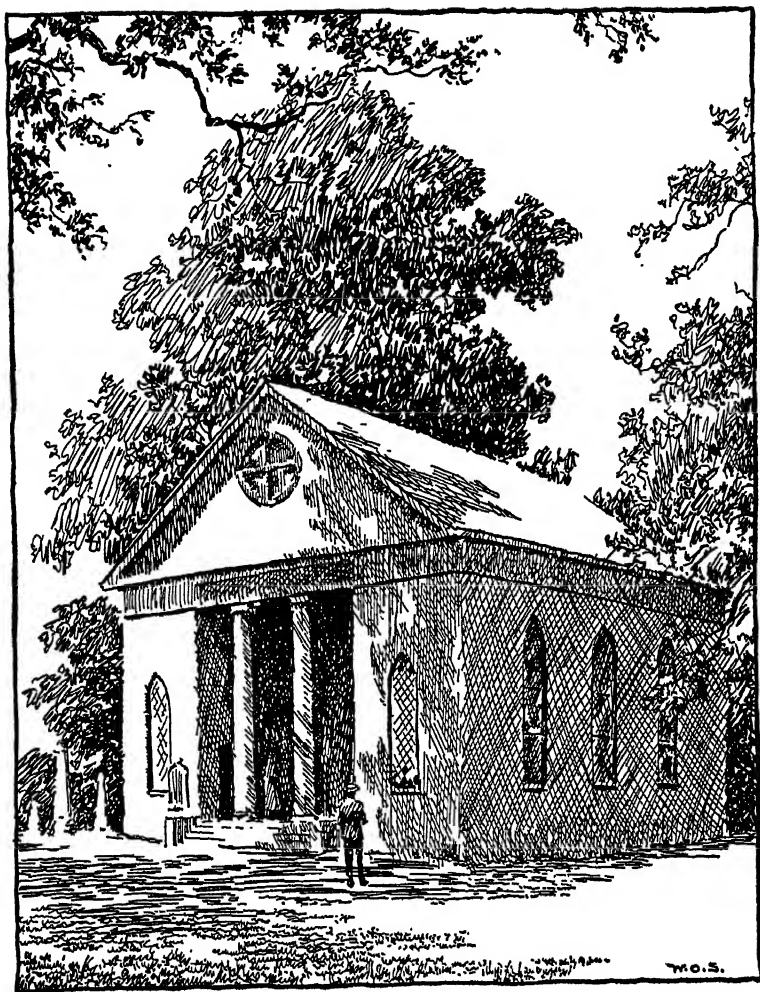
A RELIC OF OLD PORT ROYAL

direct from this Virginia town to London. Port Royal still held its head high after the close of the War of Independence, and the story is that when the nation's leaders, headed by Washington himself, were casting about for a capital for the new republic, Port Royal was not only considered seriously but came within two votes of being selected. It just missed being Washington!

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That was the reason that prompted the present writer to turn off the main highway to see what this city looked like, the one that came so near being our national capital a century and a half ago. It was well worth the detour. At the place where the road runs down into the Rappahannock, the spot where Booth crossed the river in his flight south, lies present-day Port Royal, now a cluster of old houses sitting in the shade of giant trees, with the grand air of old gentlefolk taking their ease. One little grass-lined street under huge sycamores is still the scene of the annual "tournaments" of the county, where local "knights" on horseback tilt gallantly at the rings in honor of their fair ladies, one of whom that evening will be crowned "Queen of Love and Beauty." Apparently, it is only in rural Virginia and Maryland that these tournaments still flourish. A number of the houses are "somedel stooped in age" like Chaucer's poor widow, but the others are carrying their years with ease and dignity. One stands at the end of a poplar-bordered street, a "White House" literally, quite fit for a President. Other old dwellings there are also that one would delight to live in. And behind a hedge at a corner of two lanes stands a doctor's office. This is really quite modern, being only about one hundred years old, but its great charm is to be seen on its garden side, where one looks upon an elegant Greek portico in miniature, which, it is said, the builder copied from the front of Jefferson's home, Monticello. That doctor must have been a lover of the classics.

Another equally modern structure is little St. Peter's Church. The original was probably built here shortly after the parish was founded in 1693. It antedated by some years the town it-



ST. PETER'S

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self. One of its chief claims to fame is that it was the first church in America to boast a pipe organ. The present structure was erected in 1836 on the ruins of its predecessor which went up in flames. True to the prevailing Greek fashion of the day, it has its two Doric columns in front. Little St. Peter's has seen the town dwindle to the merest hamlet, but its doors still stand open for worship and about once in three weeks a Sunday service is held. It is one of the tiniest churches, probably, to be found anywhere in America, but it has the little organ loft—presumably the vestrymen have bought a new organ since that first one—and old-fashioned, box pews. Its furnishings are very plain, but somehow one feels it as a place of worship far more than many another more famous St. Peter's in the world.

Our guidebook of the markers says that there are in Port Royal a "few stores, a bank, and a hotel," but these trappings of municipal dignity I did not observe. As for the Post Office, the story runs that once upon a time a certain faithful party man was sent to Port Royal to administer the mail and draw a salary. When he acquired an old house in the village for a home, he discovered that the yard and garden were infested with great bushes, which he did not fancy. He paid a man ninety dollars to dig up all the stuff and throw it into the Rapahannock, and so it was done. He also discovered some funny-looking wallpaper which was beginning to come off the walls, and he paid another man to rip it all off and put on something nice and modern. The bushes thus thrown away were priceless box of nearly two hundred years' growth, and the wallpaper was landscape, or "scenic," paper of the early nineteenth century, the sort of thing one pays a small fortune for today to

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put in an "American wing," or a Williamsburg restoration. We have just admired examples of this at Gay Mont. Possibly, he knows better now, if he still survives the discovery of what he did. But hereafter the Postmaster General should add something to the civil-service examinations for postmasters.

Perhaps it is partly because I saw Port Royal on one of those perfect June days that inspired in Lowell his poetic rapture, a day with whipped-cream clouds in a cobalt sky and a breeze rustling the leaves of the tulip poplars and sycamores. But whatever the reason it seemed as if here was found the perfect embodiment of quiet rest. As the guidebook said of Wakefield, "Peace, hallowed peace, envelops the place."

And to think what it might have been but for those two missing votes! After another look at those old houses, grassy lanes, and huge trees beside the broad peaceful river, shall we say "think of what Port Royal escaped"? Apart from all the roar and bustle and dog-eat-dog struggle of the twentieth century sits this placid little village enveloped in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century and quite content to be what she is. May she never change!

We leave Port Royal with a sigh, for we must be on our way. Another day there and one might stay the rest of one's life. Shortly after turning south again on the Number 17 highway, one comes to a small dirt road that leads off to the right. There are two signs pointing up the road. One reads "Occupacia," and just beneath is the other which bears the name "Hustling." At such signboards, naturally, the motorist pauses to look up the road where one might expect to see rows of tall factory chimneys belching smoke furiously. Instead, the little road goes

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wandering between cornfields and rail fences until it gets completely lost in a smother of foliage. But who, after eating the lotus of Port Royal, wants anything to do with such industrial and energetic places as Occupacia and Hustling? Nay, there's far too much rushing about these days anyway. Behold the Gadarene swine, for a scriptural example. *They* suddenly got the spirit of hustle and, I ask you, where did it lead them? Yet after scrutinizing the fringe of woodland where the road disappears and seeing no signs of a prodigious industrial center where everyone is engaged in an occupation and hustling about it, you suspect that if you did come upon Occupacia and Hustling you might find them not such demons of Progress after all. Someday I must go and see. Tidewater Virginia is rich in curious names. On Route 460, for instance, lies a town with the quarrelsome title of "Disputantia," and our road will bring us to the healthful-sounding "Saluda," a few miles beyond.

Farther down the road one comes upon a little brick, ivy-garlanded sanctuary, "Vauter's Church." This is another one of those little parish churches dropped along the road at intervals of ten miles or so. St. Anne's parish was established hereabouts in 1693. In 1719 the northern half of the church was erected and a dozen years later the southern half was added. It is still the proud possessor of a communion set presented by that good Queen Anne who made so many such gifts to the churches in her Southern colonies.

It is interesting, by the way, to note the difference between the rural churches you see in Virginia and Maryland, and the "meeting houses" of New England. The latter were set in the centers of villages and towns which were the social units of the

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northern colonies. In the South, where the plantation and the parish were more important than the town, the churches were scattered along the turnpikes to serve a rural population. So, oddly enough, these churches of a ritualistic faith in Virginia are very plain and simple, almost barnlike, and without a belfry or steeple. In contrast with these the Puritan meeting house of New England, whose service was as plain as a town meeting, had for its temple buildings of singularly beautiful design which harked back to the tradition of Sir Christopher Wren. All have belfries or steeples, and some of these are exquisitely graceful. They remind one of St. Martin's in the Fields in London. So as you drive through the back-country districts of Connecticut or Vermont or New Hampshire, you know that you are approaching a town by the appearance of a slender white spire above the trees. The old churches of Maryland and Virginia are to be discovered only as you come directly on them.

Speaking of churches, one may note the fact that "the old-time religion" is good enough for at least some of the inhabitants in these parts. Here and there along the highway the motorist is startled by a sign in blood-red letters, "Prepare to meet God," a grim reminder to the careless driver. One of these is appropriately at the end of the sharpest and steepest banked curve on the entire route.

Anon the traveler finds looming ahead a settlement that looks more like a town than anything he has seen since leaving Fredericksburg. This is Tappahannock, and as you approach over the marshy creek you can see the famous mile-long concrete bridge that extends from Tappahannock to the opposite shore of the river. If you have dawdled along the way as you

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should, particularly in strolling about Gay Mont and Port Royal, you should camp down here overnight. On either side of the highway the town is not particularly alluring, but a left turn toward the river on entering Tappahannock will bring you to a delightful hostel set right on the shore of the Rappahannock. This is the Riverside Inn. A great sycamore standing in the yard embraces the inn with its shade; out in front is a garden gay with roses and other flowers according to the season. Directly on the beach stands a row of weeping willows under which are comfortable benches facing the broad river. Here in this inn one may take his ease and be sure of comfort and good provender.

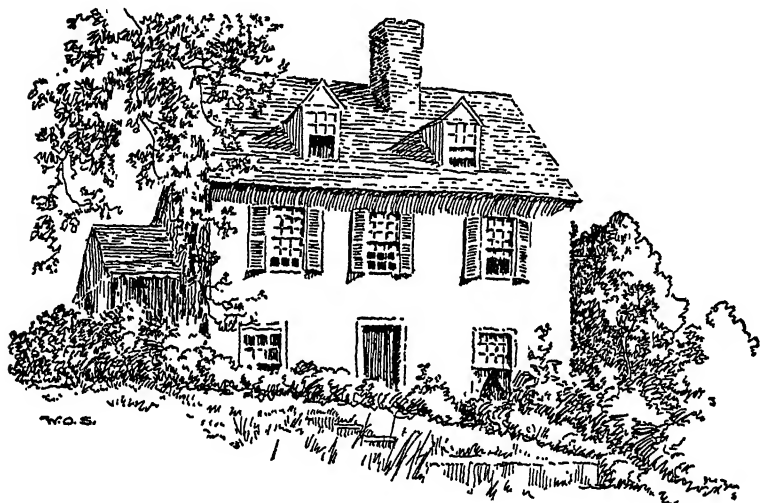
In Tappahannock we may look about and absorb a modicum of history about another ancient colonial town. For this one goes back to 1680 for its founding. At that time it was christened "Hobbs His Hole." This is fine for alliteration, but leaves something to be desired in other respects. A port was established here, and apparently the town struggled along as Hobbs His Hole for a hundred and thirty years and more, when the citizens thereof, becoming weary after a century of rude jesting from neighbors and travelers, succeeded in having the name changed to Tappahannock, which must be a variant of the Indian name of the river on which it lies.

At the very close of the War of 1812, in December, 1814, the British admiral Cockburn opened the guns of his fleet upon the town, and did much damage. There was no military advantage to be gained by this bombardment of a helpless village, but this admiral had a penchant for destroying everything within range. As may be remembered, he had treated himself

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to a good time burning Washington the preceding summer.

What with this attack, conflagrations, decay, and modern improvements there is not nearly so much left of the eighteenth-century Tappahannock as one would wish. Directly across the street from the Riverside Inn is the little old house of the cus-



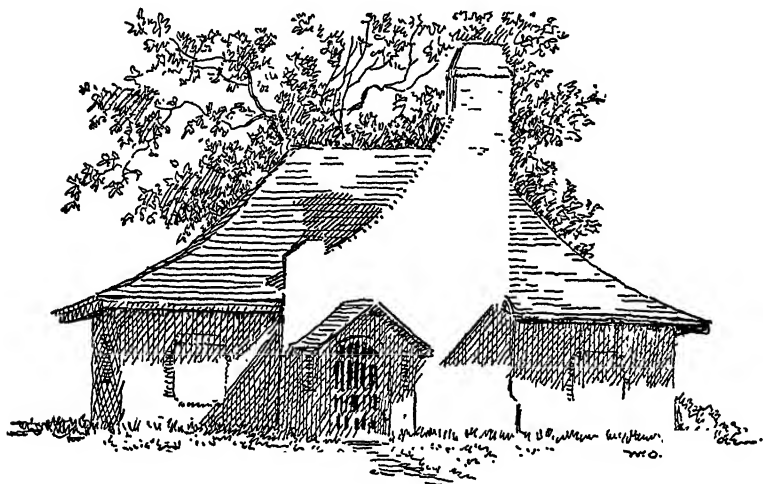
OLD CUSTOMS HOUSE

toms officer which is represented on this page. It stands on the crest of a low bluff with a sweep of the river before it. Doubtless the official "tide-waiter" used to stand at his windows with a spyglass to keep a sharp lookout for smugglers.

Tappahannock's specialty seems to be jails. There are two other attractive little buildings, both used as prisons in the eighteenth century; one in particular was set aside for debtors. These are now put to very respectable uses, one being a law-

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yer's office and the other the home of the local Women's Club. But Tappahannock still has a need for chastising offenders and has erected a newer prison on the Court House Green. Outside the iron grating of the doorway is a sign warning the curious that anyone holding communication with a prisoner



TAPPAHANNOCK JAIL

within shall be held guilty of a misdemeanor. However, one may stand at a safe distance and take a picture of it. As prisons and jails go, this one is certainly unique in its appearance and does not need to wait for old age to make it "quaint."

The most interesting place to visit historically is the Court House. This was formerly a church. The doors appear to stand open all day, whether any court official is there or not, and the curious may wander about the big room as he likes and even

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steal a rusty pen if he is criminally inclined. The walls are covered with an assortment of portraits of county citizens, ranging from oil paintings of an earlier day to "crayon photos" of the nineteenth century. Both are rather dreadful. Between and below them are marble tablets in memory of former citizens whom Tappahannock was proud to honor. Most of these were men who died in the Civil War, and the havoc that war effected in a small Virginia town may be imagined from reading these memorials. There is one, for example, to William Latane, killed in battle in 1862, with the famous steel engraving hanging above it of the "Burial of Latane," a print which had enormous popularity in the South, for it depicted a scene all too familiar, of a soldier's burial conducted by the widow, aided only by her faithful slave. The Garnett clan is represented on these walls *in extenso*. One of them, Brigadier General Richard Brooke Garnett, was killed in Pickett's great charge at Cemetery Ridge, where he commanded one of Pickett's brigades. Many others who died for the Lost Cause are here on the walls in their Confederate uniform, or represented by epitaphs cut in marble.

The long bridge over the river, already noted as we entered the town, brought new life to Tappahannock, for it made the town a junction for two important highways, and the ever-increasing streams of motorists leave their welcome currency. From Tappahannock one may cross the bridge and drive up route Number 3, a matter of twenty-five miles or so, to visit Wakefield and Stratford, if they have not been seen already. There is near by, only a little way beyond the bridge on the opposite side, one of the famous old homes of this region,

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which is open to visitors for a fifty-cent fee. This is "Sabine Hall" of the renowned Carter family. Doubtless it was named after the country place of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, but it is pronounced "Sab-in" in these parts. A signboard indicates the dirt road up which one may drive to reach the estate. At the second gateway hangs a large bell, and the visitor is expected to announce his arrival by giving the rope a vigorous pull.

This house is a fine example of the Virginia country place of the eighteenth century. It was built about 1730, though the four slender pillars of the front portico—made of solid cypress—look like a much later addition. Until recent times the house consisted of a main building and an east wing. The time came when it seemed desirable to have another wing on the opposite side, but the owners were loath to do anything to change the original plan. However, on moving an ancient and heavy piece of furniture, someone discovered a forgotten small shelf or cupboard in the wall. In this lay some papers which proved to be the original plan for the house. This showed that two wings were designed, only one of which had been built. With this authority it was easy for the owners to make the additional wing. Within is an interesting collection of portraits of the Carter family, notably that of Robert Carter. This is the man known as "King Carter," for the vast domain he administered for twenty years for Lord Fairfax, amounting to practically the whole of the Northern Neck peninsula. He himself became one of the richest men in all the colonies; at his death in 1732 he left an estate of three hundred thousand acres with a thousand slaves. From him were descended two presidents of the United States, six governors of Virginia, and many other no-

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table men including Robert E. Lee.

There are other great mansions in this neighborhood, such as Mount Airy, the country seat of the Tayloe family, a magnificent manor house unique in being built of brown stone with a light stone trim, instead of brick or wood. It is a happy circumstance that this home, built by a John Tayloe in 1747, has remained in the possession of the Tayloe family from that day to this. But Mount Airy and most of these other country places of the eighteenth century are not open to the public.

Up the road a short distance from the Tappahannock bridge is the little town of Warsaw. Why the capital of Poland was selected as the namesake of this Virginia hamlet is hard to imagine. The statement in some pamphlet, book, or folder that Warsaw was "quaint" tempted me to drive thither one bright Sunday morning, but what I saw was disappointing.

It is time to resume our journey. Leaving the topless towers of Tappahannock—let's be alliterative still with Hobbs His Hole—one observes with a pang a large graveyard of rusting automobiles on the outskirts of the town. It is strange that so many places allow these eyesores to afflict the traveler and leave on his mind the most unfortunate impression of the town. In some states a movement has been started to plant the roadsides with climbing roses, hollyhocks, and other gay flowers on the outskirts of the towns. More such enterprise would transform the motor routes into lanes of beauty, and change the approaches to our towns from the present hideous rubbish heaps and scrap yards to something that expresses a welcome. So the last impression that we get of Tappahannock suggests "Hobbs His Hole," and more's the pity.

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From Tappahannock the route goes to another village, "Saluda," where our eyes are arrested by an inn advertising as its great attraction, "Chicken three times a day." Somehow this does seem a trifle monotonous. At breakfast, for example, one might be allowed chicken in embryo, but perhaps that sentiment is an insult to Virginia fried chicken, which is justly famous the world over.

At the next hamlet, named Glenss, one may, if he prefers, keep on a few parasangs farther to Gloucester Point, there ferry over to Yorktown and take the new parkway to Williamsburg. But to go to Yorktown first and colonial Williamsburg afterwards seems like reading history backward; therefore, the way we shall travel here is to turn right to West Point, which stands at the head of the York River, and there cross to the western bank. The tourist need not expect to have his eye gladdened by any beetling cliffs as at West Point on the Hudson. It is just another dot on the map, low and fringed with marsh grass. The "West" comes from the famous old West family of hereabouts whose name is still commemorated by the beautiful "Westover" mansion on the James. And the "point" part of the name is indistinguishable and lost like that of an ancient quip. A rickety-sounding bridge clatters under your wheels as you cross the marshy headwaters of the York River. At the next left turn, where there is a filling station and some modest sign boards easy to miss, we must turn left and head south again through another dot on the road map called Barhamsville to Route 60, which is our direct road to Williamsburg.

Just after striking this highway one comes upon the town of Toano. In this neighborhood, and particularly as we come

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upon the near-by village of Norge, we are bidden to pause by a certain appealing poster:

"Visit the Colonial Frog Farm
Only 400 yards off main Highway at Norge, Va.
Over 50,000 Live Frogs in Captivity. Including
SOUTHERN JUMBOS, the LARGEST Frogs in the World.
See Them in All Stages of Growth
Admission, Adults 25c. Children, 10c."

If you have never seen Colonial Frogs, maybe have never even heard of them, here is your golden opportunity. How could one pass by Southern Jumbos, the Largest Frogs in the World? Incidentally, did Phineas T. Barnum ever pass this way?

From here on it is a straight and short run to Williamsburg. The outskirts greet you as very modern buildings. In front of each is a sign announcing "Tourist Accommodations." Indeed, it is said that in all Williamsburg only one house does not "take in roomers," and that is the old "Bassett Hall," the home of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. I was credibly informed by unimpeachable testimony in Williamsburg that it was a stipulation made by Mr. Rockefeller when the house was taken over that Mrs. Rockefeller should *not* take in roomers. As far as I could discover, that promise has been faithfully kept, but it does give the Rockefeller home a unique distinction. Still, it is a great help to the tourist of moderate means to know that he can slip into a "tourist accommodation" if he cannot afford hotel rates, and many thousands do so.

The first impression of the town, therefore, is quite modern. One might be coming into a suburb of Rochester or Kansas City. Even when we catch the first glimpse of the buildings of

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William and Mary College, we see brand new ones belonging to a very recent period of the physical expansion of the college. The three churches on the street are grandly and spandly new. But when we reach the point where the "Richmond Road," as they call it, ends in Duke of Gloucester Street, one gets the first impression of colonial Williamsburg. Ahead lies a mile of broad avenue at the end of which stands the reconstructed colonial capitol. Here, at last, is what we have come a long way to see.

For those who prefer hotel accommodations, there is the splendid new Williamsburg Inn, not on the main avenue, but off two squares to the right, as helpful signs inform you. This offers first-class entertainment at first-class prices, of course, for one must expect to pay for perfection. But such is the pressure for rooms at certain seasons that one has to write, they say, months ahead to be sure of a reservation. This building is very new, very white, and very imposing—resembling in a glacial, austere fashion some *palais de justice*. This differs from other Williamsburg buildings in being of the "early republic" or Regency architecture, and the furniture is of the same period.

Right on Duke of Gloucester Street stands the old Williamsburg Inn, now "The Annex." It is a funny, shapeless wooden building with porches on first and second floors and painted yellow. Apparently, the original tavern was added to from time to time with no reference to the primeval design, if any. It suggests a large, middle-aged farmer's wife in a yellow Mother Hubbard wrapper, standing on the street, staring at the endless procession of cityfolk going by in their cars.

Inside, there is an old-timy atmosphere. The ancient spittoons have long ago been banished, to be sure, and you cannot lean

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your feet against the brass rail of the old bar, but the place has much to suggest the country inn of the better sort at the end of the last century. Here there are no eighteenth-century costumes to be seen, and no four-posters, but it has acquired an "atmosphere" of its own without trying. When I lodged there, a short while ago, I noticed the "No Tipping Allowed, Please" sign, and that policy holds still in all the "ordinaries" and "taverns" under the Restoration management except the new Inn. So wherever you lodge or eat in one of these places of refreshment, the service you get from the bellboys and the waiters is inspired wholly by a high sense of duty rather than a low hope of recompense.

Upstairs at the old Williamsburg Inn I found the bedrooms large, high-ceilinged, and airy. There is no "period furniture," to be sure, unless it is the period of William McKinley. The walls were so thin that a cough from the neighboring room sounded like a pistol shot. But the bed was comfortable, and when the railroad train went trundling by the whole building quivered with excitement, and the bed jiggled pleasantly like a Mozart concerto.

Then, if you were one of those who economized and didn't take a room with a bath, there was that delightful excitement the next morning as tousled heads stuck out to see if the "coast was clear," and anon one would make a wild dash for the bathroom at the end of the corridor with much flapping of bathrobe and towel.

These fond memories of the old Williamsburg Inn are inspired by the announcement that it is doomed and will soon be taken down. Hence this mournful requiem. Of course, the old

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building is as out of place in the middle of all the colonial restoration as a trombone in a string quartette, for it is no more "colonial" than a whatnot or an antimacassar. But it has had its distinguished visitors and its happy memories for a great many travelers, and when it goes we shall subscribe to a little memorial stone with some such inscription as you used to see in old graveyards:

"Stranger, pause in passing here,
And pay the tribute of a tear."

CHAPTER III

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

ASSUMING that the visitor has enjoyed a comfortable night in Williamsburg, we may imagine him out of doors bright and early—or, at any rate, early—the following morning. Since the show places are not open until ten, there is ample time to stroll about and make a preliminary acquaintance with the town. At the Headquarters in the Craft Shop, near the new Williamsburg Inn, the traveler may buy his block ticket to the principal places of interest open to visitors and pocket the invaluable handbook that is presented with the ticket. For the purposes of this morning ramble the map of the streets which goes with practically all the printed matter issued in Williamsburg is most useful. It is one of those delightful bird's-eye maps, drawn by some wizard of perspective, in which you get not only the names of the streets and the locations of the buildings by number, but also a little picture of each structure, so that it is far easier to recognize than a mere dot or blob. Armed with this, let us proceed to get acquainted with "colonial Williamsburg."

When Sir Thomas More wrote his *Utopia* he described the towns of that blessed island thus: "As for their cities, whoso knoweth one of them knoweth all: they be all so alike to one another as farforth as the nature of the place permitteth."

That is one justification for the claim that this fair land of

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ours is a Utopia come true, for certainly our cities, as every foreigner observes, "be all so alike to one another as farforth as the nature of the place permitteth." Thus a stranger dropped suddenly into Atlanta, for example, might if he judged entirely by the buildings and the streets, imagine that he were in some city of Nebraska or Michigan, or almost any other American center of business. This similarity of effect is increased by the identical front of each chain store, the same advertising signs, the same makes of cars parked along the sidewalks, and the same cut of clothes on the passers-by, from California to Maine. Just why Sir Thomas thought this monotonous similarity was so desirable in his ideal state is not clear. Certainly one reason Americans love to travel in England is that the old towns there have so much individuality. You may be sure that Shrewsbury is not going to look like Birmingham, nor Plymouth like York.

But there are a few cities, towns, and villages in the eastern and southern area of America where the ancient character has never been lost. Among larger cities one thinks of Charleston, New Orleans, Savannah, and perhaps Boston. Among small towns there are Nantucket, Annapolis, Fredericksburg, Wiscasset and Castine on the Maine coast, and Madison, Connecticut, a forgotten Sleeping Beauty among American villages, reclining gracefully right beside the Number 1 highway, but completely indifferent to the roar of traffic that passes through. Nor should we forget Woodstock, Vermont, New Castle, Delaware, St. Augustine, Florida; and probably many another name could be added to the list.

Among these Williamsburg stands unique. The first glance we

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cast about us is enough to tell that she most decidedly has her own individuality. But while these other towns have developed a personality through the years and even the centuries, much of which has fortunately been spared to this day, Williamsburg is different because she represents a deliberate restoration to its old-time aspect as the colonial capital of Virginia.

Naturally, rebuilding on a wholesale plan is bound to result in a newness that is something of a shock at first, for many of these "colonial" structures, certainly all the principal ones, have been reared from the ground within the last ten years. There is inevitably a disconcerting newness about all this antiquity that suggests the snowy glitter of grandpa's false teeth. The architects of the restoration had to face this problem. They had the alternative either of "faking" age as they rebuilt these old structures or of letting them stand frankly and honestly as new constructions and leaving it to Father Time to do the mellowing in his own way. Be it said to their credit that they chose the latter course, and after all it will not be many years before ivy and rains and suns will apply their own treatment to the new bricks and shingles and weatherboards. Also a near-by railroad obligingly sends a cloud of soft-coal smoke over the scene whenever the wind is right, to help in this process of toning down. Many buildings in Williamsburg are reconstructed on old foundations; others are surviving colonial buildings which have been restored. The group of shop buildings in the first block is a modern group in "Tidewater Virginia Colonial" architecture designed to serve the needs of a living city.

At this point it is appropriate to tell over again very briefly the story of how this project came into being, although the facts

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have been given so often in our magazines that it would seem as if they must be known the length and breadth of our land.

One day, in the year 1925, the Reverend Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of Bruton Parish in Williamsburg, gave an address before a meeting of Phi Beta Kappa in New York. In that speech Dr. Goodwin told of the past of Williamsburg, of the history of the college there, where he occupied the chair of Biblical Literature, and also of his church and its ancient traditions. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was present at that meeting and became greatly interested. He visited Dr. Goodwin in Williamsburg, and there the rector laid before him his dream of a restoration of the colonial capital. Discussion of the idea and reflection thereon continued for nearly two years.

Finally, in 1927, Mr. Rockefeller pledged his support to the undertaking. Dr. Goodwin was authorized to acquire property in the colonial area, and eventually over ninety per cent of the original site was purchased. For the conduct of the business in hand two corporations were created: "Williamsburg Restoration, Inc.," to handle the business side; and "Colonial Williamsburg, Inc.," to hold title to manage the properties used for exhibition purposes. A third corporation came later, "The Williamsburg Taverns and Ordinaries, Inc.," which operates the inns and restaurants of the Restoration. The architectural work was put in the hands of the firm of Perry, Shaw, and Hepburn of Boston, and the landscaping was entrusted to the landscape architect, Arthur A. Shurcliff of Boston.

In the ten years since Mr. Rockefeller signed on the dotted line he has spent between fifteen and twenty millions on this project, certainly the most munificent gift for a patriotic monu-

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ment ever known.¹ Of course, this is not the first benefaction he has made for purposes of restoration. For example, after the Great War he made a generous donation for the rebuilding of the war-shattered cathedrals of northern France—another reason perhaps why the French shriek “Uncle Shylock!” at us. But nothing is comparable to the restoration of colonial Williamsburg. Since the whole value of such a re-creation of the past must rest in its historical accuracy, an incredible amount of research has been done here and abroad, notably in England. It was in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, for example, that a forgotten copperplate engraving turned up, giving the principal buildings of Williamsburg as they were in about 1740, an inestimable find for the architects. Recently this plate was presented to Mr. Rockefeller by the Bodleian in recognition of his achievement. Nothing in this restoration work has been too small a detail to be backed up by history, whether it is a flower in the Palace garden, or the size and color of the brick in the chimney.

When Mr. Rockefeller decided to make Dr. Goodwin’s dream of restoration come true, the conditions in Williamsburg were most discouraging. If Nantucket, for example, had been the scene of a restoration project, the work would have been comparatively simple and inexpensive. For the old Nantucket still survives, with her cobbled Main Street, her wharves and candle houses of the whaling era, and her dwellings of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Only here and there is there an example of later architecture which would have to be pulled down. As one authority put it, “Nantucket architecturally is ninety-five per cent perfect.”

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But the decay of Nantucket began fifty to seventy-five years later than that of Williamsburg. The Civil War was a crushing blow to the island town, but no invading army swarmed through its houses and streets. And afterwards Nantucket did not suffer from a sudden boom as Williamsburg did during the World War. The architects who looked on the Williamsburg of 1927 might well have felt discouraged. It was hardly "twenty-five per cent perfect." Jostling the surviving buildings of the eighteenth century, stood ugly cottages, shops, places of amusement, and schoolhouses, so jumbled together as to conceal Courthouse Green and Market Square. The Palace Green was the only one to survive intact. On the college campus the old Christopher Wren Building, to quote *A Brief and True Report for the Traveller Concerning Williamsburg in Virginia*, "stood (after three Fires and as many Alterations) supported chiefly by Necessity and its own good Balance."

Many of the colonial homes that had survived the tooth of Time had yielded to the claw of Progress. For, to the charming gables and simple fronts of an earlier day had been tacked monstrous malignities of bay windows and verandas and sleeping porches. Some were past recognition as eighteenth-century habitations.

In the task of purchasing the property deep secrecy had to be preserved. Even before the preliminary measurements of the streets and lots the architect, Mr. Perry, and his helpers worked during the small hours of darkness between midnight and sunrise. Photographs were taken from the air, pieced together, and compared with the "Frenchman's map" of 1782. The secrecy was so great that when these measurements and airplane pho-

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tographs were made neither Mr. Perry nor the photographer knew what it was all for. Of course, if the secret had transpired before the control of the property was achieved the dark demon of cupidity might have wrecked the whole enterprise at the start.

In the acquisition of the lots and houses two methods were followed: first, outright purchase; and second, purchase subject to life tenure for those people who by their family history really belonged on the spot as much as the house itself.

With the appointment of the men in charge of the chief divisions of the work, the project got under way. Before anything was done to the town as it existed then, there was an extensive program of planning and research. There were the practical matters of sanitation, water supply, fire protection, telephone and telegraph wires, the saving of the trees, the zoning scheme, handling of through traffic, and kindred subjects. A small army of experts was set to work at these problems.

The "Department of Research and Record" was even busier. In order to make the restored Williamsburg the perfect historical picture, scholars delved into every conceivable nook and cranny for information. Besides the copperplate engraving discovered in the Bodleian, other treasures were unearthed, such as a floor plan of the Governor's Palace drawn by the ever-methodical Thomas Jefferson when he lived there, a document found in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In connection with this building alone a book was compiled of more than three hundred typewritten pages containing the notes on material discovered.

When it came to the task of furnishing the buildings, count-

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less questions arose, each of which demanded an exact answer based on historical evidence. For example, what was on the walls of the powder room in the Raleigh Tavern? What colors of paint were used on the interior trim? What kinds of flowers grew in an eighteenth-century garden? What would be the costume of a jailer and of a gardener?

For the general plan of the architectural restoration Williamsburg was divided into areas "A" and "B." The first was that part of town containing the chief remains of the colonial period. This starts at one end with the yard of the College of William and Mary, and goes down Duke of Gloucester Street to the site of the Capitol, taking in Palace Green, Market Square, and Capitol Square, together with all the other structures that lie between. In this area the work included the clearing away of the modern buildings, the repair and restoration of surviving relics of the eighteenth century, the rebuilding of those that had disappeared, and the decoration and furnishing of these restorations. To date sixty-seven buildings have been restored and repaired, one hundred twenty-two reconstructed upon their old foundations, five hundred and four wrecked, and twenty-one moved.

"Area B" lies outside the present restoration plan, but most of the properties therein have come under the control of the Williamsburg Restoration, and probably in time these fringes of the colonial town proper will all be brought into harmony with the central plan. In the furnishing of these restored buildings no pains nor expense has been spared. Much eighteenth-century furniture was bought in England. Some old Williamsburg pieces were traced to where they had gone else-

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where, purchased, and brought back. Where originals could not be obtained, accurate reproductions were made.

The result of all this prodigious research has been to create in Williamsburg something that is unlike anything else in the country, a visible, tangible chapter of eighteenth-century history in America. And he who reads may be sure that this chapter has its full equipment of footnotes, references, and bibliography.

"At the time Governor Spotswood laid out the Palace garden, did the English have the double rose?" I inquired. Yes, indeed, I was informed; in fact, long before that time. "What was the 'side hoop' for the dress of the hostesses?" was another question; and lo, books were opened to show just how it was made as ladies wore it in the year 1748. In short, whatever bit of restoration meets the eye is there as the result of painstaking research.

This stupendous task of restoring an entire town to its eighteenth-century appearance is in the main completed, and so great already has been the appeal of this living history that at last accounts about eighty thousand Americans in one year came to see it, and probably each year will see the number increased for some time to come. This much will suffice for the present as a handful of facts with which to start off the first day in Williamsburg.

As you stroll along the main avenue, Duke of Gloucester Street, you readily recognize certain distinctive buildings. You cannot miss the Raleigh Tavern, for example, nor the little Court House with its pillarless portico. There is the "Powder Horn," originally called the "Public Magazine," standing all by itself like a brick fort in the midst of a wide lawn. Ahead,

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over the treetops, one sees the modest spire of Bruton Church—this used to be known as “Christ Church of Bruton Parish”—which still dominates the village, as it should. And off to the rear of it stretches the broad grass level of Palace Green, at the end of which rises the imposing brick Palace, guarded by a wall and entered through a handsome iron gate flanked at the posts with those two old cronies of English history, the Lion and the Unicorn. Next to Bruton Church on the Green stands one of the few brick mansions of Williamsburg surviving from the 18th century, the Wythe House, famous in the period of the Revolutionary War. It is a remarkable fact that while Annapolis, the colonial capital of Maryland, boasted in 1775 many magnificent brick mansions which were the town residences of the lords of the tobacco industry, colonial Williamsburg’s dwellings are small and modest by comparison. For the grand mansion one must journey to the Virginia gentleman’s country place on the rivers. Apparently for the brief “season” when the Virginia House of Burgesses and the General Court were in session in Williamsburg, a small house or quarters at an inn were considered sufficient for even a very fine gentleman. So it happens that there is not a single Georgian house in all Williamsburg that can compare in size and beauty with at least half a dozen residences still standing in the Maryland capital. The citizens of the old capital were chiefly artisans, shop-keepers, lawyers, and minor professional men.

The Wythe House is the handsomest Georgian brick example old Williamsburg can boast. At present it is a parish house for Bruton Church, but inevitably it will be taken over by the Restoration. It needs some loving attention, especially in its

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interior. The doorway, incidentally, is a very recent addition, being a copy or adaptation of the river entrance of "West-over." For a long time there was a square porch extending to the sidewalk. Everybody for a hundred years "improved" his Georgian home by tacking on a veranda or porch, or tower, or bay window; the more added the better!

This Wythe House was built by a certain Richard Taliaferro and given as a dowry gift when his daughter married George Wythe. George became one of the great legal lights of early Virginia and his home was a resort of distinguished visitors even before the Revolution. He was the man who designed the seal and motto of Virginia, and was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. This house Washington used as his headquarters at the outset of the Yorktown campaign.

Unhappily, Chancellor Wythe was poisoned by a villainous nephew to whom he had bequeathed a large amount of his estate. The murder was committed in Richmond, but the old gentleman's ghost came back to haunt his old house in Williamsburg where it felt more at home. Regularly, on the eighth of June, the anniversary of his murder, George Wythe emerges from the closet of his bedroom and lays a chilly hand on the face of whoever is sleeping therein. There is a story that the subsequent owner, instead of being disturbed by this ghostly tenant, used this room for his unwelcome guests. He contrived to invite them to come for the first fortnight in June. They never tarried after the morning of June 9, and never returned. This was a great help when a maiden aunt, invited perhaps for a week, decided to stay thirty years!

As a whole Williamsburg houses are shockingly devoid of

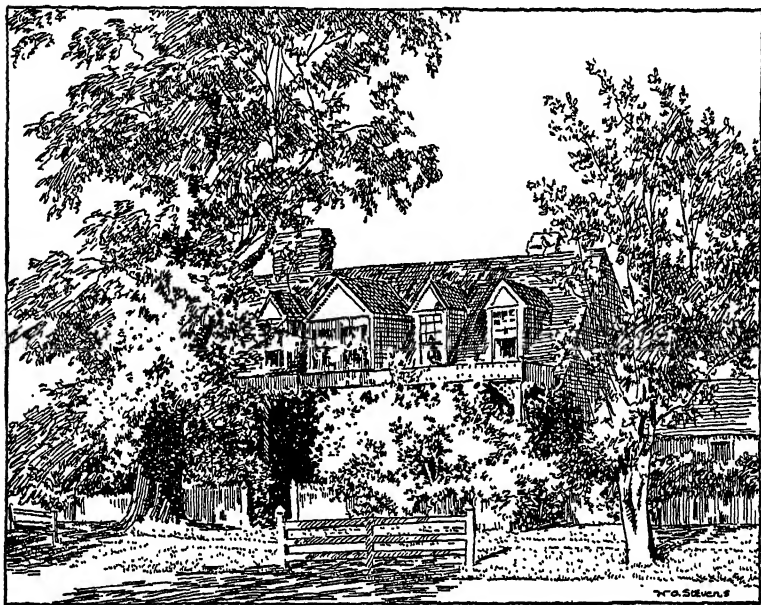
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ghosts when one considers their antiquity. This Wythe House is the only one to uphold the town's fair name in this regard, and it has certainly done its duty. For Chancellor Wythe is not the only ghost who haunts it. Lady Ann Skipwith, another occupant thereof, is known to appear in full ballroom regalia of the late eighteenth century. She even wanders out on the Green in front, for she is looking for a dancing slipper that she dropped in her hasty flight from the Palace. One of the many explanations is that on the occasion of a grand ball given by the Governor, Ann's beau basely deserted her and danced all the evening with another belle. Whereupon the outraged girl, picking up her billowy skirts, ran out of the Palace without ceremony and dashed across the Green to her own door. The story ends right there. What became of the perfidious young man and that designing baggage, or how the Lady Ann mended her broken heart, nobody seems to know. This story has many variations. A third ghost is Governor John Page, who bought the Wythe House for his home and who liked it so well that he still prefers it to the Elysian Fields, or whatever other place his spirit occupies. Apparently, he does nothing in particular but loaf about. He wasn't very picturesque. As he never had a broken heart and wasn't murdered, his spirit behaves in a quiet, well-bred way.

Ever since the old mansion came to be used as a parish house, little has been heard of these ghosts. Evidently when they returned only to listen in on vestry meetings and Sunday-school classes they became bored. It is to be hoped that the Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., when it takes possession of the Wythe House will take pains to restore the ghosts also. After the mir-

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acles the Restoration has already wrought in Williamsburg, this should not be so difficult. There isn't very much to see in the Wythe House at present, but it is easily worth the quarter-of-a-dollar fee for visitors just to have a look at the interior of an



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eighteenth-century house of this type. But it won't do to linger too long anywhere on this early-morning ramble.

Before turning back to Duke of Gloucester Street, look across the Green to a small story-and-a-half cottage smothered in shrubs and overshadowed by a huge tree. This is the "Brush House," one of those antiquities acquired by the Restoration but

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subject to the life tenure of the former owners. In the rear is one of the oldest structures in all Williamsburg, the brick cook-house. Unfortunately its little dormer windows are gone, but otherwise it is the same as it was two hundred years or more ago, and is still used for cooking in the summer. Also in the garden one may see box of extraordinary size and age. This Brush House is famous as the home of the heroine of Miss Mary Johnston's novel, *Audrey*, that story of a generation ago which caused many a schoolgirl with a Gibson pompadour to shed quarts of sympathetic tears. Near by, on the same side of the street, is a sign showing the location of the first theater in America. It was in this very playhouse that the beautiful Audrey was stabbed by the Horrible Halfbreed when he was trying to murder her lover—as imagined by Miss Johnston.

But there is also interesting fact as well as fiction about the Brush House. There is a strong tradition that this was an early town house of Governor Page, whose country home was on the York. The great front door, with its outer boards lined with diagonal ones to give it double strength, suggests the way doors were built in the seventeenth century, when Indian attacks were still a possibility, though of course such perils were long since past when this particular door was made. The name Brush comes from the man who erected the house sometime between 1717 and 1719. Brush was gunsmith and armorer to Governor Spotswood, and keeper of powder and arms in the "Public Magazine."

One legend says that there lived here a maiden named Rebecca Byrd, whose fiancé contrived to have himself sent to jail in order to avoid marrying her. It would seem hard for any

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

girl to live *that* down, but the story goes on to say that Rebecca found another suitor and married him. Let us hope that the faithless one languished long in his dungeon cell. Unfortunately



THE OLD COOKHOUSE

for this tale there is no record of any Rebecca Byrd ever living in the house.

On one windowpane in this house is scratched the date 1743, and on another, "S.B., 1726—O fatal day." Who S.B. was and what tragedy made the day fatal is one of those romantic secrets of the past.

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

Returning to the Duke of Gloucester Street we will pass by Bruton Church for the moment because that requires a considerable time for itself. This building is an attractive old church with a shawl of ivy over her shoulders. It cannot be called strikingly beautiful, but it has its white steeple and its brick is of a fine deep old-rose color, unlike most of the other brick in Williamsburg, and reminding one of the ancient buildings in New-castle, Delaware. Happily, it has not been ruined by the wars it has seen, or still worse by the dreadful epidemics of architecture which ravaged the country in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The Reverend Andrew Burnaby, an English writer of 1759, speaks of Bruton as an "indifferent church," and if one remembers the picturesque village churches of his homeland it is not hard to understand why he did not become more enthusiastic about this parish church of a small colonial town. His comment on Williamsburg is brief; it was "a pleasant little town with wooden houses and unpaved streets." It still impresses the visitor as an exceedingly pleasant little town, though its dusty roads, which changed to sloughs of mud with the rain, have given place to paved streets. These improvements of a modern day have been made to look as if they were particularly fine examples of a roadway constructed under the personal direction of Mr. McAdam himself. You will notice the cobbles on the sides of the Duke of Gloucester Street, which help to give the air of an old-time thoroughfare.

Another achievement of the Restoration is the disappearance of the telegraph poles. At night, also, streets are lighted by a lamp post, though it may be suspected that these lamps thereon

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

do not burn spermaceti oil any more. Naturally, a good many concessions have to be made to the fact that this is the twentieth century whether you like it or not.

A particularly attractive touch is the fringe of flowers blooming along the fences. Whether people did as much in colonial Williamsburg is a question, but the traveler is grateful for the touch of brilliant color. In early June there is a gay display of hollyhocks and larkspur to be seen not only over the little white picket fences in the gardens, but also along the highways. One twentieth-century sign that sternly forbids the motorist to park at that spot "at any time" stands shrouded in ruby-colored hollyhocks that seem to add a courtly "if you please" to the commandment and transform it to a polite request. Mailboxes also, being of the twentieth century, are not permitted to intrude themselves upon the eye. The fences make a "jog," in which the mailbox stands in seclusion as if to apologize for its presence in the colonial picture.

Someday—let us hope and pray—all the motorists will be routed off Duke of Gloucester Street, as all heavy traffic has been already, so that the eighteenth-century picture will not be spoiled by the unending stream of motorcars. The best that can be done at present is to bid the driver slow down to "15 miles an hour" as better fitting the tempo of travel in the days of Queen Anne and the Georges. When the dream comes true—and it may shortly—the visitor may have to walk his distances on Duke of Gloucester Street or take for a taxi a coach of ancient aspect, but drawn, let us hope, by twentieth-century horses.

The block nearest William and Mary College is the present center of Williamsburg's mart of trade. Here, also, well set

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

back from the street, is the Post Office, looking in its white paint and brick very handsome and impressive for a small town like Williamsburg. However, on entering this chaste temple you will find the same glutinous ink and rusty pens which characterize the United States post offices everywhere, and you will feel very much at home. In June, too, this is, as the poet describes it, "the murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves," not to mention mornings and afternoons too. Perhaps someday the Restoration may do something about this plague of flies in Williamsburg and vicinity in early summer. On the eve of a thunder shower they are particularly sticky and bity, but probably the research department has already discovered that flies are quite colonial and that the bigwigs of the eighteenth century spent much of their time in the House of Burgesses or at home swatting at them. Indeed, the inventories of the Palace revealed the fact that, before the War of Independence, wire screening or "fly lattice" to protect the Governor and his family against flies had been ordered from London.

This block of Duke of Gloucester Street, between Henry Street and the college, is the "Main Street" of Williamsburg. Here you may buy a new toothbrush for the one you left behind at Tappahannock, a pulp magazine if you are that kind of person, a shirt, a packet of safety-razor blades, or an ice-cream soda. But, despite their modern wares, these shops all have their eighteenth-century fronts, like those the traveler may still see in the city of Bath, England, notably the famous bakeshop of Sally Lunn. The windows are bowed for the most part, with square panes of glass. The effect is charming, though probably they drive the window dresser mad.



A SHOP WINDOW

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

The most interesting of these shops is the main store of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. What Colonial Williamsburg has done to this familiar friend is past belief. Elsewhere the "A & P" flaunts her scarlet charms on the street as brazenly as you please, as painted up as any campus coed. Her sign, in big gold letters on black, is identical whether it be in Nantucket or San Pedro. But, of course, all this would never do in ancient Williamsburg. Here one is startled to see a building looking like a county courthouse, with an upstairs balcony on which you might expect to see the royal governor of Virginia in full bottomed wig step forth and bid us of the rabble below, "Disperse, ye rebels!" The only touch of red is a quiet tone of red brick on the sides. The woodwork in front is painted a Quaker gray, and the familiar words "The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company" are rendered in beautiful eighteenth-century script. Our blowzy but beloved hussy has become so refined that she would never be recognized. Even her small daughter down the street is attired in sober gray likewise and deprived of all her familiar adornments.

This business block is controlled entirely by the Williamsburg Restoration. The present rents may seem high, but, as one shopkeeper said to me, "I can't complain because business is good."

At the end of the block there is a lively corner of crossroads, and at the V formed by the Richmond Road on one side and the road to Jamestown on the other is the famous corner of William and Mary College. Hanging its disheveled beard over the sidewalk at the entrance to the campus, is a gnarled and venerable live oak, so far gone in years that the adjective "live" is hardly fitting. On my inquiry about this tree I was assured by

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

comings and goings of redcoats, bluecoats, and whitecoats in the college yard during the Revolutionary War. It saw the desolation and flames of the Civil War. It still lives to witness the new birth of William and Mary and of Williamsburg. It looks as if it had but a few more years to live, but the science of tree surgery may succeed in keeping it alive for a fresh span of life like the famous tulip poplar on St. John's campus in Annapolis which is at least a century older.

The brick walk leads straight toward the famous Christopher Wren Building. It is pretty definitely settled that this is the only structure in America actually to come from the pencil of the architect of St. Paul's. The proof of Wren's designing this building, which has been accepted by the Wren Society, is a statement made in 1722 by the Reverend Hugh Jones who was a professor of mathematics at the College, and who said, "The Building is beautiful and commodious, being first modelled by Sir Christopher Wren and adapted to the Nature of the Country by the Gentlemen there." Other contemporary records refer to Wren's connection. This central edifice, with Brafferton Hall on one hand and the President's House on the other represented the entire college of ancient times almost down to the present century. The Wren Building has been restored and presents quite a different face from that of thirty or forty years ago. A popular lithograph to be seen on many Williamsburg walls is a view of the college drawn about 1840, representing these three buildings with two enormous, contented cows in the left foreground—evidently the Williamsburg cows browsed on the college campus in those days—some colossal weeds in the center, and three lean and not so contented-looking professors at the

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

opposite corner. These probably represented the entire faculty of that year.

However attractive the college walk looks under its tall elms, our exploring tour will permit now only a moment before the statue of Lord Botetourt, a colonial governor of Virginia. Here is a man to salute with respect. As a rule royal governors had stormy times dealing with Virginians. This man labored unceasingly to make the home government understand the point of view of the colonists, especially in regard to the Stamp Act. Indeed, he made himself so beloved that, shortly after his death in 1770, the House of Burgesses voted a statue of him to keep his memory green forever. "To do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God," might have been this great governor's motto. So the statue was set up in the old capital. Even in 1779, during the depths of hatred bred of a long-drawn war with Britain, the Burgesses voted money to have the statue of Botetourt cleaned. Then some hoodlums knocked it off its pedestal and broke it in several places. As nobody seemed to want it after that, the college authorities bought it for a hundred dollars and set it up on the campus. During the Civil War the statue was moved for greater safety from Federal bombardment to the insane asylum. It emerged later from that retreat to resume its place at the college, and there it has stood ever since, patiently enduring the slings and arrows of outrageous college boys. One visitor of the last century remarks a broad band of red sealing wax across his lordship's countenance left there by some undergraduate. Recently the Restoration authorities rebuilding the capitol discovered the very flagstone on which the statue used to stand. The place for it has been re-



LORD BOTETOURT

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

stored with the rest of the building, but up to the present the college has not warmed to the idea of parting with his lordship. Old alumni are particularly intense on this subject, and some who view with black looks the increasing swarms of coeds at William and Mary say grimly that when they come back to Commencements they want to be sure of seeing *one* distinctly masculine figure anyway.

Lord Botetourt is represented as posing in the most elegant mode with robes of office, sword, and toes turned out smartly. His nose is mostly gone and his right hand entirely so, thanks to the vandals who knocked him over, but the statue has at least one distinction in that it probably is the oldest extant piece of portrait statuary in America.

Students of American history know the *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, by one Benson J. Lossing. This gentleman went all over the country covered by the campaigns of the Revolutionary War, with notebook and pad, in 1848. Naturally he visited Williamsburg with all its neighboring region including Jamestown, and of course Yorktown. His book gives no cut of the Botetourt statue, because, he said, one of the college boys assured him that he had made a drawing of it himself and would see to it that Mr. Lossing received it. But, complains that gentleman bitterly, no such sketch ever appeared and he had to leave Williamsburg without it. It seems that college boys were ever thus.

Turning to your left to enter the street that runs parallel to Duke of Gloucester you come soon upon a grim, gray structure with iron-barred windows. This with its accompanying buildings is the state insane asylum. The institution has been here a

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

long while, being the first state-supported insane hospital in the country, completed in 1773. For instance, in the map of Williamsburg, made by the unknown Frenchman, it appears as



OLD, BUT NOT COLONIAL

the "Maison des Fous"; also in the similar map drawn by the son of Count de Rochambeau. It is therefore quite in keeping with colonial Williamsburg to have it there, but one may hope that ere long the state of Virginia may see fit to move this place of sorrow to some center not so conspicuous in the nation's eye as Williamsburg.

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

As you stroll along this "Francis Street" you recognize from the map various picturesque old dwellings—both genuine and reconstructed. From this street, too, if you haven't seen it already, you may behold the new Williamsburg Inn, its white walls shining like an iceberg in the morning sun. But the lover of antiquities will be tempted rather more to linger in front of the small dwellings along this street. Very modest frame dwellings they are, of a story and a half, as a rule, with little dormer windows, and great chimneys on the ends, but how attractive! Especially so when the season puts blossoms on the riot of vines or shrubs in which these old places nestle. Some of these homes—as the index to the map informs you—are not "restored" and they have all the greater attraction for that fact, even if you have to blush occasionally for one of those porches and verandas that do not harmonize with the rest of the house.

The inhabitants of Williamsburg wish that the visitors would please confine their attention to the show places that are all fitted up to receive them. But there are so many strangers who enjoy nosing about these little antique dwellings away from the beaten track and who stand and stare at them with brazen interest and admiration, trying to get up courage to ask for a drink of water in order to look inside. It makes it embarrassing for the owners even to go out of their own doors. "We feel," they say, "as if we were performing in a museum."

Each will select his own favorites, but all will readily agree that the stately white house on this street known as the "Semple House" is one of the most beautiful in all Williamsburg. There is no elaborate ornament here, none of the great classical pillars, for example, of the early republican era. Its beauty lies in the

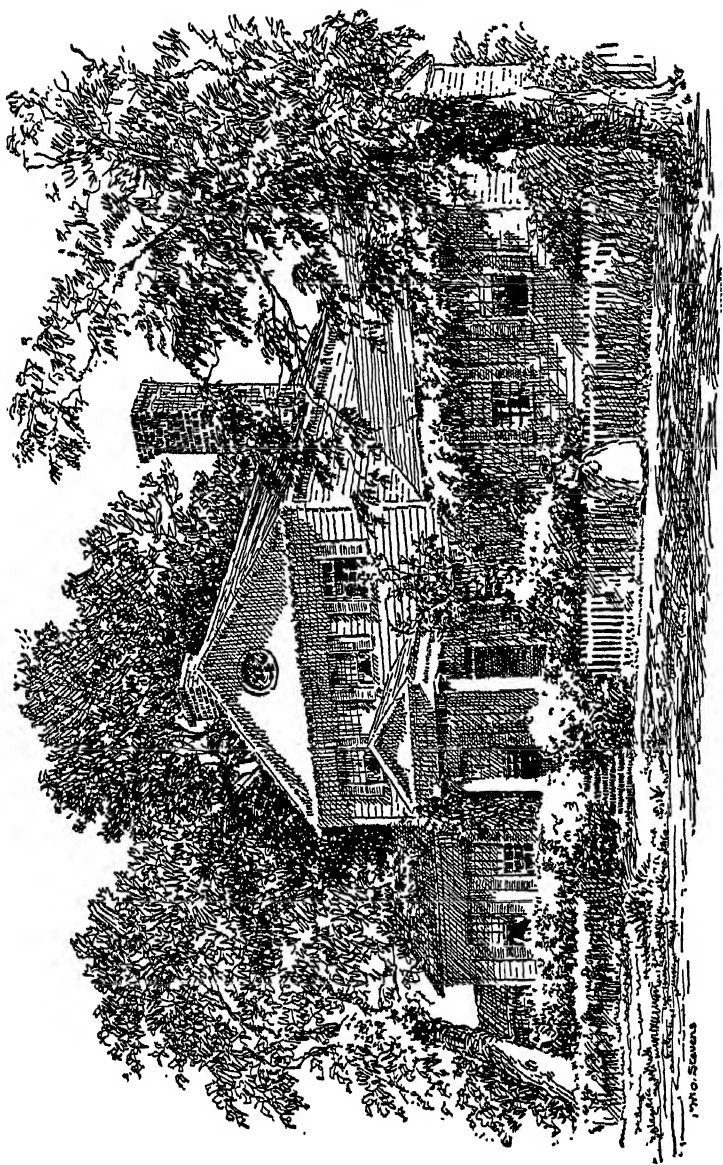
OLD WILLIAMSBURG

simple dignity of design and proportion.

At the same time, whether you explore on this street or others on the opposite side of the village, you note with a smile quite a number of dwellings which are still outside the pale of restoration. These are not colonial at all. Indeed, they represent all sorts of building styles from early Grover Cleveland to late Afro-American. Sometimes they even rub elbows with elegant reconstruction; for example, just outside the Palace gate you see a typical, ratty negro cabin, like Lazarus at the back steps of Dives's banquet hall.

From the Semple House we may turn toward the Capitol. In front of the Semple House, and on both sides of Capitol Street, stand the strangest-looking trees. They seem to be writhing in agony, covered with lumps, bumps, wens, warts, boils, and tumors. They look so much the embodiment of disease that you are surprised to see them sprouting broad green leaves. These are the "paper-mulberry" trees.

For a long time in the history of colonial Virginia it was the fond hope of many people on both sides of the water that silk-raising might become a great industry. Charles the First encouraged the project, and it got well under way for a while. The House of Burgesses passed a law requiring the planting of one mulberry tree to every ten acres of land. A few years later Charles the Second was given a present from the colony of three hundred pounds of silk, which no doubt he turned over to Nell Gwynn. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when Huguenot émigrés came to America—the ancestors of the Fontaines, Moncure, LeGrand, and Lacy families—they, too, turned to silk raising. Sometime in the eighteenth century



THE SEMPLER HOUSE

W. O. SWAN

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

the silkworms apparently became tired of working for economic royalists and went on strike. They amalgamated with the Federated Lilies of the Field in refusing either to toil or to spin. But these queer, gnarled trees are not the true mulberries, for silkworms could not live on them, and they were introduced into Virginia about 1735, long after the silk industry had died. They certainly are the most grotesquely picturesque specimens of tree imaginable. The English illustrator, Arthur Rackham, would revel in trees like these, for, like the fantastic ones he creates with his pencil, they assume such strange forms that they startle you by staring at you out of their knotty eyes with a look that is, if not human, quite diabolical.

The spick-and-span new colonial Capitol is one of those show places to be taken in on the visitor's "excursion" ticket later. This stands not only on the site of the original Capitol, but also on that of a "Williamsburg Female Academy" flourishing here in the middle of the last century. So as one turns his imaginative eye to the scene he may bring back not only the figures of red-faced, bewigged Burgesses and justices of old Virginia but also those Sweet Young Things of 1850, walking sedately two by two to Bruton Church, pricking their fingers on needlework, blobbing paint on velvet, tinkling "Home, Sweet Home with Variations" on the pianoforte, or getting headaches out of old Dr. Wayland's *Moral Philosophy*. I hope the boys of William and Mary and these girls of the Academy got together for an occasional party—heavily chaperoned, of course. And if they had dancing I'm sure no such immoral dances as the polka and waltz were tolerated! What *is* the world coming to when a young lady will permit a gentleman to put his arm around



PAPER-MULBERRY TREE

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

her waist on the ballroom floor?

If we can tear ourselves away from the thought of that Female Academy and look to the top of the Capitol's little cupola—"cupolo" they used to write it in the eighteenth-century records—you may be surprised at seeing the British "Great Union." This does not mean that Williamsburg has gone back into the Empire, but is merely to show how the Capitol looked in the days of the Old Dominion when Virginia "dat quintam" to the Crown. The point about this flag is that it is a replica of that of Great Britain in the century when Williamsburg was the capital of the colony, but it is not the Union Jack of today. So many visitors raise the question that the Restoration office has an explanation in mimeographed form all ready to hand out to the inquirer. In brief, the story is that after much research the flag shown on the copperplate drawing of the building is the "Great Union," or the one that was adopted in the time of James the First when Scotland was united to England. This banner, therefore, shows the red cross of St. George of England united with the white cross of St. Andrew of Scotland on the Scottish blue field. After numerous changes it became again the British flag when Charles the Second ascended the throne, and it was the British flag when Williamsburg was established as the capital. The present flag of the United Kingdom includes the cross of St. Patrick—despite the Free State's lack of enthusiasm in the matter. This is the device adopted in 1801, when Ireland was taken into the United Kingdom.

In May, 1776, however, the old flag was hauled down from the "cupolo" to be replaced by one that represented a new union, that of the thirteen colonies. But since this is colonial

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

Williamsburg not revolutionary Williamsburg, of course the older flag is more appropriate.

They say that there have been some casualties among Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution who have gazed upon this British emblem and promptly suffered a stroke of apoplexy. They say, too, that the portrait of Patrick Henry now in the Capitol was quite pleasant-looking when it was first acquired, but that its present sour aspect of disgust and rage is due to that banner which flies over his head all day. For this selfsame "Great Union," though obsolete now, was the one borne by the armies of the redcoats and Hessians from 1775 to 1783. Some Williamsburg inhabitants go so far as to say that on the stroke of midnight of every Fourth of July there is an assemblage of revolutionary ghosts, with Patrick Henry at their head, who stand in front of the Capitol and use most reprehensible language.

From the Capitol we may now turn back up Duke of Gloucester Street, noting as we go the old dwellings, particularly the restored "inns," "taverns," and "ordinaries." Chief of these in fame and present elegance is the Raleigh Tavern with its portrait of Sir Walter hanging outside on the signboard. Turning right to Nicholson Street, we can get a closer look at some of the Williamsburg dwellings on the other side of the town, all of these privately occupied, to be sure, but charming to see from the outside. On the corner of England Street and Nicholson stands the "Randolph-Peachy House." Here Rochambeau had his headquarters just before the siege of Yorktown. Here Lafayette was a guest on his visit in 1824. This is one of the historic houses which are still privately owned.

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

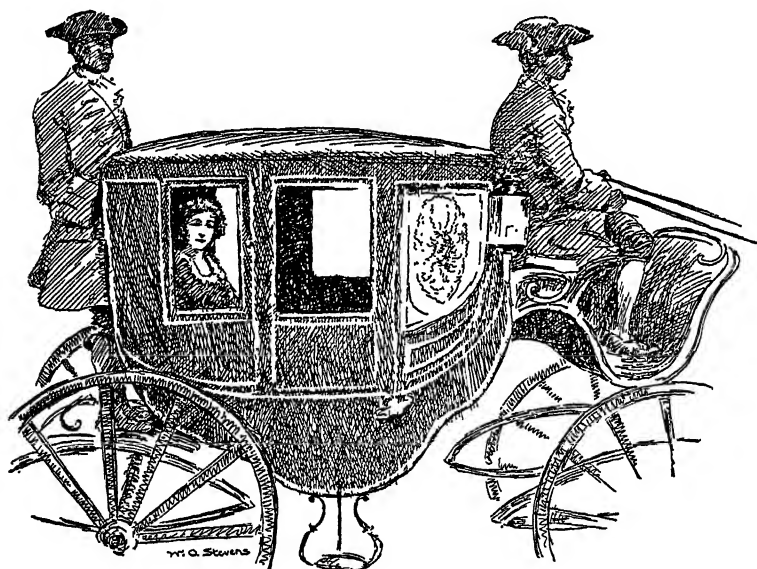
Another home that will cause the passer-by to pause and linger is the "St. George Tucker House," which most people would call the queen of all Williamsburg homes, and happily it is still occupied by a descendant of the original owner. Alterations have been made by the Restoration architects on the original design of the house, such as connecting the outside kitchen with the main house, but all has been done in keeping with the architectural tradition, and the effect is one of grace and dignity. The white walls of the house itself, the warm reds of the huge chimneys are set off to advantage by the surrounding garden with its gray-green box and masses of flowers.

The Tucker House brings us back to the Palace Green. Presumably it is now about ten in the morning of a bright day. "And what to our wondering eyes should appear" but a coach drawn sedately by two bays with jingling harness heading toward the Palace gate. The driver, if you believe your eyes, is a negro dressed in sky-blue coat, black knee breeches, buckled shoes, and cocked hat. Standing on a little platform behind and holding on to straps is another Ethiop, the footman, arrayed in the same eighteenth-century costume. Anon the coachman reins back his steeds before the iron gates, the footman drops the steps and opens the door, and out step some ladies. They, too, are an eyeful, as the saying goes, for they are dressed in the mode of 1748, or thereabouts, wearing side hoops that give their figures a curious spade shape, which is in striking contrast to our modern streamline fashion.

The explanation given for the selection of this curious mode for the Williamsburg hostess costume is that no elaborate head-dress was worn with it as in the later eighteenth-century fash-

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

ions. Yet the side hoop lacks the grace of the round hoop skirt, and is so grotesque that one may wish that the research authorities had referred instead to the illustrations made by Edwin A. Abbey for *She Stoops to Conquer*, wherein the women wear



THE STATE COACH

no towering headdresses but do wear far prettier skirts. But whether you fancy the costume or not, these ladies are the guides or "hostesses" of the various show buildings. Every day, except Friday and Sunday, they are picked up by the coach at their homes and set down at their places of duty. Fridays and Sundays they are wafted to their business by noncolonial motorcars, and the same modern conveyances are used if the sky

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

threatens rain, for the coach is a genuine antique and must not be allowed to suffer from the weather. Similarly, every evening at six the coach calls for the ladies and conveys them back to their homes. This little ceremony in costume is worth waiting to see.

During this ramble you may have noticed in looking over the fences and hedges that the negro gardeners and groundsmen of



ANACHRONISM

the Restoration buildings also are dressed in costumes of the same period. One joyous anachronism, which you may be likely to see, is the spectacle of a tall darky in eighteenth-century regalia riding a bicycle. I should be sorry for him if some members of the Curator's department, looking out of the windows of an office, should catch sight of him, and let us hope they don't.

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

So much for an exploratory walk about the Williamsburg of today. What are the impressions? Sometimes, as we remarked at the beginning, where the reconstruction is so very shiny and new it gives the effect of a colonial village at a World's Fair. And yet next door to it you may find genuine antiquity, mellowed, ivy-hung, and perhaps a bit shabby, to counteract that effect. Here and there, even on Duke of Gloucester Street, there are still some ugly spots of buildings whose faces Mr. Rockefeller's oil of gladness has not yet made to shine. Their existence is due to the fact that the leases for this property have still some years to run. In due time these will be swept away.

If one thinks of Williamsburg as an old lady who has just gone through a miraculous face-lifting process to become a belle again, these and the ugly little houses on the back streets are merely the remaining moles and freckles which the beautician will take care of in time. Or one may think of Williamsburg instead as a child who is expecting her rich Uncle Sam to come for a visit and who has taken down from her closet her party dress, has been given a Saturday-night bath, and having been scrubbed and arrayed is sent into the "parlor" to greet him with her best company manners. The unrestored and unrestorable buildings of the nineteenth century are just those little spots where Mother wasn't able to get off all the dirt behind the ears. But in general, speaking of cleanliness, one may think of Williamsburg as the original "Spotless Town." The Great American Moron, here as elsewhere, may throw his empty cigarette packets or chewing-gum wrappers, or even his newspapers, out of the window of his car, but here in Williamsburg the White Wings are always busy, and what they miss is garnered up by a

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

certain Dark Angel of Tidiness who goes about with scrip and staff pouncing on every stray atom of paper.



TIDY MAN

Whatever section the visitor comes from, the verdict is bound to be the same, that Mr. Rockefeller and his corps of experts have done a marvelous thing. Many a traveler has come to scoff and remained to praise. Suppose one had only this memory of Williamsburg, that of a morning's stroll through its streets without entering a single one of the exhibition buildings.

A STROLL THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG

Even then one would carry away a series of pictures that would be unforgettable.

Naturally, the fame of Williamsburg has gone far and wide, for it has not lacked publicity, and on the license plates of the cars one may read "Arizona," "Oregon," "Ontario," "Texas," "Vermont," "Quebec." Probably on any day of the spring and fall, especially, one may find in the streets cars from every state in the Union and from several of the provinces of Canada. After all, what better place can there be on this continent for all of us of the English-speaking race to come together and go back two hundred years to our Auld Lang Syne?

CHAPTER IV

JAMESTOWN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICA

WE have just rambled about the streets and lanes of Williamsburg to get an impression of the town as it looks today, with the work of restoration practically complete. In order to understand the historical background of this restoration we should postpone for the present visiting the special exhibition buildings and historical shrines until we have started our American history with Chapter One, and that chapter begins on a little low island in the James River, not more than a six miles' run over an excellent highway. Accordingly, we shall turn left at the "College Corner" at the sign marked "To Jamestown."

The road runs through a rather woodsy and deserted countryside until it comes to the bridge which crosses the "Back River," that arm of the James which separates the island from the shore. Where the present bridge spans "Back River," was once the "Friggett Landing" of Jamestown. In the early days the channel here was deep enough for good-sized ocean-going ships. Originally this island was a peninsula, connected with the shore by a strip of land near the northwest corner of the present island, but gradually the river ate away the isthmus. In the time of the Revolution it was a shallow ford at that point, but as early as a hundred years ago all trace of the connecting link had been washed away. When Benson Lossing came here,

JAMESTOWN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICA

in 1848, he had to tether his old horse "Charley" and hire a rowboat to reach the island. Beyond this bridge the road takes two wide swings and brings the motorist past the national monument down to the bank of the river, where roomy parking space is provided and where one must leave his chariot. At this point is the entrance to the reservation, where one pays a quarter of a dollar for the privilege of admission.

The path leads you in a few paces to the chief center of interest in Jamestown, the tower of the church. This is the important monument of Jamestown's history, its single relic of the seventeenth century. The guidebook tells us that there have been in all five churches in Jamestown, and this massive tower was a part of the fourth, built sometime between 1639 and 1647. It served also as the belfry of the fifth church. The first religious worship of the settlers had been held under a sail spread between "three or four trees to keep off the Sunne." This was followed by a succession of little churches, each in turn destroyed by fire. The earliest of these no doubt stood in the fort at the upper end of the island now long since washed away. The fourth church to which this tower belonged was the first one to have been built of brick. This was the one that was burned down by Bacon and his men during the rebellion of 1676. After the capital was removed to Williamsburg and Jamestown melted away, the walls of the last church tumbled down gradually, leaving the tower standing alone. The present church was built by the Colonial Dames of America on the three-hundredth anniversary of the first settlement. This restored shrine holds a number of relics of earlier churches and some memorial tablets. Of the former one of special interest is

CHAPTER IV

JAMESTOWN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICA

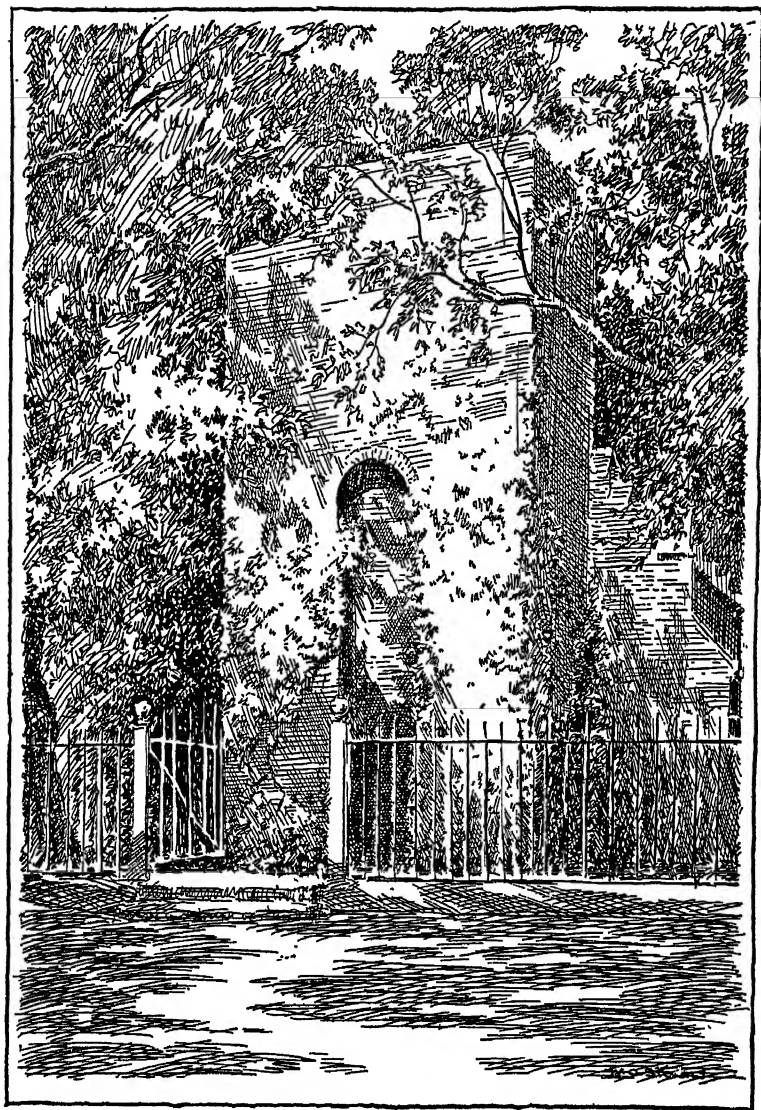
WE have just rambled about the streets and lanes of Williamsburg to get an impression of the town as it looks today, with the work of restoration practically complete. In order to understand the historical background of this restoration we should postpone for the present visiting the special exhibition buildings and historical shrines until we have started our American history with Chapter One, and that chapter begins on a little low island in the James River, not more than a six miles' run over an excellent highway. Accordingly, we shall turn left at the "College Corner" at the sign marked "To Jamestown."

The road runs through a rather woodsy and deserted countryside until it comes to the bridge which crosses the "Back River," that arm of the James which separates the island from the shore. Where the present bridge spans "Back River," was once the "Friggett Landing" of Jamestown. In the early days the channel here was deep enough for good-sized ocean-going ships. Originally this island was a peninsula, connected with the shore by a strip of land near the northwest corner of the present island, but gradually the river ate away the isthmus. In the time of the Revolution it was a shallow ford at that point, but as early as a hundred years ago all trace of the connecting link had been washed away. When Benson Lossing came here,

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in 1848, he had to tether his old horse "Charley" and hire a rowboat to reach the island. Beyond this bridge the road takes two wide swings and brings the motorist past the national monument down to the bank of the river, where roomy parking space is provided and where one must leave his chariot. At this point is the entrance to the reservation, where one pays a quarter of a dollar for the privilege of admission.

The path leads you in a few paces to the chief center of interest in Jamestown, the tower of the church. This is the important monument of Jamestown's history, its single relic of the seventeenth century. The guidebook tells us that there have been in all five churches in Jamestown, and this massive tower was a part of the fourth, built sometime between 1639 and 1647. It served also as the belfry of the fifth church. The first religious worship of the settlers had been held under a sail spread between "three or four trees to keep off the Sunne." This was followed by a succession of little churches, each in turn destroyed by fire. The earliest of these no doubt stood in the fort at the upper end of the island now long since washed away. The fourth church to which this tower belonged was the first one to have been built of brick. This was the one that was burned down by Bacon and his men during the rebellion of 1676. After the capital was removed to Williamsburg and Jamestown melted away, the walls of the last church tumbled down gradually, leaving the tower standing alone. The present church was built by the Colonial Dames of America on the three-hundredth anniversary of the first settlement. This restored shrine holds a number of relics of earlier churches and some memorial tablets. Of the former one of special interest is



THE JAMESTOWN CHURCH

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a stone in front of the chancel which once bore inlaid brass. The brass has been gone perhaps two hundred years, but it stands as the only example of this sort of tomb in America.

The little graveyard surrounded by a mossy and ivied wall of old brick contains practically all that is left of the burial stones of the old town, though probably the entire island is a cemetery. When the Confederates threw up their earthworks here in 1861, wherever their spades struck they unearthed remains of ancient burials. In this churchyard there are some interesting tombs. The most striking is near the southeast corner of the church where lie buried Dr. James Blair and his wife Sarah. More than a century ago visitors to this spot noted a sycamore sapling growing up between the graves. That has since become a great tree which has split the tombs apart. The legend that goes with this tree is that Colonel Benjamin Harrison, the father of Sarah, was strongly opposed to her marrying this irascible Scot and swore to part them. He did not succeed in doing this during their lifetime, but the parental curse took root in the form of a tree after their death, and thus was fulfilled.

This Dr. James Blair, M.A., of Edinburgh, had great force of character. It was his zeal and energy that did most to create the College of William and Mary. He was rector in Jamestown in 1694, and in 1710 became rector of Bruton in order to be nearer his college. During his lifetime he was always battling against royal governors—with eminent success, it may be added—and was not disposed to brook any opinion contrary to his own. But when he was laid to rest in Jamestown Churchyard, his kinsfolk engraved a prodigious Latin inscription beginning

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“Vir Reverendus et Honorabilis.” For this degenerate age which knows not its Latin—and one may ask what *do* our college graduates know?—there is a “pony” near by in English. One can only imagine the vials of contempt and wrath the old gentleman would pour on the heads of the modern tourists who are obliged to have his inscription translated for them.

A new tombstone has been supplied to take the place of one, too much defaced by time, in honor of William Lee, bearing the notation, “He was the only American ever elected as Alderman of London where he also served as Sheriff. He sacrificed these honors and a large mercantile business to follow the fortunes of his native country in the struggle for independence.”

Still another gravestone worth pausing to read is that of Lady Frances Berkeley in the southwestern corner of the inclosure, outside the wall. She was the wife of that tyrant Sir William Berkeley against whom Bacon and his followers revolted. After his death she married one Philip Ludwell, but she insisted on being called Lady Frances Berkeley the rest of her days, and thus she was buried. It must have been rather mortifying to Mr. Ludwell, but in those days a plain “mister” was small potatoes compared with even a dead baronet. Ludwell was only her third husband anyway.

Leaving the church, we pass through the center of what were the Confederate defenses thrown up to defend the James in 1861. Five hundred soldiers comprised the garrison. The island fell into the hands of the Union troops, however, shortly afterwards when the Confederates evacuated the whole peninsula of the James. Fortunately this occurred without the firing

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of a shot, or there might have been nothing left of the church tower.

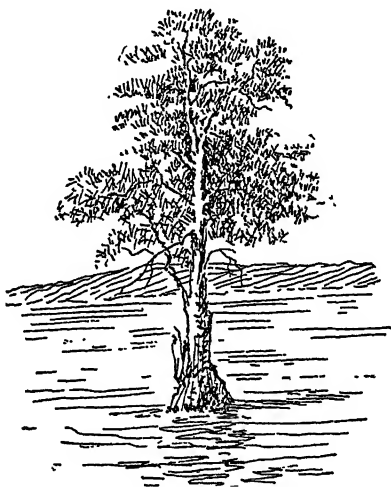
The whole area of the site of ancient Jamestown has been transformed from a jungle of weeds and vines to a fine park. Down by the present sea wall is a Relic, or Rest, House, where the curious may see the antiquities recovered during the excavation work. This Relic House stands at or near the spot on the river bank where the original landing is supposed to have been made in 1607. Just beyond this building on the water front are the foundations of early buildings, notably those of the first colonial capitols. These one after the other burned down, the last one, the fourth, going up in smoke in the year 1698. No other was built, for the following year saw the transfer of the capital to Williamsburg. The same "Great Union" flag that flies over the restored capitol building in Williamsburg is flung to the breeze from the flagpole near these foundations, for it was the same banner that Jamestown knew throughout its history of nearly a hundred years.

From this point we see, standing in the water about a hundred yards out from the sea wall, a tree known as the "Lone Cypress." Nothing could bear more eloquent witness to the destruction wrought by the river on this island. When Lossing visited here in 1848, he observed that this tree stood just about at low watermark on the shore. Unfortunately, a large area including the site of the original fort and the earliest settlements, the most historic ground of all, has long since been lost under the yellow current of the James.

The people who have done the planning of the Jamestown

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memorial have had the rare thoughtfulness to provide plenty of benches under the trees where the visitor may rest, look abroad over the river to the low wooded shores on the opposite side, and, if he is at all imaginative, let his fancy recreate some



THE LONE CYPRESS

of the scenes which make these twenty-two acres of ground so memorable in American history.

The pageant of Jamestown's story, and, for that matter, that of America, begins with the appearance in the James River of three little ships, the *Sarah Constant*, the *Goodspeed*, and the *Discovery*, under Captain Christopher Newport. The date was May 13, 1607. It was the first installment of a colonization plan of which great things were expected. The colonists were to find heaps of gold and silver as the Spaniards had done in Mexico

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and Peru, collect pearls by the bushel, and find a sea route to the Pacific. The little vessels had left England early in February. As a fine send-off the poet laureate, Michael Drayton, had written a poem of a dozen stanzas on the new enterprise. Of course he had never seen Virginia but that fact only stirred him to greater flights; here is a sample:

“And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth’s only paradise! . . .

“When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land
Above the sea that flows
The clear wind throws
Your heart to swell,
Approaching the dear strand.”

It was pretty bad poetry, even for a laureate, but it was worse fact, as the colonists soon discovered.

For some reason—perhaps because the plot of ground was so nearly an island as to offer natural protection from the Indians or because after three wretched months on shipboard any piece of ground looked inviting—these colonists bent the cables of the ships to the trees by the river bank and came ashore to stay. Unfortunately, it was just the sort of low, marshy ground which the wise Hakluyt had warned the colonists to avoid, and they paid a heavy price for their folly. However, they went to work at once on a triangular fort and a palisade, and inside the latter ran a small row of cabins.

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The next episode in this pageant was the "Starving Time." Everything had gone wrong; fire and pestilence had ravaged the little settlement. Their leader, Captain John Smith, had gone back to England almost at the point of death. Provisions had been ruined by rats and rains, and there followed a hideous period of several months in which the colonists died wholesale. When Sir Thomas Gates finally came to the scene in May, 1610, he found the entire village in ruins and out of four hundred settlers only sixty pitiful skeletons were still alive. The situation was so desperate that Gates agreed with his council to abandon the place. But shortly after the ships had started down the river on the voyage back to England, they met Lord Delaware with a fleet. Delaware ordered all hands to return to Jamestown, much to the grief and despair of the survivors to whom Jamestown was a memory of hell. But under Lord Delaware's energetic measures, the little village was put in order and the colony took a fresh start.

It is hard now to understand why the Jamestown settlers should have been victims of famine during those early years. There must have been fish, and oysters, and crabs aplenty in the waters, and in the forest all varieties of game in abundance. Actually food lay at hand, but apparently nobody had any idea of how to go about getting it.

The year 1619 presents the third scene of our Jamestown pageant. In this year the first legislative assembly in America was held. A month later arrived the first cargo of African slaves, for by this time the culture of tobacco, introduced by John Rolfe, was well on its way to becoming the great industry of Virginia. This first batch of slaves numbered twenty; they

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had been stolen from Spanish plantations in the West Indies, but in those days whatever you stole from a Spaniard was all right in the eyes of the Lord. In this same year a shipload of maidens was sent over to become wives of the colonists. Each of these young ladies was allowed to refuse whomever she did not fancy, and no suitor could have his bride unless he could pay the cost of her passage, which was one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco. It is not recorded that many of the girls offered any serious objections. Indeed, if they were willing to endure the misery of three months at sea on one of those little ships of the early seventeenth century, in order to get a husband, they were probably not too fussy with what was offered. It must have been a curious picture, these girls being shown off before a concourse of bidders very much like an auction of livestock. Or it might be prettier to call it "America's First Coming-out Party," and the most successful on record, for apparently every girl not only became engaged on the spot, but was married that very afternoon. Mary Johnston, in her novel *To Have and To Hold* makes use of a subsequent event of the same sort two years later as the opening scene of her story.

So this year 1619 was in some ways an *annus mirabilis*, for it saw the beginnings of institutions that bore in them the seeds of good and evil for the future story of America. A legislative assembly marks the beginnings of self-government on the continent; the coming of the negroes inaugurated slavery, which nearly wrecked the American experiment; and those brides started the First Families of Virginia.

Up to this year it had been the fashion for wiseacres in London to ridicule the Jamestown colony as a failure and inexcus-

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able expense. No gold had been found, nor silver, nor pearls, and no waterway to the Pacific. Indeed, the custom of English writers to sneer at whatever exists on the western shores of the Atlantic became well established at this time. The first of an endless succession of English books in this vein on America bore the title *The Unmasked Face of Our Colony in Virginia*.

But the colonists by this time had developed enough spunk to answer back. Listen to John Pory in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton in protest:

Nowe that your Lordship may knowe that we are not the veriest beggers in the world, our cowekeeper here of James City [Jamestown] on Sundays goes accoutered all in fresh flaming silke, and a wife of one that in England had professed the black arte, not of a schollar but of a collier of Croydon, wears her rough bever hatt with a faire perle hatband, and a silken suite thereto correspondent.

Thus the time-honored reply of the American to the taunt of the Englishman: "Here our plain people, anyway, enjoy comforts and luxuries unheard of by the same class in England." Mr. Pory adds this in his letter: "Besides, among these christall rivers and odoriferous woods I doe escape muche expense, envye, contempte, vanity, and vexation of mind." All Virginians will applaud that sentiment still.

The next milestone in the story followed swiftly after. In 1618 old Powhatan had died and his brother reigned in his stead. The latter had no good will toward the whites who were forever pushing into his lands and increasing in numbers. Suddenly, on May 22, 1622, his braves fell upon the whites and massacred about three hundred and fifty of the total population of twelve hundred and fifty-eight. Jamestown escaped through

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the warning given by an Indian boy named "Chanco." The victims were in outlying plantations. But by now the whites were too strong to be beaten and they struck back without mercy.

It was just about this time of the great massacre that another incident occurred which perhaps we should note as long as we are interested in historical beginnings. On the north side of Back River, where it joins the James River and near the isthmus connecting Jamestown with the mainland, a little factory was set up for making glass. Certain Italian workmen were imported to get the industry going. But they were not satisfied with Virginia's "Christall rivers and odoriferous woods," and wanted to go home to their olive oil and garlic. When their demand for a return passage left their employers cold, they inaugurated what was the first sit-down strike in America, aggravated by sabotage. By diligent use of a crowbar they wrecked the glass ovens beyond repair. They were sent home at last to get rid of them, but George Sandys, treasurer of the colony, made no secret of what he thought of them. "A more damned crew," he wrote, "hell never vomited." Perhaps he is not the only American employer who has felt that way.

From the end of the first quarter of the century the annals of the Jamestown colony are few. The settlers constantly increased in numbers. Tobacco became a substitute for the gold and silver which the woods of Virginia were supposed to hide. All sorts of people made up these pioneers, as always in the history of the American frontier. Some of them were "gentlemen" of unimpeachable ancestry, but coats of arms availed little in the wilderness. Captain John Smith expressed his opinion

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on the subject thus: "In Virginia a Plaine Souldier that can use a Pick-axe and spade is better than five knights, although they were knights that could break a lance." Many of these gentlemen apparently had a delicate abhorrence of hard work, and did not know how to do anything useful with their hands.

There is a skip of about two generations to the next important event, Bacon's Rebellion. The Governor, Sir William Berkeley, selfish and despotic, paid no heed to the demands of his colony for remedying taxation abuses and especially for protection from the Indians on the western border. Finally, an energetic leader of men, a planter of Henrico County, Nathaniel Bacon, assembled a band of Virginians in open rebellion against the Governor. Berkeley gave his word to remedy abuses, then broke it. Bacon then marched into Jamestown and set the whole town in flames. The movement spread apace, but suddenly the leader fell ill and died. At his death the rebellion collapsed and Berkeley took his revenge on Bacon's followers in the bloodthirsty fashion of his contemporary, Judge Jeffreys, in England after the Monmouth uprising. "That old fool," exclaimed King Charles, "has hanged more men in that barren country than I have done for the murder of my father."

The last episode of our historical pageant is of the year 1698. Again the statehouse had burned down. The preceding year the opinion had been expressed in official quarters that a better place for the capital would be at the Middle Plantation where the college stood. Colonel Francis Nicholson, the new Governor, approved the plan, for he liked the idea of founding a city; accordingly he moved the seat of government to Middle

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Plantation, changed its name to "Williamsburg" in honor of the reigning Dutchman, and started building a statehouse. This he called the "Capitol." According to the historian, Dr. Tyler, this is the first instance in America of the word "capitol" in this sense. With that transfer Jamestown began her swift decline. As already noted, it was a poor place to try to found a city. Even now half the island is covered with swamps. From the first, malaria and typhoid took their ghastly toll of the inhabitants. The selection of Jamestown Island was a sad blunder, but since the colonists were true Englishmen it took them ninety-two years to admit that they had made a mistake.

Jamestown had never been a city in the sense of being a center of commerce. It was merely the official capital of the colony. When, therefore, the seat of government was moved to the Middle Plantation, there was no excuse left for the settlement to survive. A few citizens, such as the Amblers, remained in their homes, but the scene was speedily that of desolation. When Cornwallis and Lafayette passed this way in 1781 there was little left that may not be seen today, merely the ruined church, the remains of the old Ambler house, and low piles of brick where other houses had stood. Over all grew a jungle of weeds, catbriar, and vines.

After the republic was safely born, it was still too young for citizens to care about their historical antiquities. In 1807, however, there was a bicentennial celebration held at Jamestown. A battery of cannon was brought for the customary salutes, also another battery of four orators for the customary speeches, and both boomed their loudest before an audience of some two

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thousand spectators. A chronicler observes that of this assembly "four hundred were ladies." Let us hope that the rest were all gentlemen. The celebration lasted two days. Clergymen implored the Almighty to bless the infant republic, and with the customary "Thou knowest, O Lord," informed Him of all that happened since 1607. The orators tore the azure robe of night and set the stars of glory there. The cannon roared. The proceedings were marred only by the sudden death of a young man owing, the record says, to the "too free use of ice in cider." The celebration was halted to give the poor fellow funeral honors, and then the program concluded with a grand banquet at the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg.

After that momentary blaze of glory Jamestown sank back into its weeds and briars for another fifty years. When Benson Lossing came hither, he found that the stagecoach bridge which used to run on the site of the old neck connecting Jamestown to the mainland had rotted away to a forlorn row of piles. He made a sketch of it for his book. On this visit he noted the ravages that had been made by the James River, which had been steadily eating away the historic site like some modern debunking historian determined not to allow one historic tradition to stand. He was shocked. "Virginians," he wrote, "look to it, and let a wall of masonry along the river margin attest your reverence for the most historical relic within your borders!"

He sat down and sketched the ruined church tower together with some of the old tombs, and the more he brooded over the scene of neglect the more indignant he became. To express his sentiments he quoted the following verses by James Kirke Paulding:

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"Jamestown and Plymouth's hallowed rock
To me shall ever sacred be,
I care not who my themes may mock,
Or sneer at them and me.
I envy not the brute who here can stand
Without a thrill for his own native land.

"And if the recreant crawl *her* earth,
Or breathe Virginia's air,
Or in New England claims his birth
From the old Pilgrims there,
He is a bastard, if he care to mock
Old Jamestown's shrine, or Plymouth's famous rock."

"They're fightin' words, pardner"—at least one of them is—but Virginia was unmoved by even these words, for the shadows of coming disaster were already falling over the nation. In 1857 a two hundred and fiftieth celebration was held at Jamestown, with ex-President John Tyler as orator. This took place under the auspices of a recently formed "Jamestown Society." But only a few years later came the great War between the States, and Jamestown was forgotten for another thirty years.

When William and Mary College was brought to life again in 1888, after its collapse during and after the war, the first celebration of the recognized institution was held by a gathering of faculty and students by the old tower. The following year some patriotic ladies of the state inaugurated an "Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities." To this society Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Barney, the owners of Jamestown Island at that time, soon afterwards presented some twenty-two and a half acres, including the tower and churchyard. A stone near the entrance to the reservation today bears tribute to their generosity.

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Two other memorials that immediately take the eye of the visitor are the bronze figures of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. Mention of these is a reminder that any summary of the Jamestown story, however brief, must pause to salute the names of Captain John Smith, the English soldier of fortune and explorer, and the Indian girl Pocahontas. These two figures stand so far back on the horizon of American history that they have become misty and even legendary.

As for Smith, even in those adventurous and stormy days of Elizabeth and James he stands out in heroic proportions. His exploits and his hairbreadth escapes sound so incredible that some historians have peppered the whole story with question marks, yet the weight of the evidence seems to be still that all these things really happened.

Let us take one incident alone out of an amazing record of his young manhood before he joined the expedition to Virginia. About the year 1600 Smith was fighting in the service of the Emperor Rudolph against the paynims on the Hungarian border. This war was apparently carried on in the spirit and with much of the methods of a crusade in the twelfth century. At the siege of the town of Regal, which was possessed by the Turks, a challenge was sent forth from the gate to the Christian army for a champion to meet a Turkish warrior in single combat. For this honor lots were drawn, and chance selected John Smith. Accordingly, with the city wall thronged with spectators on the Turkish side and the Christian army drawn up on the other, the two men came charging down the lists with couched lances. Smith killed his man at the first thrust, whereupon he chopped off the man's head and held it

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up to the applause of his friends. Another Turkish champion came out foaming with rage and lust for vengeance. But Smith promptly disposed of him also and chopped off *his* head. Then he shouted a challenge for another to step forth. This time the two fought at close quarters with battleaxes. Smith lost his in the encounter, but pulled his sword in the nick of time and slew the third adversary. That luckless Turk's head was held up to view. Even the Moslem audience murmured their admiration. Then, as nobody else arrived to dispute his championship, Smith trotted back to his own lines to the cheers of his men.

In honor of this exploit a certain Prince Sigismund of those parts bestowed on him a coat of arms bearing three Turks' heads on a shield, and when Smith made his voyage along the coast of New England he named three rocky islets off the Massachusetts shore "the Turks' Heads."

In 1602 this warrior was taken prisoner, and after his escape from slavery among the Turks—another astonishing exploit, followed by more travels and adventures by land and sea—he arrived back in London just in time to take part in the expedition to Virginia. He did not know it, but some of his companions in the enterprise were black-hearted cutthroats who seem from the first to have hated him because of his honesty and force of character. They clapped him in irons on the way over as a "mutineer," only to find on opening the set of instructions with which they had sailed that the home authorities had named him to be one of the seven councilors.

Naturally, he had little pleasure in staying in Jamestown with these villains at his elbow, but spent his time pushing expeditions up the rivers where he had less to fear from the

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savages than from some of his own people. It was on one of his trips that he was seized by Powhatan's men, brought before the old chief, and would have been slain but for the intercession of Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter, then a child of about thirteen.

When Smith escaped finally and returned to Jamestown, he found his enemies in power. These promptly sentenced him to be hanged the next day. That very evening, like the hero of a melodrama, Captain Newport arrived with a fresh store of supplies and new colonists, and he saved Smith from the gallows.

The following year Smith strove mightily to keep the colony alive, to make peace with the Indians, and to secure supplies, but in the fall of 1609 he suffered a horrible accident. While he lay asleep in a boat some fool—or possibly a knave—dropped a spark on Smith's powder bag, which blew up tearing away a piece of the flesh of his thigh nine or ten inches square. He was brought to Jamestown in great agony, and while he lay helpless his enemies sent in one of their number to shoot him. This scoundrel's courage failed him at the critical moment, and again Smith escaped. In order to get treatment for his grievous hurt, Smith took the next ship for England, and it is remarkable that he did not die on the long return passage.

As soon as he was gone, his enemies took full control of Jamestown, and from that time things went rapidly to ruin, culminating in the horrible "Starving Time," when men even fed on the carcasses of their dead. That winter of 1609-1610 came near writing finis to the story of Virginia. It did put an end to Smith's work in that story, for after he recovered, al-

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though he always took a deep interest in Virginia, he never was able to return.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

He took to exploring again, but this time along the coast of New England. On one of his voyages he was captured by pirates; again he escaped with his life, and after he had been given up for dead he reappeared in England. At the age of

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thirty-four he retired from travel and thereafter wrote narratives of his explorations and drew maps, both of which the Pilgrim Fathers made use of for their *Mayflower* expedition in 1620. Strange to say, they did not invite him to join their party. Perhaps they were just a little afraid of a character so forceful, realizing that wherever John Smith sat would be the head of the table.

For he was an amazing personality. When he came back to England after his last voyage he was still a young man, but he had lived more already than a thousand other men who reached their threescore and ten. Fate compelled him to fight for his life constantly against enemies on land and sea, at home, or in the wilderness. Yet in spite of everything his own conduct shows a knightliness, a devotion to the common cause, that rose above any matter of personal revenge or even justice. Not only was he "a mighty man of valor," but the very essence of chivalry.

There were some among Smith's companions who appreciated his worth. Note these words of one of them writing of the Captain's departure from Jamestown:

What shall I say? but thus we lost him that in all proceedings made Justice his first guide, and experience his second, ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignitie more than any dangers; that never allowed for himselfe then [than] his soldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himselfe; that would never see us want what he either had or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved actions more than wordes, and hated falsehood and cousnage worse than death; whose adventures were our lives and whose losse our deaths.

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That is not a bad description of what constitutes a great gentleman. Only two years did he spend in Virginia, and yet he left his impress on the founding of that colony above all the rest put together.

In contrast with the statue of Smith, in which the personality of the man is represented in terms of the invincible warrior and explorer looking across the James to the wilderness beyond, the sculptor Partridge has given, in his conception of Pocahontas, a young Indian girl approaching Jamestown with an openhanded gesture of friendliness. If John Smith was the hero of the Jamestown story, she was its heroine.

In the man's case there is a wealth of material about him from his friends and from his own pen. But the Indian girl must always remain a figure of mystery. She wrote no letters, no *True Relation*, yet we know just enough about her to wish we knew more.

Pocahontas, the historians say, was her nickname, one she shared with some of her sisters, meaning the "Playful." Her real name was Matoaka. Later when she was baptized as a true Christian, she was given the name "Rebecca," but she never has been known by any other name than Pocahontas.

It is said, too, that she was the favorite daughter of Powhatan, and that fact moved him to spare Captain John Smith in that famous scene in which she flung herself between Smith and his executioners, the one incident that every school child remembers in connection with her name. She became an invaluable friend to the little English colony.

"Very often," writes one chronicler, "shee came to our fort with what shee could get for Captaine Smith that ever loved and used all

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the Countrie well, but her especially he ever much respected, and shee so well requited it that when her father intended to have surprized him, shee by stealth in the darke night came through the wild woods and told him of it."

After Smith was taken aboard ship for the return to London, it is said that she never came back to Jamestown, until four years later she was brought there, by hook and by crook, to act as a hostage for the good behavior of Powhatan. She was treated there with great kindness. She learned English, and was baptized—as witness the large painting in the Capitol at Washington. A young widower of good family named John Rolfe, the same man who founded the tobacco industry, fell in love with her and, perhaps, she with him. He struggled long against his growing attachment "for one whose education hath been rude, her manners barbarous, her generation accursed, and so discrepant in all nurture from myselfe."

He said all this and more in a letter to Governor Dale, in which he asked the latter's permission to marry her. His chief plea was that he could save her soul by making her a Christian. Governor Dale consented; the two stood together at the altar in the Jamestown church and were pronounced man and wife. Powhatan was well pleased with the match and several befeathered Indians, kinsmen of the bride, were a part of the congregation that day as his representatives. This marriage was of immense importance to the colony, for it kept the peace between white man and Indian for eight years, or as long as Powhatan lived.

In 1616 Rolfe took his wife for a visit to England, and the couple were accompanied by some of Pocahontas's kinsfolk,

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who had been instructed by her father to find out all they could about the white man's country and report on their return. One of these, her sister, is said to have started keeping tally, by notching a stick, of all the people she saw after going ashore, but very shortly gave up in despair.

Whatever qualms Rolfe may have had about marrying Pocahontas, in England he had no reason to worry on that score, for she was introduced there as a "princess," the daughter of King Powhatan, and it is said that at first King James was furious that Rolfe had dared to marry royal blood without the consent of the Crown. At any rate, Rolfe found himself quite the second fiddle in all the entertainments given in honor of this visiting princess. She went to court, being presented by Lady Delaware; she attended a masque there, and was royally entertained by the Bishop of London, and indeed was the sensation of the hour. In all this ceremonial she bore herself, says one chronicler, "like the daughter of a King." She was referred to formally as the "Lady Pocahontas."

Hearing of her arrival, Captain Smith, who was then on the eve of a new voyage to New England, wrote to Queen Anne, the consort of James, an account of Pocahontas's good deeds, notably the time when she saved him from death. The letter runs thus:

*To the most high and vertuous Princesse, Queene Anne of
Great Brittainie.*

Most Admired Queene:

The love I beare my God, my King and Countrie, hath so oft emboldened mee in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honestie

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doth constraine mee presume thus farre beyond myself, to present your Majestie this short discourse: if ingratitude be a deadly poyson to all honest vertues, I must be guiltie of that crime if I should omit any meanes to be thankfull. So it is,

That some ten yeeres agoe being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan their chiefe King, I received from this great Salvage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne Nantaquas, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit, I ever saw in a salvage, and his sister Pocahontas, the King's most deare and wel-beloved daughter, being but a childe of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitifull heart, of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her: I being the first Christian this proud King and his grim attendants ever saw: and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortall foes to prevent, notwithstanding al their threats. After some six weeks fattening amongst those Salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine; and not onely that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Jamestowne: where I found about eight and thirtie miserable poore and sicke creatures, to keepe possession of all those large territories of Virginia; such was the weakness of this poore Commonwealth, as had the Salvages not fed us, we directly had starved.

And this reliefe, most gracious Queene, was commonly brought us by this Lady Pocahontas. Notwithstanding all these passages, when inconstant fortune turned our peace to warre, this tender Virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our jarres have beene oft appeased, and our wants still supplied; were it the policie of her father thus to imploy her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinarie affection to our Nation, I know not: but of this I am sure; when her father with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprize mee, having but eighteene with mee, the darke night could not affright her from comming through the irksome woods, and with watered eies gave me

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intelligence, with her best advice to escape his fury; which had hee knowne, hee had surely slaine her. Jamestowne with her wild traine she as freely frequented, as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three yeeres, she next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this Colonie from death, famine and utter confusion; which if in those times, had once beene dissolved, Virginia might have line [lain] as it was at our first arrivall to this day.

As Smith describes the interview when he went to see her, it must have been strange and moving. Pocahontas told him that she had been informed long before that he was dead. She asked him to let her call him "father," and she could not understand his embarrassment when he tried to explain that King James would resent such a relationship because Pocahontas was a princess. She seemed to be greatly overcome at seeing him.

Indeed, what can one read between the lines of Smith's account of the scene? Did Rolfe aid and abet the deception in telling her that Smith was dead? Had she loved him from the time she first saw him and saved his life? He spoke of her as a "child," but she was then about thirteen and for a savage that was young womanhood. He was at that time twenty-eight. Naturally, he thought of her only as a child, much as he admired her. In his *True Relation* he says of her that "not only for feature, countenance and proportion, [she] not only much exceedeth any of the rest of her people, but for wit and spirit the only Nonpareil of his [Powhatan's] country." How Pocahontas felt toward Smith—that Nonpareil of *his* country—whether it was merely a matter of respect and admiration, or whether it was also the love of a woman for a man, is a matter of conjecture.

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Pocahontas bore a child, Thomas Rolfe. He was two years old when she took him to England, and later he returned to the home of his mother and settled there. His descendants are still in Virginia; the most famous of the line was the fiery John Randolph of Roanoke. It is said that Pocahontas was loath to leave England; but evidently the return voyage had to be made, for her husband's future lay in Virginia. But just on the eve of departure she fell ill at Gravesend, some say of smallpox, and there she died at the early age of twenty-one. She was buried in the chancel of St. George's Church there. Her child was left behind in the care of friends, and Rolfe went back to Virginia only to fall victim a few years later to the great Indian massacre.

Thus, in a strange land, wearing strange titles and honors, this daughter of an Indian chief lay down and died. Her husband wrote of the courage with which she met her end, "All must die," she whispered. "'Tis enough that my child liveth." These are among the few words of her own by which she may be remembered. She passes through her brief chapter of history as taciturn as her race, as silent as when she threaded the forest trails at night to warn Captain John Smith of impending danger. But by her deeds we know her, and we of the alien people she befriended may still gratefully salute her, even across the space of three hundred years, "the only Nonpareil" of a vanished race.

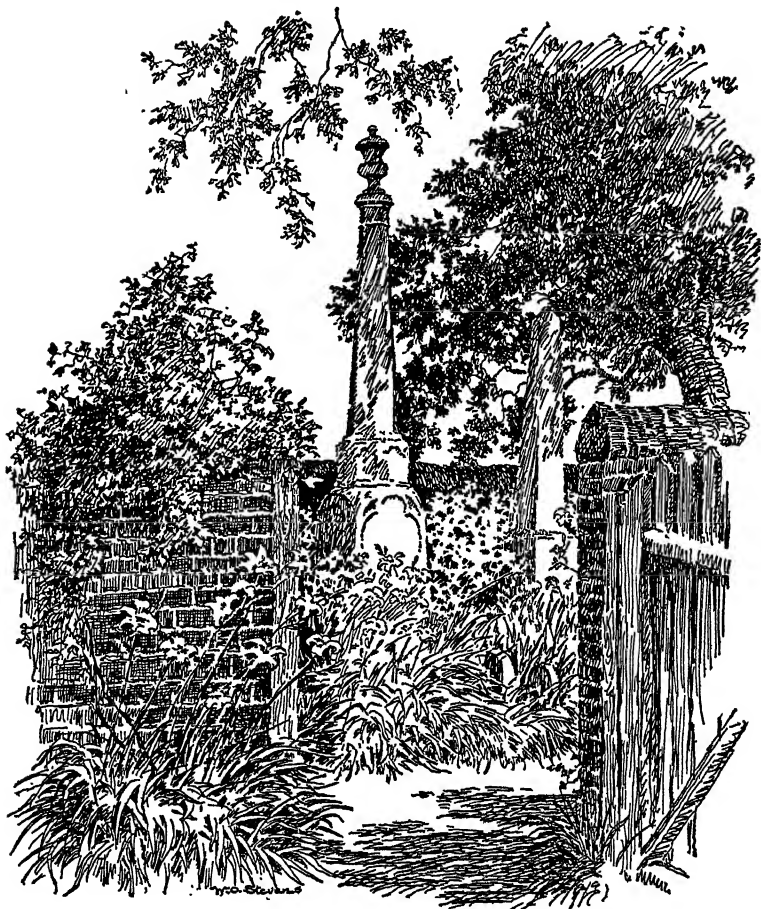
CHAPTER V

THE NEW CAPITAL OF VIRGINIA

THUS passed Jamestown, and Williamsburg reigned in its stead. The "Middle Plantation," which had been selected as the site for the new seat of government, was so named apparently because it lay on a slight rise of ground midway between the James and the York rivers. Here Sir John Harvey, in 1633, had run a line of stockade across the peninsula from Archer's Hope Creek, which flows into the James, to Queen's Creek, which empties into the York. As a contemporary chronicler puts it, "the pallisade is very neare six miles long bounded in by two large Creekes." This was one of the most ambitious defense works the colonists had ever attempted and was designed to prevent any repetition of the great massacre of 1622. It was in this Middle Plantation that Nathaniel Bacon held a convention of the leading planters of the region and adopted resolutions aimed against the tyranny of Berkeley. These rebels went so far as to pledge resistance to the Governor, even if troops were sent over from England to support his authority. "Five hundred Virginians," declared Bacon proudly, "might beat two thousand red coats," action and language that seemed to prevision very similar action and language exactly a hundred years later.

After Bacon's death, this same Middle Plantation was the scene of some of Berkeley's vengeance. One William Drum-

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OLD FAMILY BURIAL GROUND, THE WALLER HOUSE

mond, a former governor of North Carolina, was captured and brought before the Governor. "Mr. Drummond," snarled Sir William, "I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia.

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You shall hang in half an hour." He was made to walk the eight miles from Jamestown to Middle Plantation to face a court martial and, after brutal handling, was hanged. And the luckless Drummond was only one of many victims.

When a regiment of redcoats did arrive, the rebellion was no more and the soldiers, with nothing to do, went into quarters at Middle Plantation. There was plenty of room for them to spread their tents, for in those days there was not even the semblance of a town. When, in 1699, Governor Nicholson moved the seat of colonial government thither from Jamestown, there was nothing in the new capital but a few small wooden houses hardly more than cabins, a college building and a church, with one long horse-path and straggling cowpaths here and there amid the weeds.

Nicholson conceived a brilliant idea about this new capital of Virginia. He sketched out a city plan with the streets forming a monogram of "W" and "M" combined. This, he felt sure, would be a beautiful expression of the loyalty of Virginia to the Crown and would be deeply appreciated by the King and Queen. There was no use in anybody's pointing out to Nicholson that the scheme was not practicable, for he blew up at the slightest opposition, but he had to reckon with the lay of the land. When he realized that the monogram he had set his heart upon would involve having the streets jump headlong down into steep ravines, he gave it up and adopted the rectangular plan which exists to this day. The town was eventually surveyed and laid out for him by one Theodorick Bland under direction of a committee "for directing the building of the Capital and the City of Williamsburg." But Nicholson was

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determined that posterity should remember him anyway, and although the main roadway through the heart of the village was called "Duke of Gloucester Street" in honor of Queen Anne's only surviving child, even as another, in Maryland's capital, had been named by him a few years before, he called the two streets parallel to it on either side "Francis" and "Nicholson," and so they remain to this day. Annapolis also has its "Francis Street," but if he called another one there "Nicholson" the name has long since vanished. This Governor was no shrinking violet. Besides naming two streets after himself, he had his own coat of arms painted on the cupola of the new statehouse, or "Capitol" as he preferred to call it. As in Annapolis, also, Williamsburg was given a "Prince George Street," for the husband of Princess Anne, later Queen Anne. King William's ancestral family was honored by "Nassau Street." Other thoroughfares were eventually named "England," "Scotland," "Ireland," in honor of the Great Union.

The grandest of all these new streets was "Duke of Gloucester," which was laid out along the old horse-path leading east from the college. In plan, this was an avenue worthy of many a European capital, for it was laid out on a straight line for seven-eighths of a mile, extending east from "a meare stone" in the College yard to where the new capitol building was to be erected, and it was ninety-nine feet in width. For all these magnificent dimensions, it remained for a hundred years a wallow of deep sand, but though the Governor had to lurch slowly and painfully along its length in his official coach when he drove to the Capitol he was no doubt very proud of it.

Like Sir William Berkeley, this Colonel Francis Nicholson

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s a tyrant from the crest of his big peruke to the tip of his bare-toed shoes. Those who were his secretaries or his servants must have suffered miseries. As for the fine gentlemen of the colony, with their vast acres, their grand airs, their choice deira, and their velvet coats, he cared no more for their feelings nor their rights than for the poor indentured servants. He was a despot and wanted everyone to know it. When someone ventured to protest that the colonists, after all, should have the rights of Englishmen, he shouted, "They have no right at all to the liberties of English subjects, and I will hang up those that shall presume to oppose me with Magna Charta about their necks."

Nicholson never married. During his term of service in Virginia he became enamored of the daughter of Major Lewis Swell, but to his fury she did not reciprocate. He roared, with heaven-shattering oaths, that if ever that girl married anyone else he would cut the throats of three persons concerned, namely, the bridegroom, the minister who performed the rite, and the justice who granted the license. Later, she did marry Colonel Henry Armistead, but Nicholson had either left Virginia by that time or his volcanic wrath had burned out, for the wedding passed off without the triple murder he had promised. A man of strange contradictions was this Governor of Virginia, for, despite his bluster and his high-handed conduct—he thought nothing of throwing a man into jail without accusation and keeping him there without bail—he took a great interest in education both in Virginia and in Maryland. In Virginia he helped the struggling little College of William and Mary by his own personal subscription. He also gave money to

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start a free school in Yorktown, and in Annapolis he was very active in establishing what later became the St. John's College. In this respect he differed from his predecessor Berkeley, whom he much resembled in temper and arrogance, for the latter, in his day, thanked God that there wasn't a free school in all Virginia. His other interest was the church, for he was an ardent High Churchman. But he never let his ecclesiastical interests interfere with his habits and his pleasures. "He was," says one historian, "a man of loose morality yet a fervent supporter of the Church." Those were the days when a fine gentleman had his privileges.

We must grant him, as he desired, the chief credit of founding Williamsburg, as he had only a few years before been the founder of Annapolis, but he made himself so cordially hated that he was recalled in the year 1705.

His successor, Governor Nott, was more popular, but he died in two years. You may still see his tombstone in Bruton Churchyard. He was followed by a man of outstanding quality. In 1710 Alexander Spotswood arrived with the title of Lieutenant Governor. He had been a gallant soldier under the Duke of Marlborough and had been dangerously wounded at the great victory of Blenheim. He took an active interest in Williamsburg and made many improvements. He rebuilt the church and the college, both of which were in a ruinous state; he erected a brick powder magazine, known now as the "Powder Horn," and he built a new Governor's Mansion. On this he spent so much of the taxpayers' money that the Burgesses protested, and ever since, because of this extravagance, the house has been called "The Palace."

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In the fall of 1716, he headed an expedition of gentlemen to the Shenandoah Valley, which, in those days, was traversing the wilderness. It proved to be a very pleasant junket. On a crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains they drank a dizzy round of



KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE

healths to King George, and then stuck the empty bottles in the ground as a sign of possession for the King. To every one of his party, on their return to Williamsburg, he presented a little golden horseshoe with the inscription, "Sic Juvat Transcendere Montes." These gentlemen were known thereafter as the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." And when King George the Second heard about it he sent the Governor a golden horseshoe studded with jewels. The following is the

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account of this expedition by a contemporary, the Reverend Hugh Jones, Professor of Mathematics at William and Mary:

Governor Spotswood, when he undertook the great Discovery of the Passage over the Mountains, attended with a sufficient Guard and Pioneers and Gentlemen, with a sufficient Stock of Provision, with abundant Fatigue passed these Mountains, and cut his Majesty's Name in a Rock upon the Highest of them, naming it Mount George; and in Complaisance the Gentlemen from the Governor's Name, called the Mountain next in Height, Mount Alexander.

For this Expedition they were obliged to provide a great Quantity of Horse-Shoes; (Things seldom used in the lower Parts of the Country, where there are few Stones:) Upon which Account the Governor upon their Return presented each of his Companions with a Golden Horse-Shoe, (some of which I have seen studded with valuable stones resembling the Heads of Nails) with this Inscription on the one Side: *Sic Juvat transcendere montes:* And on the other is written *The Tramontane Order.*

This he instituted to encourage Gentlemen to venture backwards, and make Discoveries and new Settlements: any Gentleman being entitled to wear this Golden Shoe, that can prove his having drank his Majesty's Health, upon Mount George.

Another incident in Spotswood's regime was the extermination of Blackbeard and his gang. The first quarter of the eighteenth century was the period when the pirates of the West Indies and the Atlantic coast flourished like a grove of green bay trees. The most picturesque and dangerous of the lot was Captain Teach, nicknamed "Blackbeard." Some say that his real name was Drummond and that he was kin to a very respectable family of that name living in Hampton. But they never claimed him as a cousin and it would be a pity to start

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a scandal now. This man took pride in resembling the Devil. He let his beard grow long, braided it, and looped it up in fantastic ways adorned with ribbon. He wore a number of lighted slow matches under his hat in battle, so as to make his enemy think that he was actually the Devil bringing the smoke of hell with him.

For a while he tried to be respectable. He had been pardoned and went ashore for the quiet life. He took unto himself a girl of sixteen as his wife, his thirteenth venture in matrimony! But being bored to death with respectability, he cried "Fie upon this quiet life," and put to sea again, ravaging the coast with great success. He got along very pleasantly at this recreation, because he enjoyed the blessings of a working partnership with Governor Eden of North Carolina, with whom Blackbeard shared his booty. Since that official was deaf to the pleas of outraged citizens, they turned to Spotswood for help and the latter instantly responded by sending out two armed sloops to take Blackbeard dead or alive. The expedition ended in a fierce hand-to-hand battle between Lieutenant Maynard, commander of one of these vessels, and Blackbeard. Maynard lost twelve of his crew killed and two wounded. He himself took on Blackbeard in personal combat and slew him after a mighty struggle. On the dead pirate were counted twenty-five wounds.

Maynard then sailed back in triumph with Blackbeard's head dangling from his bowsprit, and thirteen survivors of the pirate crew in chains. These prisoners were brought to Williamsburg and jailed in the fine new brick prison. After their trial they were taken out on the road to "Queen Mary's Port," on Queen's Creek, where they were hanged. Thereafter the

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highway was called "Gallows Road." This grim name was changed later to "Lovers' Lane," which is not particularly original, but it is more pleasant and more suggestive of the coeducational advantages of William and Mary.

Governor Spotswood quite transformed the little colonial capital during his regime, and he seems to have been greatly beloved, but he fell foul of Dr. Blair of the college and the result was that he was relieved of his post as Lieutenant Governor. Nevertheless, he continued to live in Virginia and proved himself as good a citizen as he had been a governor. He performed a great service not only for Virginia but for all the English colonies by assuming the position of Postmaster General. By the year 1738 he was running a regular mail service from New England to North Carolina. Two years later he was made a major general, and was about to set forth with Admiral Vernon on his expedition against Cartagena when he suddenly died in Annapolis, Md., and was buried on his Yorktown estate. Despite the losing quarrel he had with Dr. Blair, Spotswood was magnanimous enough to leave his entire library to the College of William and Mary.

After him came a succession of royal governors of rare ability and character, the most notable of whom was Norborne Berkeley, Baron de Botetourt, already mentioned in connection with his marble statue on the college grounds. His full title was "His Majesty's Governor General, and Commander-in-Chief." He was given a difficult assignment, for he arrived on the scene in 1768 when all Virginia was still boiling over the Stamp Act. Three years before, in the House of Burgesses, Patrick Henry had made his "Caesar-Brutus" speech which had evoked the

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shouts of "Treason!" "If this be treason," was the defiant reply, "make the most of it." To oblige him the Tory ministers did make the most of it, and put more rods in pickle for these cantankerous Americans.

Meanwhile, forty years before, one William Parks of Annapolis had arrived in Williamsburg and set up a printing press. From this sprang, eight years later, a weekly called *The Virginia Gazette*. This *Gazette's* editor of the period may have shared the rebellious sentiments of his fellow citizens, but the coming of a new governor moved him to a lyric outburst of which the following is a sample. It is just possible that he hoped to get the contract for the government printing by this effusion. Let's hope he did!

"Sound the shrill trumpet, beat the rattling drums,
From Great Britannia's isle his Lordship comes.
Bid Echo from the waving woods arise,
And joyful acclamation reach the skies;
Let the loud organs join their tuneful roar,
And bellowing cannons rend the pebbled shore."

Although the pebbled shore was not seriously rent by the bellowing cannons, the new Governor was warmly welcomed, but he had a difficult part to play because his heart was soon with the colonists and yet as Governor he had to uphold his home government. Finally, he informed the ministry that they were not living up to their agreements with the colonists and demanded his recall. Shortly afterwards he died, and was buried with great pomp under the floor of the Chapel of William and Mary. He had been in Virginia scarcely two years. After his passing the last hopes of reconciliation with the Tory

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ministry vanished, and the events moved swiftly toward war and the Declaration of Independence.

Meanwhile, the colonial capital had become quite the center, not only of the colony, but also of its society. As the capital of Virginia it naturally drew hither at one time or another practically all the leading citizens and their families. Here, for example, George Washington courted the Widow Custis, and here he spent his honeymoon. It was given added dignity by being the home of the College of William and Mary, to which those Virginians who could not afford Oxford or Cambridge were glad to send their sons. Another reason for keeping the boys in Virginia was that so many who did go to the English universities fell victims to smallpox and died. Williamsburg enjoyed a reputation for immunity from that dread plague.

For those whose tastes ran in less academic direction there was a famous race course at the east end of the town. Twice a year, and for a week at a time, races were held to which horse lovers came from every corner in Virginia. For in those days the purses were not to be despised, because for the first day's races the winners received one hundred pounds, and for the other five days of the racing week the prize was fifty pounds for each winner. During the meeting of the courts and legislature, the "Publick Times," usually in the spring and fall, the country gentlemen and their wives came in from their plantation homes and enjoyed the social season. The population of the town in these weeks swelled from two thousand to five or six thousand. Williamsburg has the distinction of having the first theater in America, which was erected in 1716. By the middle of the century plays were being given regularly. Com-

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panies of actors even came to Williamsburg from London, and Virginians were given a mixed diet of Shakespeare and contemporary comedies.

Social entertainment was on a lavish scale and the governors set the example. Governor Spotswood mentions casually having entertained four hundred people at dinner in one evening. Gentlemen and ladies appeared dressed in the very latest fashions, as far as they could be ascertained from the ships that brought them from London. No royal governor should ever look down his nose at *these* "colonials." An English visitor noted early in the century that these Williamsburgers "live in the same neat manner, dress after the same modes and behave themselves exactly as the gentry of London; most families of any note having a coach, chariot, Berlin, or chaise." And the Governor himself lived like a Grand Vizier in the elegant palace erected by Spotswood. When he went to an official function, such as the opening of the Assembly, he drove in a coach "drawn by six milk-white horses."

The plain people had their fun during Publick Times too. There were fairs set up in open lots, puppet shows, raffles, foot races, chasing of greased pigs, cockfights, contests for fiddling and dancing—perhaps an early progenitor of the "Walkathon" abomination of our own times—and, believe it or not, a beauty contest, also. Maybe some girl was elected "Miss Williamsburg," or even "Miss Virginia," but, oddly enough, in those benighted days, the young ladies in the contest were fully clothed. In the evening the commoners could stand on the Palace Green and watch the fireworks which so often adorned an entertainment given by the Governor.

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On great anniversaries, too, such as a king's accession to the throne, there would be grand doings at the Capitol and the Palace. At night the town was illuminated with lamps and candles, and, as *The Virginia Gazette* put it, "Plenty of Liquor was given to the Populace." What Duke of Gloucester Street was like about midnight of such an anniversary, filled with a noisy crowd in all stages of drunkenness, is one of those things the chronicler omits, but is not hard to imagine.

For all this bustling importance in the colony the little town was not quite adequate as a stage setting. In 1722 it had become incorporated as a city. But it was not very impressive as a municipality, for it never numbered more than two thousand permanent inhabitants. Shade trees along the sidewalks to protect the wayfarer against a midsummer Virginia sun were probably few. The streets, especially Duke of Gloucester, were deep in sand, "whereon," wrote one visitor, "every step was almost above the shoe."

Considering the zeal with which colonial Williamsburg has been restored, one may note with interest what Thomas Jefferson, himself no mean architect, thought about the local buildings. He wrote that the architecture "is worse than in any other part of America." When he penned these words, most, if not all, the famous mansions of the colony were in their prime. As for the three buildings of William and Mary—and let it be remembered that the chief building was designed by Christopher Wren—Jefferson says that they were "rude, misshapen piles, which, but that they have roofs would be taken for brick kilns." This from an alumnus, too!

The houses of Williamsburg are still mostly small and built

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of wood. It was, it must be confessed, even for those days, a very provincial little hamlet as compared with the capital of Maryland or Pennsylvania near by, but it had its moments. For example, where among the forty-eight state capitals of today can one see a governor proceeding to the statehouse in an elegant coach drawn by six milk-white steeds? Or where does a governor give a supper party to four hundred guests?

There is an entertaining account of what Williamsburg and the Virginia colony in general were like in the seventeenth-century, written by one Reverend Hugh Jones, A.M., a clergyman sent by the Bishop of London to William and Mary to teach mathematics. His account of the "Golden Horseshoe" expedition has already been quoted. Having already written about Maryland after a brief sojourn there, when he returned to England he published a book (1724) entitled *The Present State of Virginia*. One of the comments he makes is that "Virginians, even the native negroes, talk good English without idiom or tone, and discourse handsomely on most common subjects." Indeed, these Virginians affected to be greatly amused, he says, by the accent of the Britons who came from the provinces and from Scotland and did not speak pure Londonese. It would be interesting to know when it was that the colonial English began to sound so different from the King's English as to be called an "American accent."

Most of Jones's comments on the Virginians were favorable. Long after this work had come from the press he came back to the colony in a priestly capacity. He continued his efforts to save the souls of tobacco planters both in Virginia and, later on, Maryland, until he died still preaching at the age of ninety-one.

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He must have been a character. When he died he was buried, as he had stipulated in his will, with his feet toward the west: "I wish to be buried facing my people as they arise from their graves. I am not ashamed of them." There he lies today, waiting for Gabriel's trumpet to marshal his congregation before the Judgment Seat.

The French and Indian War made no great fuss and fury in Williamsburg. One pleasant story connected with that campaign is that of a scene in the House of Burgesses when the youthful George Washington, who was no speechmaker, blushed and stammered awkwardly in trying to express his thanks for a glowing tribute given to him by the House for his services on the frontier. He was so visibly ill at ease that the Speaker broke in with, "Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty is equal to your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language I possess." That may hold the all-time record for a tactful remark made by a presiding officer.

This story is told by Mr. William Wirt in his *Life of Patrick Henry*. Thomas Jefferson used to say about that book that he never could make up his mind whether to put it on the shelf with his biographies or on another one reserved for fiction. But let us hope that an anecdote so good has a strong backbone of fact to make it hold up its head in this era of skeptical Ph.D.'s. If it isn't true it ought to be.

More serious clouds began to gather in the colony with the Stamp Act, and though that was repealed, it was shortly followed by other acts which made it clear that the home Ministry was determined to teach the colonials a lesson in obedience and

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unquestioning allegiance to their king. This provoked stubborn opposition. In 1774 the House of Burgesses protested against the closing of the port of Boston. For this Lord Dunmore, the Governor, closed the session, whereupon the delegates met at the Raleigh Tavern, and among other rebellious acts they recommended a general congress of all the colonies for self-defense. The first Virginia convention met in the same year and Virginians claim that it called the first Continental Congress to meet at Philadelphia. In March, 1775, another convention of Virginia delegates met in St. John's Church, Richmond. There amid stormy debate Patrick Henry demanded to be given either "Liberty or Death," but intimated that he preferred the former.

Lord Dunmore was helpless in this rising storm. He fortified the Palace, and had the powder from the Public Magazine removed secretly, but this last act only infuriated the Virginians. In fear of his life Dunmore fled from the Palace and took refuge on a small man of war in York River. From this safer vantage point he bombarded the Burgesses with letters and commands. When they had bills to sign, he demanded that they bring them to the ship. Instead, the Burgesses appointed a standing committee and adjourned. That ended the rule of the last royal governor of Virginia.

The final meeting of the colonial legislature was held in the Capitol the following year, and that assembly gave place in May to the Virginia Convention. This body passed a resolution, the preamble of which declared that "we have no alternative but an abject submission or a total separation." By unanimous vote it called on Congress to declare independence; it adopted

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George Mason's Bill of Rights as the basis for the government of a free people, and installed Patrick Henry in the Palace as the Governor of Virginia. It seems as if the shade of the ill-fated Nathaniel Bacon had risen from his grave and gone about Virginia to raise anew the standard against tyranny. Certainly it is true that the leading part in the movement toward independence was played by the delegates of Virginia in the Capitol at Williamsburg.

Of course, not all the leading citizens of Virginia agreed with the idea of breaking away from Britain. For example, there was John Randolph, of Tazewell Hall, Williamsburg, and a member of a clan famous in Virginia and American history. He was a close friend of many of the leading rebels, yet he remained loyal and fled to England. To his great grief his son joined the patriot cause, while he lived an unhappy exile in London. After his death—he barely outlived the close of the war—his widow or his daughter brought home his remains, and he lies buried now with his father and elder brother and his friend Lord Botetourt in the Chapel of William and Mary. Randolph built his house in 1765, and there his son, Edmund, the first Attorney General, was born. When it was confiscated as Tory property, it was sold to one Tazewell and thus has been known ever since as "Tazewell Hall."

The long-drawn war brought relatively slight physical damage to Williamsburg, though its public buildings were used as hospitals, and some of them were burned. The redcoats also left behind them a plague of flies and smallpox. Early in 1781 the renegade Arnold and General Philip came up the James and Appomattox rivers. They took Petersburg, destroyed vast



W. O. SEVENS

TAZEWELL HALL

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stores of tobacco, burnt shipping, mills, and gathered thousands of slaves as booty. At this time there were no troops to defend the countryside, for all the Virginia soldiers were with General Greene. Williamsburg was helpless, but at that time it held nothing to attract the invader. For a few days in June of that year Lord Cornwallis tarried in Williamsburg. Later on in the course of the Yorktown campaign Williamsburg received as more welcome guests, not only Washington, but also Rochambeau and Lafayette, and the streets of the town were alive with soldiers in white uniforms speaking a strange tongue.

The fatal blow of the war was delivered to Williamsburg, not by the enemy, but by a friend, no less a person than Thomas Jefferson. In 1779 he had been elected Governor of Virginia to succeed Patrick Henry, and he was so impressed with the exposed position of the capital, which was easy to reach from both the York and the James, that he recommended moving the seat of government to Richmond, and so it was done in the year 1780. With the passing of the capital to Richmond disappeared the chief reason for the existence of Williamsburg, and thereafter it sank into a long, gradual decline.

But it still had one reason to survive and that was the institution which had been established in Middle Plantation before Williamsburg had ever been born, certainly before it was christened, and this was its famous college, William and Mary. So great a part was played by this little temple of learning in colonial days, especially during the period of the War of Independence and the building of the republic, that no account of early Williamsburg would be complete without a digression in its honor at this point.

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Its total enrollment for two hundred years at no time went above one hundred and forty, and yet of her alumni there became Presidents of the United States Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler. Washington was not a graduate, but he received here his commission as surveyor and afterwards became a Chancellor.



THE ROPER HOUSE

Four of her graduates were signers of the Declaration of Independence. Fifteen became Governors of Virginia. Four, including the great John Marshall, sat on the Supreme Court. One was a distinguished soldier, Lieutenant General Winfield Scott. Fifteen represented the state in the Continental Congress. Two held the office of Attorney General for the nation. Seven were Cabinet officers. The list of public servants marches on like a triumphal procession. What a record for the very smallest of

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small colleges, judged by our modern standards! Today there is more than one great metropolitan university numbering its student body by the tens of thousands which has not much to show for its contribution to the republic besides conscienceless lawyers, "ambulance chasers," fee-splitting doctors, and grafting politicians.

On the other hand, perhaps we overestimate the influence of four years at any college. These extraordinary men who took their diplomas at William and Mary might have been just as extraordinary if they had gone anywhere else to study or had never taken their A.B. degree at all. After all, John Marshall attended classes for only six weeks. Yet that astonishing list of "firsts" among American colleges, published on a tablet in the Wren Building, suggests that there was a keen intellectual fire burning on that campus, especially among its professors. To George Wythe, for example, the iconoclast Thomas Jefferson never failed to pay tribute. Evidently there was also in the atmosphere of that college an all-pervading tradition of public service.

It is a long wait thereafter until the Reverend Doctor James Blair, who was the representative in Virginia of the Bishop of London, went to England in the year 1691 to dig up funds and arouse interest in founding a college. This Dr. Blair is the gentleman whose gravestone we saw in the Jamestown cemetery, with its prodigious Latin epitaph and its sycamore tree fulfilling his father-in-law's curse. Of all the men who trod the streets of Williamsburg in colonial days, this man was the most forceful. And he had strong competition, too, in the colonial governors who took the center of the stage from time to time

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and laid down the law. But each one who tackled Dr. Blair found to his rage and mortification that he had laid hold of a grizzly bear, for Blair had strong friends at court all his life and when he fought he had the backing of official power in London. Governor Andros opposed and hindered him. Blair protested to London, and Andros was recalled. The fierce Nicholson, at one time most friendly, when the new college was being born, later became his enemy. He, too, was recalled on Blair's petition to the Queen. Years afterwards the brilliant figure of Spotswood vanished from the palace he had built largely because Blair didn't like him and said so. In the year 1740-1741 he had the satisfaction of being acting Governor of the colony as well as President of the college because he was the head of the Council in an interim of governors. The Reverend Doctor was something of a Tartar. It took such a man to found a college in Virginia at the close of the seventeenth century.

While Blair was busy in London getting official and private help for the enterprise, he succeeded in obtaining an Order in Council that certain seized property of former pirates would be restored to them if they would each contribute three hundred pounds for this college in the wilderness. This the reprobates gladly did, and we have an early example of misbegotten wealth being turned into the channels of education. It may be remembered also that about this time Nicholson, then Governor of Maryland, held up a certain notorious smuggler for a handsome contribution for the founding of King William's School—later St. John's College.

The most important success was the interest Blair aroused

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in the King and Queen after whom his college was named, for they granted him the income of the tax—a penny a pound—on all the tobacco exported to British colonies from Virginia and Maryland. In addition, the institution was endowed with a tract of twenty thousand acres of land, for which the only rental Dr. Blair had to pay was an annual tribute of Latin verse (two copies) which doubtless he could dash off in a day. As a matter of fact he often let other people do it for him. And Blair himself was appointed President for life. Indeed, he occupied that chair for fifty years, a record in itself.

Since the new college received its charter direct from the Crown, it had the distinction of being "Their Majesties' Royal College of William and Mary," and so under royal favor William and Mary was born, in 1693. The following year brought, in addition, a coat of arms for the institution from the College of Heralds, the only American college thus honored.

From 1700-1705, while waiting for a "capitol" to be built, the Colonial Assembly met in the college building. That last year it burned down, but apparently the walls stood firm and the rebuilding followed the original lines. It became a hospital during the Yorktown campaign. The President's house, which was erected in 1732, saw Lord Cornwallis as an unwelcome guest for a few days in June, 1781. During the siege of Yorktown it was used as headquarters for Rochambeau's Surgeon General. While serving in this capacity the house burned, but it was rebuilt from the general fund of the French army.

Of course, the final success of the War of Independence meant a farewell to all the old sources of revenue that had been established by royal favor, and succeeding presidents, like most

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college presidents of today, had to spend five hours on the problems of finance for every five minutes they devoted to those of education. But it lived on and continued to turn out distinguished men. Then the war of '61 blotted it out almost entirely for a quarter of a century. Its later story in that gray and gloomy nineteenth century will be discussed in its due place. The eighteenth century was Williamsburg's hour of glory.

CHAPTER VI

A PILGRIMAGE TO YORKTOWN

THE drama of Williamsburg in the War of Independence contains an act of great importance—the last act, as a matter of fact, with its grand finale. The scene is not laid in Williamsburg, but about a dozen miles to the east of the capital. This was the Yorktown campaign, which, ending in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army, convinced the British authorities that it would not pay to continue the war any longer. In this neighboring settlement on the York River the rebellion, inspired by the principles of Nathaniel Bacon, Patrick Henry, George Mason, and Thomas Jefferson, succeeded at last in becoming the “American Revolution.” Here the long travail came to an end and the infant republic was born.

The ride to Yorktown is longer than that to Jamestown, but it is a trifling matter for the motorist as far as the distance goes, and no visit to Williamsburg could be complete without at least half a day in Yorktown. The route thither from Williamsburg leads from the Capitol end of the town—just the opposite direction from the road to Jamestown. After leaving the limits of Williamsburg we have the choice of two possible roads, but the better one to take now is the new parkway, which is reached by turning off to the left at the sign

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that reads "Yorktown." This is shorter and much more beautiful.

However, some twelve miles from Williamsburg the old roadway passes the Naval Mine Depot, which some travelers might like to visit. This reservation is a relic of the World War. When in 1918 the United States Navy undertook the task of laying a barrage of mines across the North Sea, it was necessary that there should be some place for storing and testing the mines in large quantities, and also for a training school for the men who were to adjust and operate them. For these purposes a tract of about eighteen square miles near Yorktown was taken over by Presidential proclamation, and given to the Bureau of Ordnance. It is still used as a mine base and is the largest reservation under the Navy Department.

There are many roads which make a pleasant drive through the Mine Depot, but no one is permitted to enter without permission. A mounted patrol guards every approach. The reason for this exclusive attitude is the presence of a vast quantity of TNT stored on this reservation. The careless tourist who tosses his or her cigarette out of the window of the car is a fearsome menace in this area, for a brush or forest fire would be the worst calamity that could happen. Once the explosives were touched off, the whole county would go up in the air and be dropped in small crumbs over the rest of the state.

This older highway past the Mine Depot follows fairly closely the original road from Williamsburg. And this, with the route between that and Jamestown, may lay claim to being the most venerable of the highways on this continent, for it

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followed an Indian trail that had existed long before the English set foot on Virginia soil. Along this road Washington's and Rochambeau's armies marched from Williamsburg to Yorktown and, heading in the opposite direction, long years afterwards came General McClellan with another army.

The route passes a bog appropriately named "Black Swamp." Here, where a ravine of the creek cuts the road, was the spot which earlier travelers dreaded. The Union army became badly bogged here with its wagons and caissons on the march from Yorktown to Williamsburg, for in a wet season the road turned to a thick soup, and the swamp itself was a dangerous quicksand.

There is a legend about this swamp. Long years ago two fair young ladies were returning in a coach to Williamsburg from a ball at Yorktown. They were accompanied by their "young gentlemen escorts," and, we trust—though the story does not include this detail—a chaperon. A great storm of rain and wind fell upon the travelers. In the darkness and deluge the driver evidently strayed too far to one side of the road, or else the horses bolted. At any rate, the coach and its passengers never reached Williamsburg. Searchers discovered where the wheels had left the road and then found that the whole party, coach, horses, driver, and passengers had been swallowed up in the quicksand of Black Swamp.

The country people still swear that on the anniversary of that tragedy, if one happens to be on the road in the small hours of the night, he will see and hear the stagecoach lumbering down the hill, the coachman cracking his whip and bent over as if the rain were driving in his face. There are

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smiling faces at the windows and the sound of laughter, but just as the coach reaches the Black Swamp it dissolves and vanishes like a mist.

It is easy to imagine what use the dissenting ministers made of this tragic event. Here was the direct punishment of God on the idle and frivolous who sought pleasure in dancing when they should have been attending prayer meeting. Probably, for decades, no sermon on the world, the flesh, and the devil was complete without a dramatic retelling of the story of the Black Swamp.

So much for the old highway, but, as already remarked, if the traveler is bound direct for Yorktown the proper route to choose is the new parkway along the York River. In 1930 Congress set aside for a "Colonial National Monument"—the name has recently been changed to Colonial National Historical Park—a reservation including all of Jamestown Island outside the twenty-two acres owned by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, a part of Williamsburg, the Yorktown battle area, and a strip of land connecting these historic shrines. At present no land has yet been acquired in Williamsburg, but more than fifteen hundred acres have been bought at Jamestown and a five-hundred-foot-wide strip covering the eleven miles from Williamsburg to Yorktown. In the latter area a considerable tract has already been transferred to the Colonial National Park, and doubtless more will be absorbed in time. For this park the government now controls more than six thousand acres, and the work has been entrusted to the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior.

As a rule anything done by the Federal government comes

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in for so much cussing that it is a pleasure to offer these gentlemen the thanks of the public for their achievement. Whoever planned and executed this project deserves a wreath of honor. The new parkway winds for five miles along the shore of the York River, with the broad vistas of water framed between trees and shrubs. The route follows the shore boundary of the Naval Mine reservation, which is screened off from the highway by dense woods. Along this road there is no temptation to speed. Rather, the motorist delights to draw up in the vantage spots that are set apart to enable one to turn out of the highway in order to pause to take in the scene. In this neighborhood the York stretches its name "river" beyond reasonable limits, for it is really an estuary of Chesapeake Bay. It must be all of three miles to the opposite shore, where once Powhatan and Pocahontas lived at the Indian capital of "Werowocomoco." This was the scene of Captain John Smith's famous rescue from death by the chieftain's daughter. All too soon the drive along the shore is ended. At this point the river narrows down to a width of only three-quarters of a mile, and here, from time immemorial, there has been a ferry to Gloucester Point at the tip of the opposite peninsula.

Just at the terminus of the parkway, where the town begins, we look up at an impressive earthwork with bristling "fraises," or long pointed stakes. This is our introduction to the work of restoration being carried on by the National Park Commission, the first the traveler sees of the restored earthworks of the famous Yorktown siege. It is the redoubt of the Welsh Fusiliers. To the man who delights in the details of military history, these restored fortifications will be tempting

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to examine closely. When Lossing came here in 1848 and made his sketches for his *Field Book of the Revolution*, the lines of defense were still easy to recognize. In fact, he talked with an old lady living in Yorktown who could remember the siege and surrender. But little was left to the present generation because, in addition to the wear and tear of rains and frosts, there had been another siege during the Civil War, with a new system of earthworks which was blended with the old. These were thrown up by the Confederates. The present restoration on the original lines is, therefore, a real achievement and a historical monument of the first importance.

Evidently these gentlemen of the Commission know the science of military engineering of the eighteenth century. If you care for such matters you may see for yourself a "horn work," "glacis," "demilune," "redoubt," "salient," "bastion," "parallels," and other such mysteries. They are all here, except possibly a "portcullis" and a "donjon keep." Even these may be added later. They have now mounted guns on the earthworks, and these also are careful reproductions even to the style of carriages used by the French or the British. If you like, you may learn that these fortifications were constructed by means of "gabions"—baskets made of small twigs and filled with earth—"fascines," or bundles of twigs, and "saucissons" or long fascines. Every detail of this reconstruction has followed the specifications set down in an orderly book kept by Brigadier General Gist at Yorktown in 1781. At a distance the timber parts of these earthworks look like rough-hewn wood, but they are made of concrete cleverly finished off to resemble wood with grain and bark.

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As one drives into the present Town of York, the impression is of a bright and flourishing village. Like Williamsburg it has a number of little dwellings and public buildings of perfect eighteenth-century architecture, but as new and glistening as a toy on Christmas morning. Evidently Uncle Sam, not to be outdone by Mr. Rockefeller, is performing his bit in restoration, as we shall soon see. If anyone had visited this same town twenty to thirty years ago, he would have difficulty now in recognizing the present Yorktown. For then it was a sad picture of a few battered old houses and sheds that seemed ready to sink into the ground as their original owners had done a century and a half ago. The main street was a dirt road deep with sandy ruts. To be sure, there are some ugly spots still to be cleaned up in Yorktown, but the complete transformation is only a matter of time. To my astonishment I found a National Bank as bright and shiny as one of its new pennies.

"How many inhabitants has Yorktown?" I inquired of the gentleman at the cashier's window.

"Oh, about five hundred," he answered proudly, as much as to say, "I'll have you know that this is a boom city." Well, it isn't so long ago that the total population was two hundred and fifty, of whom only one hundred and twenty-five were whites, and the percentage of increase is quite respectable even if the numerical total is not formidable. If they haven't a Rotary Club yet, doubtless they will soon, for there is an air of prosperity and progress stirring the bones of this venerable place, thanks to the Colonial National Park.

The "Town of York," as it was originally called, had its days of dignity and affluence. As municipalities go it belonged

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to the First Families of Virginia, for it was settled as early as 1630. Sixty years later it became the Town of York, by act of the Virginia Assembly, to serve as a port for tobacco. (Old-timers in these parts still refer to it as "York" rather than Yorktown.) As the culture of the plant grew in Virginia, York's importance increased correspondingly until at the time of the Declaration of Independence it was more than a third larger than the capital itself, numbering thirty-six hundred inhabitants. During the early years of the war it was untouched, but in 1781 Cornwallis arrived here with his army and fortified it as a base for the British fleet. Then followed the siege and the surrender of the British army to the allied forces under Washington and Rochambeau.

After that meteoric moment of glory, Yorktown sank into darkness and decay. Lafayette paid it a visit in 1824 for the sake of the old days, but thereafter it was as totally lost to memory as Palmyra or Knossos.

In December, 1848, when Benson Lossing trotted in from Williamsburg on his good horse Charley, to take his notes and make sketches of the scene, he stayed at the famous Nelson House, once the finest mansion in all Yorktown, but which, in those days, had become a country inn, kept by a grandson of the Nelson who had signed the Declaration of Independence, and played so noble a part in the Revolutionary War. Here Lossing pauses in his painstaking record of the village and the battlefields to say that at the Nelson House he "supped on the far-famed York River oysters, just brought from their oozy bed."

And they are justly far-famed. When William Makepeace

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Thackeray made his American tour he was served some carefully selected Gargantuan oysters from the York River.

"How do you like it?" inquired his host after the Celebrity had gulped one down.

"I feel," he answered in a sepulchral tone, "as if I had just swallowed a baby."

But no matter what any cannibal may say to the contrary, the York River oyster is really very much better than eating a baby. Indeed, whatever prejudice may exist in favor of blue points, they are but feeble folk, a puny, sissy variety of oyster compared with the giants of the York River. Half a dozen of the latter is a kingly meal in itself. There is much to be said, therefore, for timing one's visit to Yorktown to fall in a month that contains the sacred "R." And many a forlorn husband who did not share his wife's zeal for Sheraton, pewter, "H" hinges, and warming pans, remembers Yorktown happily for its oysters.

It seems strange that the scene of the last campaign of the Revolutionary War, the one that sealed the success of that struggle, should have been allowed to rot away in neglect for a hundred and fifty years. The first Congress after the close of the Revolution is said to have voted one hundred thousand dollars for a monument to commemorate the victory at Yorktown, but whatever became of that appropriation is a mystery, for nothing was ever done. In 1881, on the occasion of the centennial of that event, a monument was erected on the bluff overlooking the river. Considering what the taste of 1881 was like in sculpture and architecture, we may be grateful that the monument is as dignified as it is. True, the lady at the top with

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outstretched arms does suggest the pose of a champion about to do a high dive, but that gesture is supposed to mean the "welcome that Columbia [or the Goddess of Liberty—they look alike] extends to the persecuted of other lands."

The shaft atop of which Columbia stands is covered with devices, emblems, and allegorical figures, notably thirteen girls representing the original thirteen colonies. Also there are full inscriptions, all of which may be left to the wayfarer to work out for himself with the help of the guidebook if need be. Those who cultivate a morbid taste for statistics will be pleased to know that the monument is ninety-five feet six inches high.

After it was dedicated, to the accompaniment of the usual oratory, bands, salutes, etc., Yorktown subsided again into her sleeping sickness for another fifty years. When Mr. Taft was Secretary of State he came this way and noted that the shaft was surrounded by tumble-down picket fences and tall weeds. He discovered five thousand dollars left over from the original appropriation and used it to make the place tidy with cement walks and an iron fence. Except for this act of Mr. Taft Yorktown lay forgotten until the present decade.

Although it seems like a story of inexcusable neglect on the part of our people, it was a lucky circumstance in the end. Gettysburg, for instance, being a battle of more recent significance, did appeal to the imagination of the country, with the result that the battlefield is now covered with a hideous collection of stone and metal lumps commemorating by every grotesque device of the stonecutter every known regiment that fought on that ground. In such cases the size of the memorial is not always in direct proportion to the importance. Thus, on

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the field of Waterloo the impressive lion that greets the eye commemorates "the valor of the Belgians" in that battle who, the historians say, dropped their muskets and ran at the first volley. So by our indifference and neglect Yorktown was spared an assortment of stone and bronze monstrosities which it might have been hard to remove without offense when the work was begun of making it a national shrine. The Park Service thus had a clear field.

The monument stands, not on the scene of the surrender of the British army, but on a high bluff overlooking the river. At the time it was erected there was some hitch about acquiring the field on which the surrender had occurred, because the contract called for a monument "in the Town of York," and the surrender took place outside. Perhaps, after all, the shaft gains much by its present commanding position on the bluff. The land surrounding it has been converted into a park for the enjoyment of the visitor, and a delightful place it is for the tourist of the summer season to rest under the shade of the pines and enjoy the breeze off Chesapeake Bay. That is, if there be a breeze. The stranger should be forewarned that the York River mosquito is a persistent and energetic demon. It seems to have learned how to circumvent even the screens of the hotel, for it folds its wings like the Arab and silently steals inside.

Whoever is so inclined may walk down the bluff to the beach to where, on the left, is a fisherman's house, and, hard by, "Cornwallis's Cave." This, a cavity of twelve by eighteen feet, can be entered and inspected for a small modicum of currency, if one likes caves sufficiently to do so. Skeptics say that

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Cornwallis had nothing to do with this hole in the bank, and that probably it was a hideout for smugglers rather than a council chamber. Benson Lossing, who had to see everything connected with the siege of Yorktown, went in, looked around, and walked out. He says:

Taking advantage of this tradition, cupidity has placed a door at the entrance, secured it by lock and key and demands a Virginia ninepence (twelve and a half cents) entrance fee from the curious. . . . I was assured on the authority of an old lady who resided in Yorktown at the time of the siege, that this excavation was made by some of the people wherein to hide their valuables. . . . A quarter of a mile below, Lord Cornwallis *did* have an excavation in the bank which was lined with green baize and used for secret conferences during the siege.

But of this real Cornwallis's Cave, says Lossing, there were no traces left.

Most of Yorktown is a matter of one street. This is now a good, hard highway, though narrow perforce on account of the ancient dwellings on either side which were built in the old fashion directly on the road, and made widening impossible. The cross streets are still only dirt, which in dry weather raises clouds of dust. Probably the park experts will take care of this drawback in time.

Not far from the monument is a huge gray skeleton of a building, the one conspicuous eyesore of Yorktown. A company, conceiving the idea that this would be just the place for a resort hotel, did forthwith "a stately pleasure dome decree." But the money evaporated after about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars was spent, and for a dozen years the

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gaunt framework has stood. The one part of this project to reach completion was the golf course, which has been in use ever since. As this lies in the battlefield area, it has been taken over by the Colonial National Park. When President Coolidge visited Yorktown on the *Mayflower* the one object that caught his eye and interest was this abortive building. The spectacle of good money going to waste seemed to pain his New England instincts. This forlorn structure is recommended to our earnest young Comrades who yearn to smash something produced by Horrid Capital.

Among the many good deeds of the National Park Service here at Yorktown is a free "Information Folder," containing a map of the streets, with the location of the various shrines, and a compendious description of each. The place of prime importance to visit is the old Nelson House, the handsome two-story brick mansion at the corner of Main and a little lane called "Nelson Street." This is said to have been built in 1711, though that date seems early for this type of house. Here is where Lossing stayed and enjoyed the oysters "taken from their oozy bed." The house is sometimes called "York Hall," possibly to distinguish it from another Nelson house, the site of which is now indicated by a marker about two hundred yards south from the monument. That one was the home of Thomas Nelson, Secretary of the Virginia colony. It was occupied by Cornwallis at first during the siege, but he was driven out of it by the artillery fire of the allies. It is said that General Nelson directed the fire on the house with his own hands. By this time the elder Nelson had been gathered unto his fathers.

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York Hall, the home of his son, General Thomas Nelson, Jr., also came under fire during the siege. In fact, Cornwallis, after being driven out of the other Nelson house, made his headquarters here. The visitor today may see a round shot still resting where it struck in the thick brick wall. And Lossing was shown, he says, an unexploded bombshell still lying in the yard.

We may well pause at this point to doff our hats to this Thomas Nelson. Like many other well-to-do Virginia boys he was sent to Eton and to Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by winning honors. Though his connections both in Virginia and in England might easily have made a Tory of him, he threw in his lot with the opposite party. He was Commander in Chief of the Virginia militia, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a war governor of Virginia. A man of wealth, he pledged all his personal credit to raise money during the war for the cause. An ungrateful democracy never paid back a penny of it. His state and his country allowed him to die poverty-stricken, and likewise his widow after him. Alas, there is no political popularity to be gained by paying debts. A Congressman remarked, when the widow of Alexander Hamilton asked for assistance in her old age, "Aren't there any poorhouses in the state of New York?" The man who was trying at the same time to get redress for Mrs. Nelson, hearing that callous remark, turned on his heel and left Washington, knowing that his mission was hopeless.

From April to October, as the information tells us, York Hall is open to visitors for a fee of fifty cents, and the formal gardens are open all the year round also for half a dollar. Both

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are well worth the visit. Fortunately, the old manse, with its gardens has been put in beautiful order by the present owner, and is furnished with antiques appropriate to its eighteenth-century character. The wall around it was added after the Civil War, but otherwise the place is authentic. At the time when the house was acquired by the present owners, it stood on a dusty lane in the heart of a decayed hamlet. It was as remote as Kamchatka from the world of travel and modern improvements. Now a steady stream of traffic whirls past its door.

As a screen from the street there stands tree box of great age. There is also a new shoot growing up from the root of a "laurel," or bay, which was planted by Lafayette in 1824 on his visit here. A hundred years later the tree fell down with the weight of years, but its roots proved to have life in them still and it is beginning all over again, something like forgotten Yorktown itself.

A little volume called *Shreds and Patches of Virginia History* published more than thirty years ago says that during the occupation of Yorktown by McClellan's troops, a soldier going through the Nelson House after it had been thoroughly ransacked picked up a packet of old letters. These were dated 1727. Written by a girl to her friend, "Dear Sukey," they give a picture of the social doings in Virginia in the early eighteenth century. The following is her portrait of a belle of her acquaintance, Molly Ball of Lancaster: "Mama thinks Molly the Comeliest Maiden She knows. She is about sixteen years old, is taller than Me, is very sensible, Modest and Loving. Her hair is like unto Flax. Her eyes are the color of Yours and her

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Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish that you could see her."

Don't we wish we could!

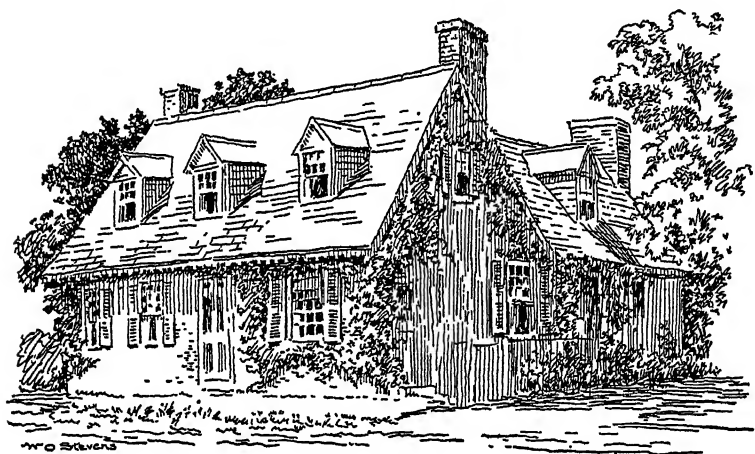
York was a town of gaiety and fashion once. An English visitor in 1764 wrote home about "the great air of opulence" among the inhabitants. His only criticism is that while they have their "equipages" they don't bother to match their coach horses. By the way, he adds this surprising compliment, that the roads leading to Williamsburg and Norfolk "are prodigiously agreeable," indeed, that these highways were "infinitely superior to most in England."

Along the same street with York Hall stand other eighteenth-century dwellings, some of them open to the visitor for a fee of twenty-five cents, as noted in the information folder. There is the "Sheild House," which dates back to 1699, standing across Nelson Street, directly on the right of the Nelson House. Across Main Street is the "West House." This, too, belonged to the Nelson family originally, and has its dimples received from round shot during the siege of Yorktown, thirteen of which went through the walls, for it was used as quarters by British officers. Now it is almost completely hidden by a row of those same gnarled and knotty paper-mulberry trees which we admired in Williamsburg.

One of the most charming of the original buildings is the "Digges House," which goes back to 1705. The Mr. Digges of this home was descended from Edward Digges, Governor of Virginia from 1655 to 1658. He is said to have been the man who imported the true mulberry tree from England in the hope of creating a silk industry for Virginia. His grave with its epitaph lies in the present Naval Mine Depot.

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The photographs of even fifteen or twenty years ago show a dreadful-looking old brick barn of a building with eyeless, shuttered windows and a porch in front. This was the Colonial Customs House, the most important official building in the days when Yorktown was a harbor for both export of tobacco to England and the import of goods therefrom. In 1929 this



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ratty old structure was bought by the Comte de Grasse chapter of the D.A.R., the peeling posters were rubbed off, the rickety blinds and the porch were all ripped away, and the old building stands now as it looked in the days when it was doing a lively business collecting customs for the King. All except for its Stars and Stripes, which hangs out in front. The Daughters apparently did not feel moved to go so far in their zeal for restoration as to hang out a flag of the "Great Union," as was

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done in Jamestown and Williamsburg. This is said to be the oldest custom house in America.

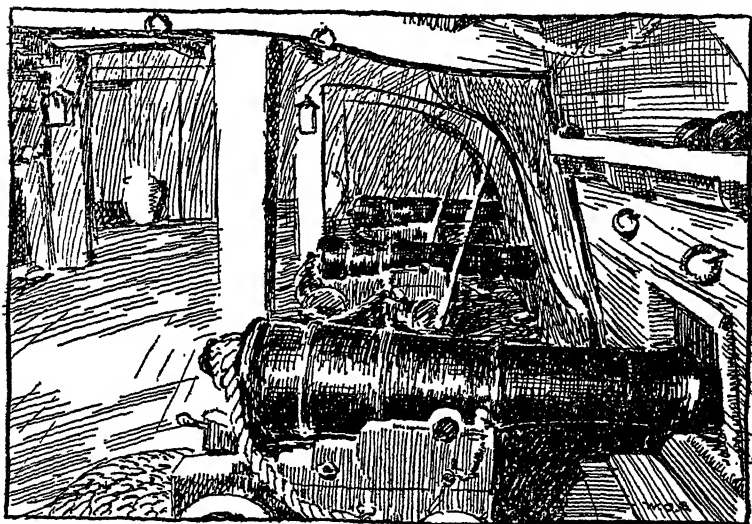
In addition to the restoration of the British, French, and American earthworks of the siege of 1781 the National Historical Park Commission has gone about a second task, the reconstruction of some of the dwellings which stood in Yorktown at that time. In those days the settlement consisted of seventy houses. When the government took hold here for the creation of a national park there were only ten of these houses left, and, for the most part, they were in a sad state of dilapidation.

The most impressive of the restored buildings is the Swan Tavern group, which the traveler notices on his right hand just as he comes up the hill into Yorktown. Like so many of the Williamsburg reconstructions this Swan Tavern, together with its adjacent outbuildings, was erected *de novo* on the original foundations.

The old Swan Tavern goes back to about 1720, and for many years had a high reputation among Virginia "inns and ordinaries." During the Civil War the explosion of a powder magazine wrecked it. Another "Swan" was built on the same foundations in 1881, and that also was destroyed in 1915. The same careful research that has marked the restorations in Williamsburg was undertaken here. The present Swan Tavern is used as the administration building of the Colonial National Historical Park. The reconstructed kitchen building is now used as a museum for objects dug up in the Yorktown area or fished from the mud of the York River. In what was the inn stable the visitor sees the cross-section model of a British frigate

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such as was sunk in the York River during the siege. It shows a part of the gun deck and the captain's cabin. This interesting exhibit was constructed not only from information to be had in libraries but also from the objects brought up by divers from the hulls of the vessels that had lain there all these years at



Courtesy of the Colonial National Historical Park

THE FRIGATE'S GUN DECK

the bottom of the river. Many of these articles thus recovered are used in this exhibit, such as the four twelve-pounder cannon, the "knees" or braces along the sides, odds and ends like blocks, jugs, and pewter ware for the captain's cabin. Ships' lanterns of the ancient pattern hang here and there, ropes are coiled down or belayed where they belong, and handspikes are ready for use with the guns, and the round shot are standing

A PILGRIMAGE TO YORKTOWN

in the racks. It is an unusually interesting bit of restoration.

Across the street from the Swan Tavern stands a little building which is the Post Office. It is modest, as befitting the amount of mail that enters or leaves Yorktown. But any Congressman would die of mortification to have such a post office in his district in place of a grandiose, neo-Greek temple, which



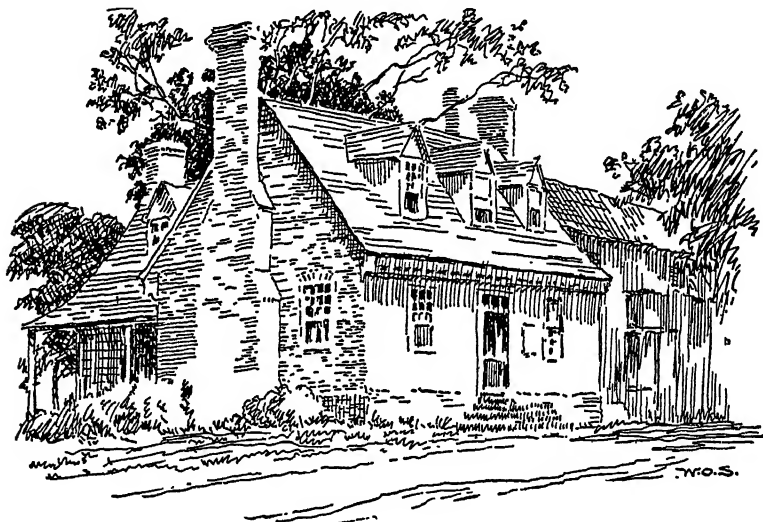
YORKTOWN POST OFFICE

would cost fifty times as much. The explanation is that this, too, is a reconstruction put up by the National Park experts. It happens to be a restoration of a certain Dr. Corbin Griffin's Medical Shop which stood here in Revolutionary days, and "only on the side," so to speak, does it condescend to deliver mail.

On the opposite corner stands the "Philip Lightfoot House." This is the only one of the original colonial buildings left in

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Yorktown which has been acquired by the Park Commission. It is one of the oldest, for it was built about 1710 and purchased six years later by Philip Lightfoot. When in 1862 McClellan's army came through the town, this building was used for a military hospital and a wooden wing was added. From



THE LIGHTFOOT HOUSE

the close of the Civil War until the National Park service took it over it served as an inn, "the Yorktown Hotel." For a long time there was a narrow porch in front where the patrons could rest their feet on the rail, but this has been removed and the entire building has been carefully restored to its eighteenth-century appearance.

Incidentally, it is a reassuring thought that admission to all

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these buildings of the National Park service is free. Since the work is due to our beneficent Uncle Sam, there are no fees for admission, a circumstance gratefully appreciated by many a tourist accompanied by his family.



COLONIAL GRACE CHURCH

A few steps up the little cross street at this point is the "Colonial Grace Church." This, next to the Nelson House, is the most interesting relic of antiquity in the place. Like most other Virginia churches it is small and unpretentious, surmounted by a little belfry. But it has a long history. Built in

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1697, of marl rather than the customary brick, it served the spiritual needs of the community until the Revolution.

The rector of Grace Church in that stormy period was the Reverend John Camm. He had once been President of William and Mary, and preached in Bruton Church. The story is told that in his congregation there was a young man desperately in love with a certain Betsy Hansford, but the lady was deaf to his wooing. Finally, he turned to the rector for help, and asked him to open upon her a battery of scripture texts in his behalf. The reverend gentleman called on Mistress Betsy frequently, and with his conversation adorned with quotations from Holy Writ, asked her to accept the young man. But she told him to go home and read the Bible again, and that he would find a "golden text" in II Samuel, chapter 12, verse 7. This he did, and found these words, "Thou art the man." He took the hint and married Betsy himself.

It seems that this marriage caused consternation because, though there were no regulations to that effect, the professors at the college were not supposed to be married. A rule was passed speedily, to wit, that thereafter any professor who married should straightway lose his job. But it is pleasant to add that this was one of those rules that existed only to be broken.

When Cornwallis came this way he used the church as a powder magazine after all the interior furnishing and the windows had been smashed. It was restored with the coming of peaceful years, but during another war disaster fell again, for the year 1814 brought a conflagration which all but destroyed the town. For this, however, the British need not be blamed since it was another one of those unaccountable acci-

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dents. The fire wrecked the little sanctuary, and the bell which had been cast in London in 1725 was cracked by the heat.

The tablet on the front of the church informs us that here was held the first confirmation service in Virginia, in 1791. (Query: Was no Virginian confirmed before that time?) Also we read that the original hammered-silver communion service, made in London in 1649, is still in use. But though the interior was gutted by flames, the marl of the walls seems to have become all the tougher for the ordeal of fire. Again the church was rebuilt, but this time the transept was cut off, leaving only the nave.

A third war swept over Yorktown, and again by friend and foe the building was used for other purposes than worship. The Union army used the belfry for an observation post. All the furnishings were wrecked and even the bricks of the graveyard wall were carted off. In 1865 someone stole the bell, but it was restored about twenty-five years later, after being recast.

"Under the drums and tramlings of three conquests" slept undisturbed the churchyard dead. And this plot of ground is one of the oldest in America. Here one may read the epitaph of Colonel George Read who died in the Lord in 1674, followed by his widow in 1696. Here also lies Captain Nicholas Martiau, the first owner of land in this settlement, whose daughter George Read married. This Read was ancestor to a more famous George who became, a hundred years later, the Father of His Country.

Here, too, one may see a rare thing in changing America; namely, the graves of six generations of one family in the same

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graveyard, the Nelsons. The first of these is the most elegant. It bears cupids (or cherubs) fore and aft, and carries the Nelson coat of arms in a circle, with the knightly helmet and crest, wherein one recognizes the fleur de lys.

"Hic jacet," says the epitaph, "Spe certa resurgenda in Christo Thomo Nelson, Generosus Filius Hujonis et Sariae Nelson de Penrith in Comitatu Cumbriae."

Next in line is a more modest tomb with a crest sadly worn by time, and perhaps the jackknives of idle soldiers. And in this generation's epitaph the descent is made to plain English.

William Nelson, Esquire [he died in 1772], late President of His Majesty's Council in this dominion in whom the love of man and the love of God so restrained and enforced each other and so invigorated the mental powers in general as not only to defend him from the vices and follies of his country [a nasty rap that is! Probably written by the Reverend Mr. Camm] but also to render it a matter of difficult decision in what part of laudable conduct he most excelled whether in the tender and endearing accomplishments of domestic life or in the more active duties of a wider circuit as a neighbor, a gentleman or a magistrate, whether in the graces of hospitality or in the possession of piety. Reader, if you feel the spirit of that excellent ardour which aspires to the felicity of conscious virtue animated by those consolations and divine admonitions, perform the task and expect the distinction of the righteous man.

That's a real epitaph. Certainly this form of literature has sadly decayed in these later days, or perhaps the race of great gentlemen who inspired such tributes has passed away.

Then there is what seems to be a new tombstone for the next Nelson, that of General Thomas Nelson, Jr., a man who can hold up his head with that brilliant galaxy of other Virginia

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patriots of the Revolutionary War. This stone says more briefly these words: "Patriot, Soldier, Christian Gentleman. Born 1738 died 1789. Mover of the Resolution of May 15, 1776 in the Virginia Convention . . . Signer of the Declaration of Independence, War Governor of Virginia, Commander of Virginia's forces. He gave all for liberty." This eulogy does not err by overstatement. Thomas Nelson has hardly yet received the meed of praise he deserves for his record of service and self-sacrifice for his country.

After him the decay of the town and its fortunes is suggested by the humbler gravestones for the succeeding generations of the Nelson clan. William Nelson the Fourth has a modest stone. He was a soldier of another great war and is described as a "soldier, lawyer, engineer." Others have headstones that are hardly able to stand upright. Still others there are that were once handsome tombs, but they are crumbling so badly that their inscriptions are illegible. The visitor is interested to note the gravestones of two "Roosevelts" in this churchyard, which seems a long way from the ancestral ground of that famous family.

Despite the vandalism of invading armies and the neglect of a hundred years, which buried the old tombs deep in brush and bramble, the church and its graveyard are now trim and orderly. Unfortunately, the view from the west door of the church is not pleasing, for it looks full upon a group of ramshackle buildings and back yards on which the Park Commission have not yet worked their miracle of healing. As it is, the visitor who never knew the Yorktown of a generation ago may get a vivid picture of how it used to look from this. Strange

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to say there are people living here, and white people too, who appear to come in and out of the holes as contentedly as mice in a ruined barn.

A building of special historic interest lies at some distance from the town itself, but it must be visited. This is the Moore



AN UNRESTORED BIT OF YORKTOWN

House where the negotiations were made leading to Cornwallis's surrender. To reach it we must drive a mile and a quarter from the town, past more fortifications, and skirt the links of the local golf club. There is just enough peril from the sliced drives of the players to give one something of the feeling of an active battlefield as one bowls past, but it is not what one would call a barrage, and may be ventured with fair chances

A PILGRIMAGE TO YORKTOWN

of safety.

The Moore House is a gambrel-roofed frame farmhouse. The site was originally called "Temple Farm," and dates back to the sixteen-thirties in legal record. This property once belonged to Governor Spotswood and here he was buried at his death in 1740. The present dwelling is called the "Moore



THE MOORE HOUSE

House" because it was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Moore at the time of the siege. The room at the right is the place where the terms of capitulation were signed. It looks bare and barnlike now, but in time it will be furnished to resemble an eighteenth-century farmhouse which was actually being lived in. This, too, is now the property of the Colonial National Park.

Even a short ramble about Yorktown impresses one with the

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splendid piece of work that is being done here by this division of the National Park Service for this generation and for posterity. As the preamble to the "Information Folder" explains, this park "was established to preserve and develop for the benefit and enjoyment of the people the historical sites and structures within its boundaries. Its purpose is to commemorate and to interpret the contributions of the Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Yorktown section to our national beginnings." That part of the Jamestown and Williamsburg areas which the Park Commissioners have to develop has so far scarcely been touched—there is no Park Service as yet in Williamsburg except for the roadway which connects the three historic centers—but enough has been done, and splendidly done, already to earn for the staff of the Colonial National Park a nation's gratitude.

CHAPTER VII

YORKTOWN AS THE FIELD OF MARS

PROBABLY not one in a thousand of us who have basked in the light of the American free-school system could pay on demand any great sum of facts about the siege of Yorktown. The best that could be hoped for would be a rather vague statement that here George Washington, aided by some Frenchmen, captured Lord Cornwallis and thus ended the Revolutionary War. But there is really more to the story than that, and it is not so flattering to our national pride. For example, the English accounts of Waterloo always exalted Wellington as the hero of the day and the conqueror of Napoleon. But the German story of the same event is that Blücher came on the scene just in time to save the day after Wellington and his army had been beaten to the point of collapse. The national point of view does make a difference. So the facts of Yorktown need retelling. In brief, the truth is that two Frenchmen, aided by George Washington, captured Cornwallis at Yorktown and ended the war.

Chief of these two, and the real hero of the story, was Count Rochambeau, an experienced, professional soldier, not another well-meaning amateur like Lafayette. When he arrived in America with a French army he found the fortunes of the rebel cause at low ebb. There was no money, and most people were heartily sick of the war. It was true that France, Spain,

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and Holland were by this time (1781) arrayed against Britain, but that fact seemed to make little difference with the situation in America. In that dark hour Rochambeau came to the rescue like the hero of an old-fashioned melodrama. The French and the Americans did not always get on well together, but in his dealings with Congress and with Washington he behaved with consummate tact. Being a soldier of the modern, scientific temper, as he studied the map he saw that with the cooperation of the French fleet the best place to strike would be at Cornwallis, who had dug himself in at Yorktown to await supplies and reinforcements. Rochambeau presented the idea to Washington but the American commander in chief was all for an attack on New York, and his aide, Alexander Hamilton, was emphatically of the same opinion. But Rochambeau persisted—politely and gracefully, but firmly. He also wrote three letters to Admiral de Grasse, who had a strong fleet in the West Indies, begging him to help in a move against either New York or Yorktown, but making it clear that Yorktown was the better place. Washington was slow to be persuaded. Among other objections that he offered was that he feared his soldiers would “revolt” if they were ordered to march south.

Anon came a dispatch from De Grasse announcing that he was sailing for the Chesapeake, and then there was nothing to do but move south to meet him. Accordingly, after making a feint toward New York to deceive the British general, Clinton, Washington and Rochambeau made a rapid march to Virginia. Meanwhile, the French general had presented to Washington twenty thousand dollars in good hard coin, so that the latter was able to give his army a whole month's pay.

YORKTOWN AS THE FIELD OF MARS

There was no danger of a revolt after that!

The French admiral De Barras was then persuaded after some difficulty to leave Newport with his squadron conveying troops and heavy siege guns for the operations at Yorktown. The British admiral Graves, getting wind of this, sailed with a fleet from New York toward Chesapeake Bay, hoping to intercept De Barras. But Admiral de Grasse had arrived in the Chesapeake first and anchored in Lynnhaven Bay. Five or six days afterwards (September 5, 1781) the British fleet was sighted, and De Grasse sailed out beyond the capes to offer battle.

The two fleets drew together in long lines at an oblique angle to each other. The British admiral had the advantage of the wind, but muddled his tactics and his signals so badly that seven of his rear ships never got into range at all. Further, the French fleet was superior in numbers to begin with. The net result was that the head of the British line was handled so roughly that at daybreak the next day Graves discovered that his ships were in no condition to form line of battle again. After fruitless maneuvers on both sides for several days longer Graves decided, on the thirteenth, to go back to New York for repairs.

In this curious battle De Grasse certainly had not pressed his advantage. He seemed unwilling to risk any more damage than he needed to take and lost the chance for a crushing victory over a weaker fleet. But while the two fleets were sparring for position during that week at sea, De Barras had slipped into Chesapeake Bay unmolested. So that important result was obtained by De Grasse's keeping Graves occupied elsewhere.

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That was only one circumstance of a much greater result.

Probably not one in ten thousand American citizens has ever heard of this naval battle between De Grasse and Graves off the Virginia capes, and yet it may well be classed as one of the decisive battles of modern times. This is true, not because it was a decisive victory in itself, but by preventing the rescue of Cornwallis at Yorktown De Grasse sealed Cornwallis's fate. And that, also, sealed the fate of the war. It meant the loss to Great Britain of an empire in the New World, and the rise of a new nation. All the rest of the Yorktown story is merely the sequel of the naval battle.

In the middle of October Washington and Rochambeau had joined Lafayette at Williamsburg. Shortly afterwards they went aboard the *Ville de Paris*, the great flagship of the French fleet, to congratulate De Grasse on his victory, and to lay plans for the rest of the campaign. This last was a matter that called for all Rochambeau's famous combination of firmness and tact, for De Grasse, fearing that he would be trapped in Chesapeake Bay, was impatient to get back to the West Indies. Indeed, he gave Rochambeau, as his son noted in his journal, "infinite trouble."

As rapidly as possible the investment of Yorktown was begun. The American and French armies made a wide semicircle of intrenchments around the town, with each end resting on the York River. A smaller British force under Tarleton was similarly blocked off at Gloucester Point. Meanwhile De Grasse, at his anchorage in Lynnhaven Bay, stood ready to prevent relief to Cornwallis by sea.

Once Cornwallis tried to escape by boats at night to Gloucester

YORKTOWN AS THE FIELD OF MARS

ter in order to break through the lines there and march to New York, but a storm made the escape impossible that night and he did not try again. Each day made his position worse as the allies drew their lines closer and moved up their guns accordingly. On October 17 Cornwallis offered to make terms for surrender, and the next day Lieutenant Colonel Laurens and the Viscount Noailles (a relative of the Marquise de Lafayette) met Major Ross and Lieutenant Colonel Dundas of the British army at the "Moore Farmhouse," where the terms offered Washington were accepted. These were similar to those demanded of General Lincoln when he had been forced to surrender at Charleston eighteen months before. The document of the surrender was signed on the nineteenth of October and late in the afternoon of that same day the actual surrender took place.

There were more reasons than one for the gratification of Washington and his army over the taking of Cornwallis. That British commander had made an unenviable name for himself for ruthless and unnecessary destruction of private property during his victorious campaign in the South. It was estimated that an amount equal to fifteen million dollars had been burned or carried off, together with thirty thousand slaves. Cornwallis had earned his nickname, the "Terror of the South," and shared with his subordinate, "Tarleton, the Butcher," the hatred of the entire section. This latter officer also fell prisoner in this surrender, for he was with the British force at Gloucester. It needed only the presence of Benedict Arnold to make the satisfaction complete. But Cornwallis had sent him to Clinton in New York before the investment of Yorktown began, and

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he escaped to die friendless and despised in London years afterwards. It would have been a dramatic moment for that traitor to be compelled to face Washington, the friend who had believed in him and trusted him.

The scene of the surrender was as colorful a spectacle as it was gratifying to the French and Americans. At the head of the French lines was Rochambeau mounted on "a powerful bay." Washington, mounted also, took position as commander in chief of the entire allied army. The French troops, officers and men, looked resplendent in their white uniforms and new accouterments. No doubt the Americans were decidedly shabby to the eye, with a considerable number arrayed in nothing more splendid than overalls, which Washington had discovered to be a very practical campaign uniform. Between these two lines down the road marched the British army. They were the defeated force in their hour of humiliation, but in appearance they were the gayest of all, for just before the surrender Cornwallis had served out brand-new uniforms to his troops and the long files of scarlet coats, crossed with pipe-clayed belts, came tramping by as gorgeous as any circus parade. Incidentally, the countryside for many miles around had flocked in to see the show, and according to one account there were about as many civilian spectators as there were military.

As for Lord Cornwallis, in his mortification he pretended to be sick and sent General O'Hara to deliver his sword. "It could not be received from better hands," observed Washington, for O'Hara was known for his chivalry and kindness to Americans. Advancing toward Washington, O'Hara doffed his hat and presented apologies for Cornwallis's absence. Washing-

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ton waved him toward General Lincoln, and O'Hara handed him Cornwallis's sword. Lincoln took it, and returned it courteously to be given back to the owner.

In assigning Lincoln to the honor of receiving that sword, Washington performed a fine act of consideration. Eighteen months before, Lincoln had been forced to surrender to the British at Charleston, and to yield his sword to an inferior officer at that. This, therefore, was real satisfaction.

The routine for the surrender of the troops had been carefully prescribed. The soldiers marched up, grounded arms, retired. Twenty-eight British captains, each carrying his regimental flag rolled up in his case, stood drawn up in line. Facing them was a file of American sergeants ready to receive the colors. Lieutenant Alexander Hamilton, who was directing the affair, had appointed a young officer to give the orders for this transfer to take place. This was ensign Wilson, eighteen years old, the youngest commissioned officer in the American army, and a proud day it was for him! But there was a hitch in the ceremony. The British officers, seeing "noncoms" in front of them, refused to budge. It was beneath their dignity to surrender flags to mere sergeants. Hamilton rode up to find out what was wrong, and so, to spare the tender feelings of these captains, ordered them to deliver their flags in turn to the ensign, a commissioned officer, and he passed them on to the sergeants. Thus the military proprieties were saved.

On the opposite shore of the York, at Gloucester, a similar scene was taking place where the troops yielded themselves up to the allied force that had cut them off.

The actual spot where General O'Hara surrendered the

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sword of Cornwallis to General Lincoln is only approximately known, but the place where the British captains turned over their regimental colors is definitely established. This is a field on the old Yorktown-Hampton road, a mile and a quarter south of the village. In 1860 a thirteen-foot monument was erected by the officers of the militia regiment of Gloucester County on what was then supposed to be the spot where O'Hara surrendered. They had to guide them a heap of stones placed there at the time of Lafayette's visit in 1824. William Nelson, who must have known the place by family tradition, in 1847 planted poplar trees in a square about what he thought was the field. Monument and all vanished in the Civil War.

Later a superintendent of the National Cemetery erected a monument at his own expense which stood for a time in the cemetery but which has since been removed. It has remained for the present Park Service to locate and indicate the scene of the surrender of Cornwallis's army.

John Trumbull came to Yorktown to look over the terrain before painting his version of the surrender scene, such as may now be observed in the capitol at Washington, and also in the Yale School of Fine Arts. He wanted to be sure to have his background correct. But in his painting no landscape is visible; only a narrow dirt road in the foreground. In fact, the chief object that attracts the eye in this painting is General Lincoln's white horse in the center, which seems to be flirting cooly with another white horse on the American side. And probably the American officers drawn up so smartly were in fact not nearly so elegant in their uniforms as Trumbull painted them, but we must allow art some privileges.

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In this surrender of Cornwallis the force that laid down its arms amounted to only eight thousand men and two hundred pieces of artillery. The British numbered only about half the size of the army that worsted them, but sailors from the frigates in the river and negro servants brought the total number of prisoners to about eleven thousand. Later the soldiers were marched off to prison camps and Cornwallis and his officers were sent to New York on parole.

The losses in the fighting around Yorktown had been small on both sides. The victory was a checkmate rather than the result of battle. The town, however, suffered badly from the artillery of the allies. An eyewitness describes how it appeared after the surrender.

I have this day visited the town of York to witness the destructive effects of the siege. It contains about sixty houses; some of them are elegant; many of them are greatly damaged and some totally ruined, being shot through in a thousand places, and honeycombed, ready to crumble to pieces. Rich furniture and books were scattered over the ground, and the carcasses of men and horses, half covered with earth, exhibited a scene of ruin and horror beyond description.

In his American campaign Rochambeau had with him his son, who kept a journal of his father's movements and adds many interesting comments of his own. Of Cornwallis the young man says that the British general made three important errors: first, in not having attacked Lafayette and St. Simon, who were operating near the James River, before Rochambeau and Washington arrived; second, in not defending his outer defenses well; and lastly, that he made no real attempt to break through the ring that surrounded him. These are the observations

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of a young man, but there is much to be said for the truth of them, and no doubt they echo the opinions of his father. Cornwallis seems to have lost initiative and been licked before the campaign actually began.

Immediately after the surrender Washington dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Tench Tilghman to ride with the news to Congress at Philadelphia. On arriving there in the dead of night he banged so violently on the door of Thomas McKean, President of the Congress, that he was nearly arrested for disturbing the peace. The news was soon out. "All's well," called the watchman on his rounds, "and Cornwallis is taken!" Citizens jumped from their beds to throng the streets, and the old Independence Bell rang again. Instinctively all felt that this was the end of the war.

Thus the curtain fell on the last act, a sudden and unexpected turn of the plot had brought "a happy ending." This turn was due first to Rochambeau and secondly to De Grasse. Rochambeau had conceived the idea of the campaign. With great difficulty he had persuaded Washington that it was feasible and De Grasse that it was his duty to cooperate. At the critical moment De Grasse contributed the one essential, the command of the sea. So, whether we like it or not, these two French noblemen of the army and navy were the men primarily responsible for the victory at Yorktown.

There is a little cross street in the town which today bears the name "De Grasse." Where else is there one? Almost every city has its "Lafayette Avenue," and as for the chief figure in the story, how many streets and squares of our American cities bear the name "Rochambeau"? There is one monument in his

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honor in Washington, to be sure, but that is hardly a sufficient memorial of a nation's gratitude.

The campaign over, Washington marched north again to the Hudson, and Rochambeau moved into Williamsburg for the winter. His son drew a diagram of the place and added this comment: "The town is quite pretty, well-constructed, made up of two main streets, of several public squares, and has probably two or three hundred houses." He makes a note also of a Mistress Bolling, a descendant of Pocahontas. The young nobleman was deeply impressed by this brilliant belle of "savage ancestry."

It must have been a dull winter in Williamsburg for Rochambeau, but he frequented the college, making friends with the faculty, and before he left was made an LL.D. Once, on visiting General Nelson of Yorktown, he was entertained with the less academic diversion of a cockfight. The next summer he marched his army north, but the fighting was over. He returned to Paris, but, as Lafayette was then the reigning sensation, nobody paid any attention to him. However, Louis the Sixteenth, dull-witted as he was supposed to have been, did make this wise comment on Rochambeau, "This is the man to whom I owe the peace."

In the Reign of Terror Rochambeau barely escaped the guillotine by the timely removal of Robespierre's head and lived to serve Napoleon. He died in retirement at the height of the Emperor's glory in 1807, and his son fell on the field of battle at Leipzig as that glory faded into disaster.

There is now on a battlefield in France a newer memorial to a descendant of the valiant Rochambeau, namely, "Jean Bap-

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tiste Donatien Eugene Lacroix de Vimeur, Marquis de Rochambeau, fallen on the field of honor, June 14, 1915," and his brother, also, gave up his life *pour la patrie* in the same war. The soldierly tradition held long in that great family.

As to that other Frenchman, De Grasse, he need not have been in such a fidget to get back to the Caribbean. The following April the British Admiral Rodney met him near Dominica, administered a sound beating, and took him prisoner. While prisoner—though actually treated as a guest of honor—he was commissioned to arrange for exchange of prisoners and draw up the terms of peace. In this capacity he served both France and America well. He died before the storming of the Bastille, and with the coming of the Terror his five children fled to America, where they were received by Washington with every kindness. The one son returned later to France, but the four daughters married and settled here in the new republic, where they have many descendants.

So much for that last act of the drama and the principal characters. The stage was Yorktown, hence the tall monument. Hence also the work of reconstruction going on in and about the town today.

Again, half a century later, war came to York. In April, 1862, General George B. McClellan inaugurated his Peninsular Campaign. He landed a great army at Fortress Monroe, and with this he expected to sweep up the narrow tongue of land between the York and the James rivers, capture Richmond, and drive the "rebels" out of Virginia into the southwest. He had the men, he had the ships, he had the money too. But there

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were certain intangibles he did not have.

As the Confederates fell back toward Richmond, a force of fifteen thousand—only eight thousand at first—was left to hold Yorktown, under General "Prince John" Magruder. Actually he never had enough men to man all his defenses at once, but he went to work energetically to reconstruct and add to the old British and allied earthworks and held his post. McClellan, finding out that the Confederates were determined to hold York, methodically set about to bring enormous siege guns to bear.

In the fifties McClellan had been sent by the War Department to the Crimea to observe the military operations there. He arrived too late to see much fighting, but he made a careful study of the siege of Sebastopol. This seems to have made a powerful impression on him, for he moved against Yorktown as if it were another Sebastopol. Slowly the lines of the Federal trenches were stretched to the south and east of the town. For thirty days the siege progressed, on twenty of which it poured rain, causing much misery and sickness in the Union camp. In this operation McClellan moved with all the dash of a glacier.

Finally he was satisfied that the earthworks were ready and the big guns in place. He had assembled a huge concentration of artillery to reduce this stronghold to surrender. Fire was opened on May 3, but there was a suspicious silence from the Confederate side, and careful scouting revealed the fact that Magruder, not waiting to be captured, had vanished with all his supplies and his sick and wounded, leaving only the little town to the invaders. In short, Magruder, with a force of men

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never more than fifteen thousand, had kept at bay an army of nearly a hundred thousand men for a whole month, and then slipped through McClellan's fingers. The Federal general was always obsessed with the idea that the Confederates outnumbered him. Lincoln hit the man's weakness when he wrote him, "Are you not overcautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is doing constantly?"

As the blue army marched into Yorktown, the inhabitants all ran out to see the show. Fortunately the town itself had suffered little by this siege. One of the worst victims was the old Moore House, which had many gaping holes in it, but was not hurt beyond repair. Thus war again swept over the little community, but this time left only a few marks of destruction.

After Appomattox Yorktown slumped into another prolonged period of innocuous desuetude, growing smaller and shabbier with every year. The next event in its history was the centennial celebration in 1881. And this was a real occasion. The program covered four days. A trained chorus of three hundred voices and their conductor started from Richmond for the scene to "render vocal selections." The trip to Yorktown by train and boat was supposed to take four hours. Actually it consumed eight hours, with the result that by the time the songsters arrived the program in which they were to have performed had long been over. John Philip Sousa, as guest conductor of the Marine Band, filled in manfully by playing "Hail Columbia" and the "Marseillaise," etc., glancing over his shoulder in vain to see if that chorus was coming.

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But the statesmen did not miss the occasion, or the orators either. The Senate came with wives and families and friends to the number of two hundred, all conveyed by the navy. President Arthur spoke, and responses were made by the existing Marquis de Rochambeau, the Baron von Steuben, and the French Ambassador. The big gun of oratory, however, was a certain gentleman from Massachusetts who assaulted the circumambient ether with no less than twenty thousand fervid words before he sat down.

A descendant of the famous naval family of Barrons read a poem for the occasion. Cannon boomed salutes, and there was a grand ball with fireworks to top off the ceremonies.

The people who had attended and had to sleep in tents and feed sketchily were not too happy. Indeed, one disgusted patriot was heard to growl that it was the greatest mistake making Cornwallis surrender Yorktown; he should have been made to keep it.

There was one feature of that 1881 program which we should like to see again but never shall. The fleet of that day, forlorn old wooden tubs left over from the Civil War, under the command of Admiral D. Porter, one of the two great naval heroes of that war, lay anchored off Yorktown, and it gave a beautiful demonstration of sail drill with the yards blossoming into snowy canvas and the sails furled again in record time, exactly as sailor men had done for three centuries, but as it is no longer to be seen in these days of steam and steel.

When we take into account the spread-eagle oratorical taste of the eighteen-eighties as exemplified by that twenty-thousand-

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word address, great credit should go to President Arthur for the simplicity and the good taste of the speech that he made on this occasion:

"It is with no feeling of exultation over a defeated foe," said he, "that today we summon up a remembrance of those events which have made this ground holy whereon we tread. Surely no such unworthy sentiment could find harbor in our hearts, so profoundly thrilled with the expression of sorrow and sympathy which our national bereavement [the assassination of President Garfield] has evolved from the people of England and their august sovereign. . . ."

Further:

"In the recognition of the friendly relations so long and so happily subsisting between Great Britain and the United States, in the trust and confidence of peace and good will between the two countries for all centuries to come, and especially as a mark of profound respect entertained by the American people for the illustrious sovereign and gracious lady who sit upon the British throne, it is hereby ordered that, at the close of these ceremonies . . . the British flag shall be saluted by the forces of the army and navy of the United States now at Yorktown."

And so it was done.

Four years afterwards a modest ceremony marked the unveiling of the monument, the cornerstone of which had been laid during the centennial program.

The next celebration at Yorktown was the Sesquicentennial of 1931, and this was conducted on a scale so vast as to put the Centennial hopelessly in the shade. It is estimated that more than three hundred thousand people came to see and hear during the four days of the program. The Celebration Grounds

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were the field where the British had laid down their arms. About a third of this was surrounded by a grandstand large enough to seat thirty thousand spectators. Here the pageants were enacted. There was a colossal "tent city," a Colonial Fair grounds where sports and entertainments of the eighteenth century were enacted in costume. There were "Indians," "Settlers," Maypole Dancers, Fiddlers, Tumblers and Magicians, Punch and Judy and Marionette shows, and probably pick-pockets—also an Old Colonial Custom.

The doings were many and varied. Enough tablets were dedicated by patriotic societies to make up the quota of an aspirin box. Enough speeches were made to fill a bulky tome. There were drills, parades, and official luncheons. Dignitaries and celebrities were there. Besides President Hoover, there were Marshal Petain, General Pershing, the Marquis de Chambrun—descendant of Lafayette—the present-day Baron von Steuben, the Count de Grasse, Lord Cornwallis, and so on. A mere Governor or Senator or Cabinet officer was very small potatoes that day. William and Mary came up to the occasion by giving a luncheon to the guests of honor, and it bestowed LL.D.'s on Mr. Hoover, General Pershing, and Marshal Petain.

Among all these guests of honor it is safe to say that there was no more delightful personality than Lord Cornwallis. In a rather difficult position he bore himself with great tact and made a graceful speech, warm with kind words for the nation whose guest he was, and for General Washington who had taken his ancestor prisoner on this field.

It was not the earl's first visit to America. When he was just of age he had visited us and carried back to his Kentish

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estate a large number of saplings of the California redwood. These took kindly to the climate of Kent and now stand in stately rows as souvenirs of that visit to America back in the early eighties. It happened by chance that a present descendant of General Lincoln had the privilege of lunching with Lord Cornwallis in his ancestral home, and walked with him up and down that avenue of redwoods. It may be said that the descendant of General Lincoln on that day surrendered unconditionally to the descendant of the Cornwallis of 1781.

The pageant of the Sesquicentennial reenacted the scene of General O'Hara's handing the sword of Cornwallis to General Lincoln. At first some Americans felt that this might embarrass Lord Cornwallis who was to be the nation's guest. This sentiment moved the London *Daily Mail* to mirth and derision. It ran the headline "*Was there a battle of Yorktown?*" Pish-tush and tut-tut. There may have been some obscure happening by that name, but who ever heard of it? But an Austrian historian, Dr. Emil Reich, thirty years ago, lectured at length on this campaign before the students of London University, dwelling particularly on De Grasse's naval victory over Graves.

"Not one Englishman or American in ten thousand," said he, "has ever heard of the Battle of Cape Henry. . . . Battles like men are important, not for their dramatic splendour, but for their efficiency and consequences. The battle off Cape Henry had ultimate effects infinitely more important than those of Waterloo. [Doubtless the *Daily Mail* has heard of Waterloo] . . . De Grasse's action entailed upon the British the final loss of the thirteen colonies in America."

And this is the significance of Yorktown in history. This is the reason for the National Colonial Historical Park with its

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extensive restorations and reconstructions, of all the details of roads and earthworks and guns and dwellings belonging to that time. That victory—such as it was—of a French fleet off the capes of the Chesapeake made necessary the surrender of a British army at Yorktown, and this meant the birth of our nation.

CHAPTER VIII

A DAY ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE JAMES

ONE of the pleasant aspects of a visit to Williamsburg is the wide range of possibilities for little journeys of exploration with the town as the center of departure and return. After Jamestown and Yorktown have been visited, the next object of pilgrimage should be that broad river which saw the earliest settlements of Englishmen and which during the better part of three centuries was the most important highway of Tidewater Virginia. Along this river on both banks the planters built their great houses, set back more or less from the actual margin of the shore, but never so far but that the windows of one side gave a view of the river. Each plantation, of course, had its boat landing both for travel and traffic, and in the long decades when roads by land were few and wretched beyond description, especially in winter, the broad, yellow surface of the James was flecked with sails. And as early as 1816 a steamboat was brought hither from New York, rejoicing in the name of *Powhatan*. This little vessel chugged up and down the river making regular trips between Norfolk and Richmond. The journey one way consumed twenty-two hours of smoke and cinders and the ticket cost ten dollars. For nearly a hundred years steamboats continued to be the main vehicle of travel or transportation for people who lived on or near the James. Today all this is gone. The fine motor roads have left

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the river as bare as it looked when Captain John Smith first "gazed round him with a wild surmise" after landing from his ship in 1607.

Every traveler can make out his own itinerary according to his own tastes. The day's excursion covered in this chapter will serve as an indication of what one may do with a road map and a car and an exploring spirit.

Let us imagine that we have had a not-too-late breakfast and have set forth on the road to Jamestown again. Just beyond the parking lot where we left the car for a tour of the Jamestown reservation a ferry landing juts out into the river. We drive straight out to the end, as the sign bids us, and wait for the boat. This, you see as she looms up, is named *Captain John Smith* and she—can one say "she" with such a virile name?—is as square-cut as that hero's beard. It is doubtful if her fore and aft dimension exceeds her beam by more than an inch. This gives one the surprising sensation of navigating sideways as she nibbles her way across the two and a half miles of muddy James River.

During the crossing the passenger naturally steps out of his car, and if he tires of the rather unexciting scenery there are always interesting notices and advertisements to be read, tacked to the bulkheads of the ferry. Here you may admire again the alluring poster of the "Colonial Frog Farm" at Norge, which we observed on our route to Williamsburg. Here also one may read of some of the James River mansions, which ones may be visited and when. A certain delicacy about mentioning money is observable in these notices. You do not know whether you pay twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or one dollar until you drive

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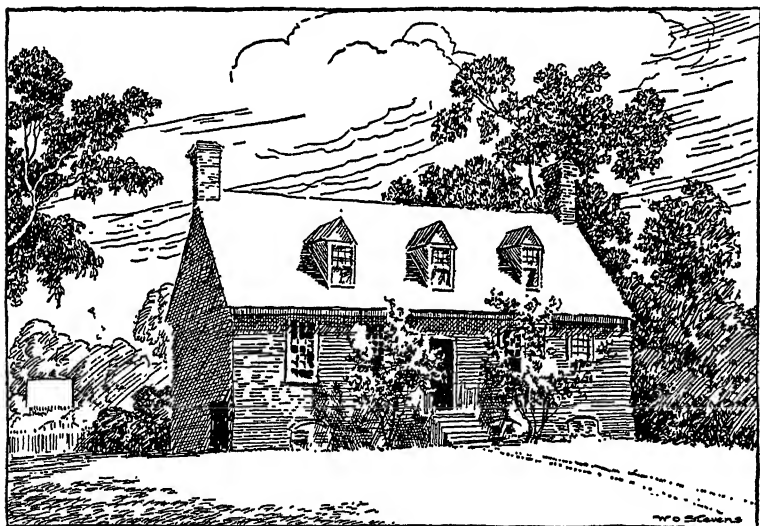
up before the gate. Here, too, one reads a notice of this sort far removed from antiquities, "Dance. Music by Jolly Jazz Orchestra, Community Hall, Smithfield," etc. Alas, as one dreams of Pocahontas, Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, colonial manor halls and all that sort of thing, here is a shocking evidence of the fact that even in the heart of this antique land the horrors of the twentieth century have penetrated. Certainly one would expect Virginia ladies in giving a dance to tolerate nothing in music more recent than the "Beautiful Blue Danube" or "Money Musk"; they might allow an occasional waltz or polka as a concession to the younger set, but for the most part the program should be of the courtly square dances. "Jolly Jazz Orchestra," indeed! Od's bodikins, 'tis naught but a noisome pestilence with its poor ha'penny worth of violin to its intolerable deal of saxophone. We may suspect the worst. Probably they have even sunk so low as to have a Crooner.

While the aged passenger thus sheds his inward tears over this melancholy aspect of Modern Youth, *Captain John Smith* has bumped his snub nose up against the pier on the opposite side of the river. Ferrying in the old days was no such commonplace safe trip as this. It was often a hazardous adventure to cross in the ramshackle boats that used to ply these rivers, especially when men and horses were crowded together. The Reverend Hugh Jones mentions the fact that his brother was drowned in a ferry crossing over even so small a stream as the Chickahominy. It is recorded also that the same dismal fate befell a music and dancing teacher, who "taught the minuet after the newest and most fashionable method."

A glance at the map informs us that this spot where we land

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is called "Scotland." Nothing about it bears the least suggestion of bonnie braes, heather and highlands, but like the Isle of Wight, farther down the road, it is a souvenir of some homesick colonist. It never bothered anyone, apparently, that this Scotland should be in Surry County.



THE "ROLFE HOUSE"

Our first place to visit on this excursion is the so-called "Rolfe House," easy to locate by the signboards, being situated off the right of the highway, a short run up from the ferry. From 1885 until 1928 this building was a negro hovel. The owner used to pull out old bricks from the walls and sell them for souvenirs. And yet originally it was one of the oldest dwellings surviving in this neighborhood, and in its associations it is

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rich in history. This is known officially as the "Warren House at Smith's Fort Plantation." The house was built by a Mr. Thomas Warren in 1652. But before his time this property had belonged to John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas. The land came to Rolfe from Pocahontas as part of her dowry, and from John it descended to their son Thomas Rolfe. This Thomas came back to Virginia from England in 1635, and like his father became a planter of tobacco. His place was known as "Smith's Fort Plantation" because to the rear of the present house on a bluff, along Guy's Creek and facing Jamestown, Captain John Smith in 1609 had built a fort as a refuge in time of need for the colonists. He had selected a strongly defensive position and after three hundred years the remains of the earth-works are still visible.

So much for the ancient history of the place. The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities was anxious to save it, but the negro was holding the property at an exorbitant sum. Finally, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., stepped in, purchased the place, and turned it over as a gift to the A. P. V. A. with the understanding that they would put it in order. In 1934 the work was begun under the direction of two of the architects of the Williamsburg Restoration, and an admirable job was done.

Although when the architects took hold of this task the house was the picture of desolation and ruin, yet enough of the original structure remained, so that, as the architects reported, it is fairer to refer to their job as "repair and renovation than as a restoration." Therefore, as one enters and pays his fee of twenty-five cents, he finds himself transported to the interior

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of such a Virginia country home as was typical in the days when Oliver Cromwell was the "Protector" of Great Britain, and a certain John Milton was ruining his eyesight writing long state papers for him. The Curator calls the visitor's attention to the various structural details of the old house, but we should not overlook in one of the cupboards a dispatch box, such as was carried at the saddle. This is covered with deer hide. It was probably old when the house was built, for inside the cover, as a lining, someone had pasted a page from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* recounting the dolorous happenings of the year 1555. To the rear of the house lies a garden which has been restored by the Garden Club of Virginia under expert direction. It would be interesting to know how much interest was taken in planting flowers on the plantations of the middle of the seventeenth century, when one still heard the wolves at night and bands of Indians were often the nearest neighbors, too near for peace of mind.

Going back to the high road we drive on to the town of Surry. Thence we turn left to go down the south bank of the James toward Bacon's Castle and Smithfield, following Route 10. The curator of the Rolfe House has mentioned a ruined church lying in its graveyard to the right of the highway about a mile and a half before we reach the fork that leads to "Bacon's Castle." By keeping a sharp lookout we discover it so hidden under its great trees, and wrapped in English ivy, that it is scarcely visible from the road. This is the "Lawne's Creek Church," as the curator called it, or as one may read on the marble tablet beside the south door, "Lower Surry Church, Lawne's Creek Parish."

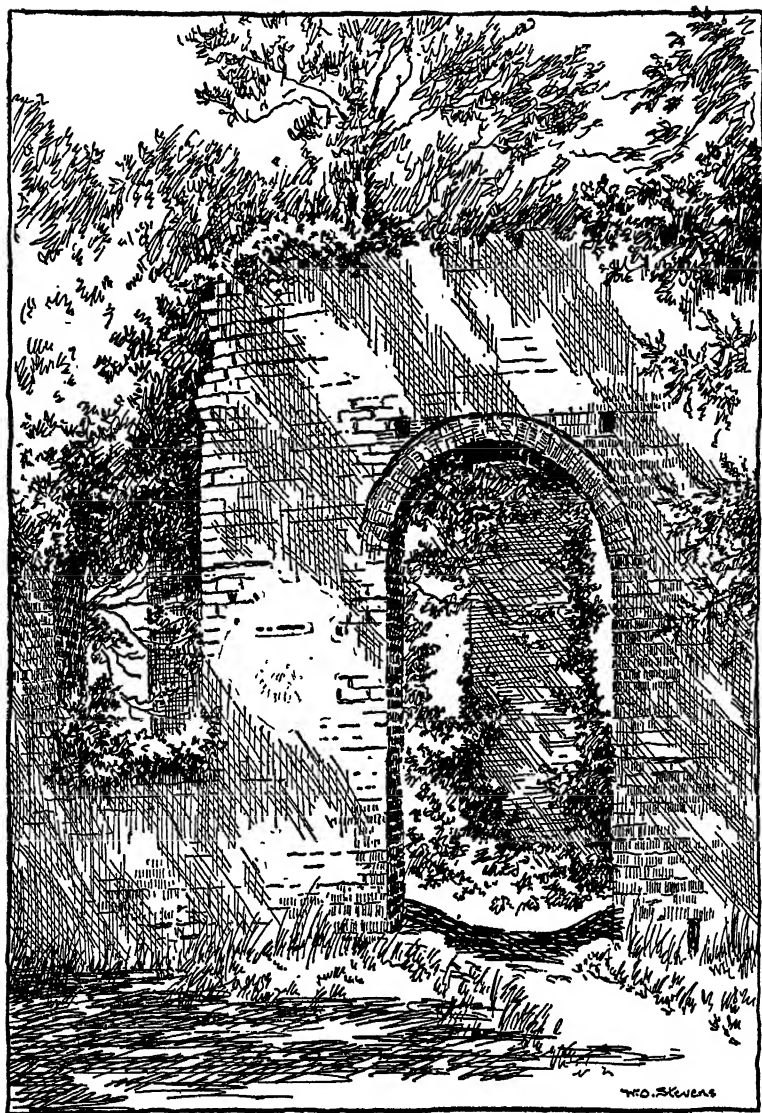
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At the upper end of the churchyard is a carriage gate through which one may drive his car in upon the turf, for here is a place to linger.

We find the picturesque ruins of a brick church, originally one of those simple parish churches so characteristic of Maryland and Virginia, consisting of only a nave, and with its bell probably hanging from a timber support just outside instead of from a belfry. The parish was formed in 1639, but this is not the original church, being the second one on this site. Lawne's Creek is the dividing line between Surry County and Isle of Wight County, the name coming from a Mr. Lawne who settled here on a plantation in 1619. Thus the name "Lawne's Creek Parish." In the mid-nineteenth century its parishioners were so wealthy that it was called "the silk-stocking church."

The fact that the church is a roofless and windowless ruin is a sad remembrance of the era of Reconstruction. After the war, negroes took to using the churchyard for their own burials, and when the whites of the parish protested, the freedmen took revenge by burning the church down. This happened in the year 1868. In the seventy years since, the little fane has never been repaired. Trees have grown inside and out of the ruin. English ivy has mantled the rough edges of broken brick walls with a shawl of dark, glossy green and spread a carpet of the same softness on the rubble of the floor. The west wall is completely muffled in ivy, and, over all, giant trees spread their sheltering arms. In the southwest corner of the churchyard is an oak draped in ivy, so huge as to suggest great age.

Here is the Country Churchyard setting in perfection where one may murmur the lines of the "Elegy" to far better advan-



LAWNE'S CREEK CHURCH

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tage than in Stoke Poges, where tourists are swarming, snapping pictures, and buying postcards. An occasional car whirs past on the highway to remind one that somewhere, far off, there is a world of the twentieth century. But here is perfect solitude, "a grateful earnest of eternal peace." Within we see two tall cedars in perfect alignment as if they were pillars, offering their branches for a roof. Through them the sunshine plays warmly over the interior, making wavy patterns of light and shadow on the old brick. The birds fly in and out, very much at home in these walls, for evidently they are not often disturbed.

As we walk through the churchyard, we notice that there have been several very recent burials, and indeed, despite the ruined state of the church, this is still used as consecrated ground. Here several generations of the parish families are gathered for their long rest. During the summer months three vesper services are held here. On these occasions the congregation stands on the ivied floor, while the rector reads the stately words of the Evening Prayer. In such a setting an hour of worship must be unforgettable.

Difficult as it is to leave a scene of such picturesque and peaceful charm we must be on our way, for there is considerable to see on this day's excursion. Our next point of interest is "Bacon's Castle." About a mile from our country churchyard we come to a fork to the left directing us to the Baptist Church and Bacon's Castle. The former is all too distinctly visible, and may be passed by without a pang; but we continue along a washboardy, bone-shaking dirt road about a quarter of a mile until we see a gate at the left and, well back from the road, a group

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of buildings hidden under heavy foliage. Here one gets out and opens the gate, or some unoccupied pickaninny strolling along hastens to do it for you in hope of a penny.

There is nothing impressive about Bacon's Castle as you drive up to it. The front is ugly and commonplace, for the original seventeenth-century building has been added to monstrously in later centuries. As you enter, the picture is still more depressing, for here one sees the same bareness and decay that used to sadden the visitor thirty or forty years ago in all the old homes of the James River region. The walls are soiled and scribbled, and yet this building is of unique interest. In the first place it is one of the oldest houses in Virginia, being built around 1660. Still more significant is the fact that it is the one relic surviving from Bacon's Rebellion. This was not the home of Nathaniel Bacon as is often supposed, but was built by a Mr. Allen. During the Rebellion it was seized and fortified by some of Bacon's followers over the protests of the owner. On December 29, 1676, it was attacked by a force from a small man of war in the James and a sharp fight took place around its walls. Thus it became known as "Bacon's Castle." In the seventeenth century the word "castle" was used for any place of fortification or defense.

In the interior it is easy to recognize the seventeenth-century characteristics of house building, but for a view of the original exterior we must walk around to the left, as we face the house, and look at it from the end and rear. Here we can see what remains of the real Bacon's Castle of the year 1660. The Warren House on the Rolfe plantation is an example of the small country house of the period, but this represents the rich plant-

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er's manor hall. In architecture this structure is probably a unique survival in America. Its cluster of three chimneys with projecting edges set anglewise, the Gothic windows, and the gable effect are reminiscent of Jacobean houses in England, such as, for example, may be seen in an old town like Shrewsbury. The time must come when the A. P. V. A. or some individual takes hold of this interesting relic and brings back the Bacon's Castle as it was.

Returning to highway Number 10, and turning left, we bowl along through more farming country toward Smithfield. It seems extraordinary that all this tidewater region should be so thinly populated. Settlements are so few and so small in this very ancient place of colonization. But this seems true of so many of our Eastern states. Vermont's population, for example, today is well below what it was one hundred years ago.

For a long time we have had no glimpse of the James because the road runs too far inland for that, and as we come to Smithfield we are surprised to see a little town with quite the salty air of a seaport. The explanation is that a large creek comes in from the James, between sedgy shores, and tall schooners may be seen at the wharves. For the present let us traverse Smithfield in order to visit another monument of antiquity, and then, for excellent reasons, as shall be divulged later, return to Smithfield for lunch.

"How far is it to St. Luke's Church?" we ask at the filling station where route Number 10 makes a bend in the heart of the town.

"Fo' miles an' a haff," says the courteous attendant, and we press on.

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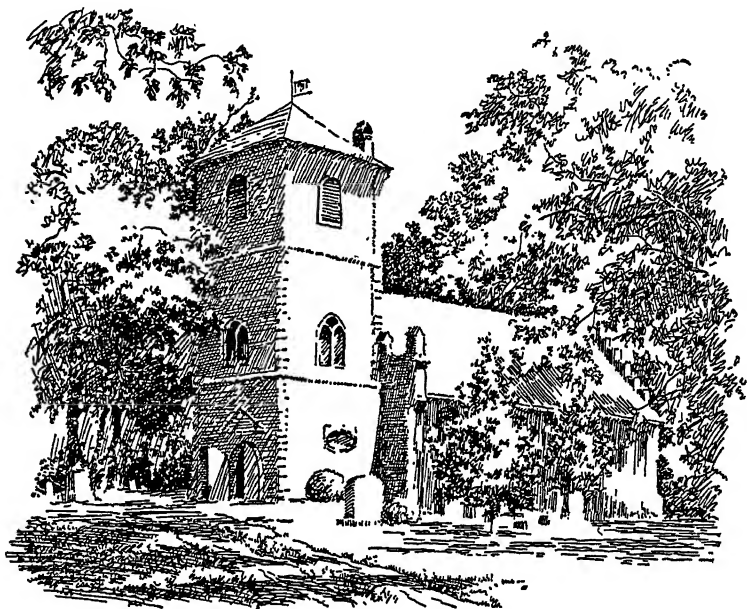
The traveler may be puzzled by the fact that on most of the maps he will look in vain for "St. Luke's Church." That name was attached to it only in the nineteenth century. Hereabouts it seems to be still known by the older but meaningless name of "Benn's Church," or sometimes "The Old Brick Church," as if all the other churches hereabouts were not made of brick and could not also lay considerable claim to antiquity. The "Benn" comes from the fact that "Benn's Post Office" is the nearest human habitation, but that is a poor excuse. Incidentally, we are now in Isle of Wight County, having in a few hours passed here from "Scotland" through "Surry." The parish is now named "Newport," but when it was formed in 1632 it was called by the tongue-rending, Donald-Duckish name of "Warroquoyacke." The newer name is one of the few modern improvements in Tidewater which can merit praise. "Newport" is appropriate to this county, for that is the capital city of the Isle of Wight in England.

At the end of our "fo' miles an' a haff" we come upon our destination, a simple brick church with bell tower standing in a grove of trees. Loving hands have made of this church and its setting a quiet park attractive to the eye as befits an object of pilgrimage. The church, too, is in such beautiful state of repair as to make the heart glad. We learn from a tablet on the door that all the architectural work involved in its renovation was the gift of a New York architect, another of those lovers of our ancient monuments who deserve the thanks of their fellow citizens.

The proud distinction of this church is that it is said to be the oldest Protestant church on this continent in continuous

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use to the present time. Since the parish was founded in 1632, that date has been assigned to this building, and yet it seems doubtful if such a large and handsome place of worship could possibly have been erected only ten years after the great Indian



ST. LUKE'S

massacre. On the other hand, its architectural features suggest great age, for it has Gothic characteristics, and is said to be the last Gothic building erected by the American colonists. Only the Jamestown church and this one have the buttresses on the sides. When the Colonial Dames restored the building at Jamestown, the east window was copied from the chancel window

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here in St. Luke's.

Most churches of the American colonies, following the Renaissance patterns of the Christopher Wren period, had clear glass in the windows, but the records of this church show that it used to have stained-glass windows, which had been imported from England. The presence of stained glass in the windows of today therefore is strictly in order.

Like so much in Virginia the aftermath of the Revolutionary War only brought ruin to old St. Luke's. The Church of England was not popular after the war with England, and the old tithes had been abolished. It had a century of slow decay. In 1887 a gale tore off the roof, and the neighborhood combined to rebuild it in order to preserve the walls and the interior. As you enter you are greeted by a very ancient African who has his little story to relate about the church, and consequently has a receptive attitude toward a bit of silver.

This interior is an admirable piece of restoration. Most, if not all, the furnishings, such as the pulpit and box pews, are new, but like similar restored furnishings in the Williamsburg buildings they are a careful copy of the mid-seventeenth-century woodwork in England. Before the altar are two venerable gravestones, one of which is to the memory of a certain Honorable Joseph Bridger, the son of the man who built the original church. The Honorable Mr. Bridger "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day" in 1686, and apparently he cast at least "one longing, lingering look behind," for the inscription says that "He mournfully left His Wife, Three Sons and Four Daughters." This touching fact is followed by a long piece of verse extolling his many virtues.

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The churchyard of St. Luke's is a pleasant, shady place to stroll about on a summer's day, but by this time the hour of the midday meal approaches and we turn back as we came, the fo' an' a haff miles to Smithfield. For there is a famous inn, the one spot for many miles around where the weary, wayworn wanderer should put his feet under the table and order lunch. This inn bears the somewhat forbidding name of "Sykes Hotel." But let me hasten to say that though there is a Bill Sykes in the family he is only a brother-in-law of the manager of this hostel. Mrs. D. W. Sykes is the keeper of the hostel, and after a dismal experience of "tea shoppes" and food counters in these parts it is a blessed experience to enter here. The building was used as an inn from the middle of the eighteenth century, though it has been changed and added to so much that the old part is not easy to recognize. But it is attractive, and there must be a notable garden somewhere in the back, for Mrs. Sykes makes a specialty of decorating the rooms with flowers in great profusion according to the season.

But, fair as they are, one does not come to Smithfield to see flowers. Need one say it? We come to Smithfield for ham. Since the days when the Jamestown settlers kept their herds of swine on an island near by, this part of Virginia has been famous for its ham. But of all hams Smithfield is the Ham What Am. Here at Sykes Hotel we may have lunch for fifty cents with choice of either Smithfield ham or chicken. But I am sure that if anybody should be so abysmally ignorant and lost to the appreciation of the good things of life that he should order chicken, the negro waiter would suffer a stroke. It would be worse than ordering beer when traveling on a Rhine boat,

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or calling for corn-beef hash when there are oysters to be had in Yorktown.

What it is that makes Smithfield ham so delicious has always been a mystery. I tried to find out, and obtaining a little folder from one of the local packing houses I learned that the pig of colonial days feasted on all kinds of nuts, especially peanuts, until such time as the hungry colonist brought him down with a trusty blunderbuss.

"The unique deliciousness of Smithfield hams," says my authority, "was partly due to the flavor-alchemy brought in the pig by his special diet. The rest of the secret is the cure perfected by the Smithfield settlers—a slow, patient method of spicing, smoking with the smoke of the applewood, hickory and oak fires—then aging for one year, to mellow the mingled flavors of meat, smoke and spices."

That's what *they* say, but they are no doubt holding some secret elixir back, for anybody, even in Chicago, might do all this for a pig, yet nowhere else is there a Smithfield ham!

Perhaps there is a dash of psychology thrown into the process. The Apt Angel of Alliteration has long hovered over this part of Virginia with her artful aid. We have already met Hobbs His Hole. Here on the roads one may see advertising to the effect that you are privileged to buy "Hams from Happy Hogs." Perhaps that's it. These swine may have pearls cast before them, champagne served with their peanuts, or something to keep them in bliss all their days. And then when the Grim Reaper hauls them off to the packing plant, they are slain painlessly, no doubt, at a moment of supreme ecstasy and confident of a free run among limitless peanut patches in the Elysian fields. It is pleasant as one draws his knife through the

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rich red meat, to realize that the gentle hog to which it belonged died so happy.

At the Sykes Hotel, be it added, one is served a generous portion of Smithfield ham with a fifty-cent lunch, but if you are something of a Happy Hog yourself you may have double the serving for seventy-five cents. If it were no sacrilege to mention pie in the same paragraph with Smithfield ham, it might be added that Mrs. Sykes's pie also is *sans peur et sans reproche*. To the Ham of Happy Hogs, add the Pie of Perfect Pastry.

You can't get away from alliteration in these parts. The title page of the folder already quoted from is called, "Pigs, Peanuts, and Pocahontas." An interesting place to visit on the opposite shore of the James is known as the "Mariner's Museum," and I heard a Cute Young Thing speak of the "Williamsburg Westowation." Among the settlers of this region there must have been veterans from that "Austrian army awfully arrayed" which "boldly by battery besieged Belgrade."

Eventually one must rise regretfully and reluctantly from even a seventy-five cent helping of Smithfield ham. In our lyric outburst over this delicacy we have forgotten to note that the town Smithfield was named after a cousin of Captain John Smith—but why the cousin instead of the Captain is not clear. We find it an ancient town with some fine old homes and attractive, sketchable bits, especially near the Creek. But alas, the architectural tastes of the eras of James Buchanan, Rutherford B. Hayes, and Grover Cleveland reached in here and did their worst to houses and churches.

If we haven't tarried too long in the ruined choir of Lawne's

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Creek Church or lingered to a gluttonous excess over the Ham from the Happy Hog, there is plenty of summer daylight to spare for a little exploration back over our tracks to Surry and thence westwards for a glimpse of one or two of the famous James River homes on this southern shore. For all these splendid old country estates, now happily restored with taste and appreciation, the ideal time to visit is, as I was informed in Williamsburg, in "Gyarden Week." That usually occurs about the end of April, when Virginia blossoms are at their best. These manorial estates are now as famous for their gardens as for their houses. In Gyarden Week one may drive in his cyar up and down either sho' of the James and enjoy the privilege of entering, not only the gardens but also the homes. In most cases the fee for this privilege goes for some local cause. At other seasons some of the places are entirely resigned to privacy, and others allow, for a fee, a tour about the grounds, sometimes with a guide and sometimes without.

Perhaps the most famous of these places on the south bank of the river is "Brandon," sometimes called "Lower Brandon." At a crossroads named Burrowsville, we turn right and the route leads direct to the object of our visit. Road signs direct the driver where to turn and park his chariot. Leaving the car and a fee of fifty cents, the visitor is allowed to ramble at will over the estate.

Some forty years ago a writer described Brandon as "the most delicious picture of Old Virginia. Every nook and corner of the spreading mansion breathes of dead belles and beaux, of minuets and roses of a hundred leaves." One might question the happiness of the phrase "breathing of dead belles and

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beaux," but the general idea is clear, and it is not hard to become romantic in this setting. The oldest part of the house is the southwest wing, which dates from 1712. The next oldest is the opposite wing, and what is now the main house or central part is said to have been inspired, in part anyway, by Thomas Jefferson on his return from Paris. It happened that Jefferson was a college friend of Benjamin Harrison, the son of the owner of Brandon, Colonel Nathaniel Harrison, and father of the William Henry Harrison who was President of the United States for a brief period in after years.

When the Civil War dragged its black trail of fire and ruin along the James, Brandon suffered grievously. In January, 1864, the Federal soldiers burned down the outbuildings and slave quarters, with what they contained of food and forage, even looting the mansion itself. They shot at the windows and ripped off wainscoting, partly to get dry wood for campfires and partly to see if they could not discover hidden silver. A threatened second visitation to complete the destruction of Brandon was stopped by a personal order from Lincoln himself, for it happened that the wife of the White House physician was the sister of the widowed owner of the place.

The house came into the Harrison family in the middle of the eighteenth century. It happened that Benjamin Harrison married Evelyn Taylor Byrd, who lived at "Westover" just across the river, and by this means many of the family treasures of the Byrd family came to rest in Brandon. On the dining-room wall hung portraits by Kneller and Lely of the friends of Colonel Byrd, lords and ladies, wits and beaux, as well as members of his own family. For many years, as long as the house re-

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mained in the family, it contained one of the finest private collections of portraits in the country.

Despite its length—Brandon measures two hundred and ten feet—the old manor does not present an imposing aspect, such as strikes one in the grand mansions on the opposite bank of the river. The great beauty of the place lies in its grounds. These have been landscaped with a fine sense of massing, aided by trees of overpowering size. The total effect is that of an old English estate, such a one as is too often in these days being taxed by death duties and inheritance levies out of the hands of their owners and even out of existence. Among the handsome trees here is a kingly pecan which is said to be anywhere from two hundred and fifty to three hundred years old. Its spread is enormous. The trunk measures more than thirty-one feet in circumference with a diameter of eleven feet. One might go on indefinitely calling attention to the two superb specimens of yew, to the profusion of ancient box, to the shrubs and gardens on all sides, which are so famous throughout Virginia.

Straight ahead of the house for a thousand feet the lawn stretches down to the bluff overlooking the river, forming a vista of the James between the towering trees. At the crest of the bluff, quite in the spirit of the eighteenth-century English estate, is a great Grecian urn of marble, the sort of thing that Watteau and Fragonard used to introduce in their paintings. It is a touch so typical of the eighteenth century that it harmonizes perfectly with the rest of the scene.

As we leave, the chief picture we carry away is that of magnificent trees, beneath which stands a modest eighteenth-century country house with outstretched arms. There it still

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lives, with its storied past, far removed from the present age of bustle and pep and high-powered salesmanship.

From Brandon we turn back on our highway toward the Jamestown ferry. If it is Garden Week, or better still if one has an introduction to the gracious Lady of the Manor, we may turn aside at another crossroads called Cabin's Point, for the sake of a glimpse of another country place, "Claremont Manor." This is one of those estates open to the public *only* during Garden Week. A dusty drive brings one eventually to the gates of Claremont. Here the house is quite different from Brandon. Its low, snug shape, with dormer windows is even more intimate and homey in character, and belies the actual spaciousness within. The brick of the main house and that of the outbuildings and cottages is painted white, and these latter are so grouped and walled in as to suggest the farm buildings of an old estate in England. At one side is a formal garden famous for its individuality as well as beauty. Like Brandon, Claremont has a sweep of lawn leading from the steps of the house to the edge of the river bank. Here there is a double row of tall lindens forming the avenue.

Originally this was an estate of twelve thousand acres belonging to one of the largest landholders in all Tidewater, the Allen family, and it remained in their possession for the unusual span of years between 1649 and 1875. This was a famous home. Every President of the United States from Washington to Buchanan was a guest here, and Edgar Allan Poe was a familiar visitor during his Richmond days. Before the Civil War Claremont's windowpanes were notable for the names of famous guests written thereon with a diamond, but these were

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smashed by Union soldiers. They say that there is a secret underground passage, walled in brick, from the house to the river. It is likely that this was originally designed for refuge and escape in case of Indian attack, and in these later years it is doubtless still useful when Armenian peddlers or magazine-subscription demons, or especially obnoxious tourists, descend upon the place.

In the Civil War Claremont Manor suffered no less than Brandon. On one of these visitations of the enemy a Union gunboat touched at the wharf and up the lawn flocked a detachment of soldiers under orders to capture the owner of the house, a Confederate colonel, who was known to be there on furlough. Promptly the invaders were met at the front steps by servants offering wines and liquors hastily brought up from the cellar. The soldiers paused at this unexpected demonstration of Southern hospitality and gladly partook thereof. Many hours afterwards an officer came ashore to see what had become of the expeditionary force and discovered all of them prone or recumbent on the sward and utterly oblivious to the world. Meanwhile the Confederate colonel had galloped away.

Somehow the house escaped complete destruction during these stormy days, though it suffered badly. After the war Claremont, like all other Virginia homes, endured its time of poverty and decay, only to come back to her own at last in the present century.

So much for a glimpse of two eighteenth-century estates on this southern shore of the James. It was on these acres bordering on the great river estuaries like the James, the York, Rapahannock, and Potomac, where the tobacco planter of Tide-

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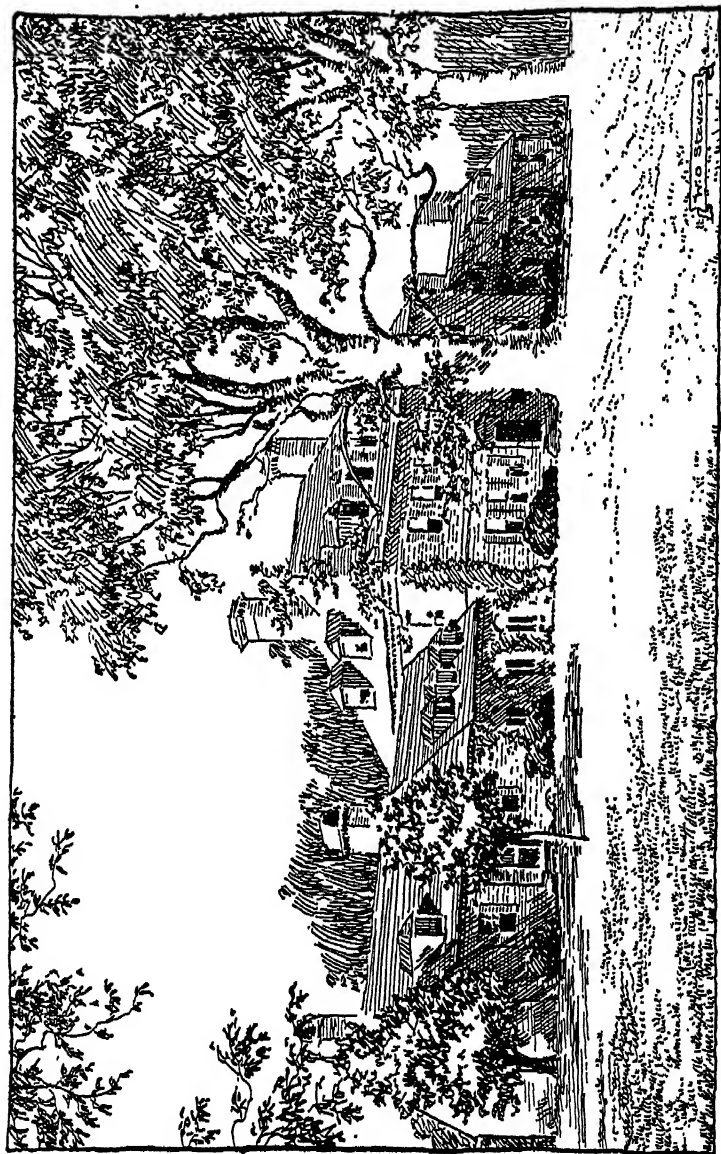
water Virginia built his splendid homes, rather than in the towns like Williamsburg, Richmond, Norfolk, and Hampton. There are others of these river estates on the opposite bank of the James, and they will require a full day's excursion all to themselves.

CHAPTER IX

A DAY ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE JAMES

THIS day's excursion will be devoted exclusively to some historic homes on the Williamsburg side of the James River. One of the noblest of these, "Carter's Grove," is now within easy reach of the visitor in Williamsburg, and if he is too closely pressed by requirements of time he can readily see this old mansion even if he has no time for any other. Certainly, to leave the Cradle of the Republic without a glimpse of at least one of the great country residences of the colonial era would be a grievous mistake.

Even forty years ago this was no easy task. One had to be an ardent student of Georgian architecture and colonial history, and at the same time young enough to stand jolting and shaking over villainous roads to make the trip at all. One such visitor of the eighteen-nineties writes thus: "At the end of a wearisome drive of about seven miles southeastward from Williamsburg, over a road which stretches through a flat and dreary succession of corn fields, peanut patches and pine woods, the traveler . . . will see far off across the level fields an imposing cluster of buildings standing in a copse of tall, inspiring trees." Nowadays, all one has to do is to drive east out of Williamsburg on a fine cement road (Route 60) about six miles, and at the gateway to a side road which is clearly marked, turn right, up a straight drive, to "Carter's Grove."



CARTER'S GROVE

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Fortunately for the stranger, the owners are good enough to hold the estate open to the public from the middle of March until the middle of June. One pays a dollar at the gatehouse for the privilege of inspecting the grounds and the lower floor of the mansion, and it is well worth it. Driving up to the house—in April the best part of that drive is through an avenue of apple blossoms—one comes upon a lordly brick mansion with wings on either hand in the prevailing fashion in both Maryland and Virginia during that great building age from 1720 to 1770. In Virginia, more commonly than in Maryland, the practice seems to have been to have the wings detached from the main building. Originally, this was true of Carter's Grove. In fact, the connecting "hyphens" here are a later addition. At any rate, they do bind the whole together in a fine harmonious unit.

No one who looks admiringly today over the well-kept lawns and through the stately trees can have any idea of the ruinous state from which it has been rescued. The present writer, eager to see one of the famous James River homes, made a pilgrimage thither some thirty years ago. On that visit the grounds were unspeakably ragged and unkempt. Across the face of the house was a misbegotten veranda, apparently built just wide enough to enable the tenant, as he spent the day sitting thereon, to shoot his tobacco juice clear of the edge. Within, a slatternly person accepted a quarter to expose a scene of desolation. In the magnificent central hallway stood a tall black stove, and to accommodate a smoke pipe, a hole had been cut through the exquisitely carved cornice above. The walls were dirty and the floors bare.

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A decade or so before this visit some incredible moron had painted the paneled wainscoting, frieze, cornice, pilasters, and the magnificent arch of the central hall in red, white, and blue, relieved here and there by a poisonous green. As I recall it, by the time of my visit this color scheme had been toned down with an uneven coat of whitewash. But so tragic was the picture of decay of the ancient taste and grandeur that one did not have the heart to dwell on what was still visible of the carved woodwork, the beauty of the staircase, and the noble dimensions of the central hall with its overhead arch.

But the Carter's Grove of today is so transfigured that it was hard to realize on a second visit, so many years afterwards, that this was actually the same place. Now the visitor may see the old mansion looking, inside and out, as stately and beautiful as it did when it was newly occupied nearly two hundred years ago.

The real front of the house is not the one that we see on driving up. It is the one on the other side, which faces the river. In the old days practically all travel and transport and communication came via the James. Here the visitor for the first time begins to conceive the real Carter's Grove. The site is about eighty feet above the level of the river, and it is the highest situation on the James.

Down near the shore are wide meadows and fields, fringed with trees, through which we see the river, and from this level three terraces rise to the eminence on which stands the house itself. In front of its façade, in military alignment, tower six giant tulip-poplar trees like a Praetorian guard before a throne. To sit on the edge of the terrace under the interlacing shade of

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the trees, stirred by the summer breeze, and look over the fields and across the four miles of glittering river to the wooded banks on the other shore, gives one a sense of that leisurely, spacious life which these old homes expressed.

It is a still more impressive experience to see the interior, restored as it has been with a rare combination of taste and intelligence. The horrible coats of paint and whitewash have all been carefully removed, leaving the carved woodwork in its natural state. The center of interest is the great hall with its superb arch and stairway. It is quite likely that here, rather than in the "withdrawing room," the ladies poured chocolate or tea—they pronounced it "tay" in those days—and received their suitors with all the formal etiquette and stately language of the eighteenth century. Here, too, stood the punch bowl for the gentlemen returning from a December hunt. These roomy central hallways extending through the house no doubt were designed for coolness in the summer, but they must have been uncomfortably drafty in winter.

The best-known legend of Carter's Grove centers around that "Butcher Tarleton" who surrendered with Cornwallis at Yorktown and Gloucester. The story is that he amused himself by riding his horse up and down that stairway and chopping deep nicks in the balustrade with his cavalry saber. This was the least of his acts of vandalism, but it left the most permanent record, for these scars are still to be seen. Just why Tarleton should have wreaked his fury on the banisters has always been a mystery. The great Scottish portrait painter, Raeburn, represented him at full length as a very dashing officer. The title reads "Banistre Tarleton," and, lo, the historic riddle is solved.

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What a name to be christened! No doubt—consult Dr. Freud—Tarleton developed a “complex” or “libido” over that unhappy name and took it out on that particular piece of furniture whenever he had the opportunity. Hence the vicious whacks on the banister of the great staircase of Carter’s Grove.

Besides, noting the care with which all the old carving and paneling have been brought back to their original state, the visitor is struck with the fact that the present owners have filled the rooms with priceless treasures from the past. There is no enumerating these, but there look down from the walls family portraits that have both personal and intrinsic value; as, for example, the portrait of William Henry Harrison by Charles Willson Peale, painted when the future President had not yet earned his nickname of “Tippecanoe,” but was a young army officer in the uniform of 1825. And here also is the portrait of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, with whose son Evelyn Byrd of Westover had her tragic love affair, and of whom we shall hear more anon.

Probably an interesting little book might be published on the comments loudly uttered by visitors as they gaze at the interior of this old mansion. “I’d like to know,” asked one woman of the guide, “where *did* Mrs. McCrae buy all these family portraits? I’d like to get some for *my* house.” And another begged, on hearing the name Chippendale, “Do tell me, who *is* this man Chippendale? What does he do? It seems to me I’ve heard nothing else but Chippendale since coming to Williamsburg.”

It is a curious fact that most of these superb Georgian homes in America that are still the admiration of architects today were

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designed by men who are nameless. Even in these times it is a rare occurrence for an architect's name to appear on his building, although from time immemorial a painting has borne the artist's signature. It is only in recent years that we have come to know of the existence of one Matthew Buckland, the English architect of those princely Georgian mansions in and around Annapolis.

Carter's Grove also had its architect, David Minitree, who was brought from England with his family for the specific purpose of designing and building this house, and a magnificent achievement he made of his allotted task. The land had been a wedding gift of Robert ("King") Carter to his daughter Elizabeth when she married Nathaniel Burwell in 1690. The down-river wing was built that year, and the up-river one dates from five to ten years later. Nathaniel died in 1721 and sometime in that decade his son Carter Burwell, who had inherited the estate, built the central mansion. He named it Carter's Grove in honor of his mother, and to make it worthy of her brought David Minitree from England. All the wood used was cut on the estate and the bricks were burned here also.

Minitree's superb accomplishments here ranged from the noble proportions of the great house to the carving and paneling of the interior. The wonder is that, as in the Georgian mansions of Maryland, wood carvers could have been found in America in that early day skilled enough to do this work. The central hall is one of the most beautiful in Virginia, with its great arch rising from fluted pilasters. The two doorways, front and rear, opening on this hall are the most unusual architectural feature of the building, because the pilasters and the pedi-

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ment are made of brick rather than wood or stone. But there are so many noteworthy features that they must be left to the discerning eye.

The house, as far as unskilled labor is concerned, was built by slaves. It was begun in June and finished in September. The entire cost to Carter Burwell was five hundred pounds, certainly a moderate figure. Minitree was paid one hundred and fifteen pounds for his work, as per contract, and a tip—or shall we call it a “present”?—of twenty-five pounds besides. The proportion of the total cost represented by the architect’s fee is interesting. It is still a matter of wonder that as early as 1730, with all the hardships of transportation, difficulties of metal manufacture, the problem of obtaining skilled craftsmen, it was possible in so short a space of time to erect in this remote region such a palatial home as Carter’s Grove.

Sometimes a man overreached himself in his ambition to erect a lordly manor hall. Such a person was Mann Page, who built on Carter’s Creek, near the York, the house called “Rosewell.” Years afterwards his son had to petition the House of Burgesses for permission to sell off great tracts of the land in his inheritance in order to pay off the debts his father had piled up, chiefly on account of the extravagant style of the house. And that same house became an intolerable burden to keep up for succeeding generations. Today, after decay and fire, nothing is left of Rosewell but a ruin. But Carter’s Grove is fairer to look upon, within and without, than ever in her long lifetime. As compared with the smaller houses on the south bank, Brandon and Claremont, Carter’s Grove has the air almost of a château. Many a peer of England then and since has lived in

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far more modest quarters than this. In fact, the first impression and the last is that of austere dignity.

There are other legends here besides the story of Tarleton. In the drawing room George Washington proposed to the lovely Mary Cary, and in the selfsame spot Thomas Jefferson offered his heart and hand to Becky Burwell. Alas, both suitors were refused, and weren't those girls sorry afterwards? They say, too, that a pair of hotheads fought each other in another room, one of whom was slain and the other badly wounded. But nobody remembers who they were or who even started the story. Better yet, we are informed that Carter's Grove has its real, honest-to-goodness ghosts, seen and heard by the owners and their guests on several occasions. That touch makes the venerable habitation perfect. These and other facts are related in a folder on Carter's Grove thoughtfully issued by the owners for the pleasure and information of the visitor.

Much as we are tempted to linger we still have a day's journey ahead. Leaving Carter's Grove, we must retrace our steps through Williamsburg to continue the search for old James River homes. For the sake of contrast, as well as historical interest, we shall drive next toward "Sherwood Forest," the country place of John Tyler when he retired from the Presidency. The shortest route is to follow the Jamestown road (Route 31) until there appears a fork to the right, numbered 5. This leads across the Chickahominy by a free ferry up the north bank of the James to Charles City and Richmond.

The traveler may be warned to stock up his tank with fuel on this trip, for filling stations are rare. Even if you do find one at a crossroad settlement, when you pull up to the gasoline

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pump, it may happen that the man's wife will come upon you. Then you have to unscrew the cap for her because her hand isn't strong enough and she looks at you helplessly. She picks up the hose gingerly, as if she had studied snake-charming by a correspondence course and were now handling her first boa constrictor. Of course, you could not ask a lady to look at the water and oil, and as for wiping off the dust from your windshield—perish the thought! You had better screw the cap on again yourself afterwards or it will certainly fall off, and take occasion to wipe off the quart of gasoline which the Snake Charmer has managed to spill on the back of the car. Wherever Woman's Place is, it is *not* at the gasoline pump.

The second warning is that on all this day's sauntering off and on the highway there will be no place to eat, this side of Richmond. There is no Mrs. Sykes to greet your eyes with masses of larkspur and delphinium and your appetite with helpings of Heavenly Ham. If you wish to eat on this day's excursion you will have a box lunch put up for you in Williamsburg.

The route from the Chickahominy ferry is a splendid new hard road. Most of the way it runs through deep forests, giving one more than ever the sensation of exploring the primeval wilderness. As Sherwood Forest is still a private home, occupied by the grandson of President Tyler, the house is not open to the public at any time, not even in Garden Week, though the owner might not object to the pilgrim who is sufficiently interested in the place to slip into the driveway for a look at the exterior. The entrance to the estate is not easy to locate, but may be distinguished by a row of white-painted posts and

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a gateway on the left at the first fork of the road. Driving in through a grove of tall oaks and beeches we come upon the house itself.

This lies directly across the James from Brandon, but in striking contrast with the other river homes Sherwood Forest is made of wood, and it was built in 1842, a duplication of a pre-Revolutionary home that was still standing on this property. John Tyler was born at Greenway, in this same Charles City County, only three miles inland, and after retiring from the Presidency he came back here and built this house. Incidentally, this Charles City County has the distinction not only of producing two presidents, but of having both men on the same ticket in the same campaign. "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" were born within a few miles of each other.

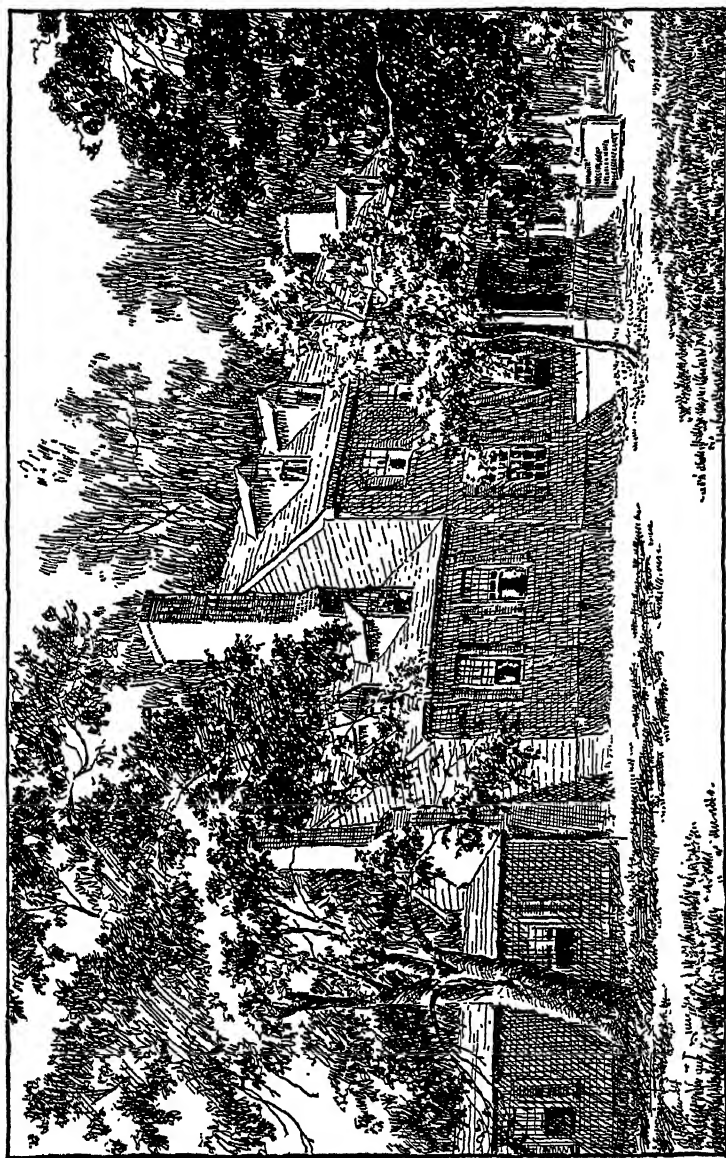
After the stormy years of Tyler's administration, during which he compared himself, with a chuckle, to Robin Hood the outlaw, he retired to the country, and so, when he built himself a home, he called it "Sherwood Forest." The estate was originally known as "Walnut Grove," comprising twelve hundred acres, and the house at first consisted only of the main part of the present structure. As his family grew, Mr. Tyler spread his house laterally until, when he had finished it, it had stretched out to a length of more than three hundred feet, the longest house in Virginia. It takes a real flank movement to get around either end of it. But when we do this, our expectation of a view of the James is disappointed. For here the river is two miles away, and the forest has grown so dense and tall that no one would suspect this of being one of the river estates. It is said that in John Tyler's time there was a vista cut through

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to the river, but that was nearly a century ago, and the trees have grown tall since then.

Compared with the other James River houses, Sherwood Forest is a mere child, for the historical associations here are entirely those of the Civil War. John Tyler was head of a peace commission from the border states which met in Washington, February, 1861, in an unsuccessful attempt to stave off the war. In the following year he died, leaving his widow, who had been a Miss Gardiner of New York, on the estate with her seven children and servants to live as best she might, caught in the ebb and flow of war, with waves of soldiery of both sides that swept back and forth over the place. Her older son, Gardiner, at sixteen was in the Confederate army with Jackson. Her younger son, Lyon, later President of William and Mary College, was only ten years old, but just old enough to remember with bitter sharpness the invasion of the Union soldiers who ransacked the house, smashing right and left, carrying off anything that took their fancy. The guest at Sherwood Forest today may see the piano with the battered keys, and the long gilt frames which once held French mirrors. Indeed, it would seem as if the clock of time had stopped for Sherwood Forest with the war, for we see in the library photographs of Confederate leaders, and on the shelves rows and rows of books dealing with that conflict. On the walls is the same old paper of that era, and in the room next to the library is the four-poster bed in which John Tyler died.

Young Lyon Tyler was a fierce little Rebel, undaunted by the rough manners of the soldiers in blue. As the troops marched past on their way toward Richmond, he sat on the



SHERWOOD FOREST

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fence with his arm around his little sister and sang "Dixie" with all his might. While he was thus engaged in making clear his sentiments, an officer rode up to him. Dr. Tyler said in after years that he was the handsomest man he had ever seen. The stranger stopped, and Lyon paused in the middle of a note wondering what was going to happen next.

"My boy," said the officer, "I admire your spirit, but perhaps you had better be quiet. Some of these men are pretty rough and I'd hate to think that any hurt might come to you and your little sister." He rode on with a friendly smile, but the little boy, scorning to take advice from any Damyankee, shrilled on, wishing that he was in the Land of Cotton. Fortunately no harm to the children came of it.

As soon as possible Mrs. Tyler took her children to Richmond for refuge, carrying the family silver with her, but the bank in which this was deposited burned down and the silver heirlooms melted into lumps. Later in the war she was permitted to pass through the lines under a flag of truce, in order that she might stay with her father on Gardiner's Island, New York.

Among the souvenirs which the Union soldiers carried away from Sherwood Forest were three family Bibles. Why a soldier should cumber himself with these heavy volumes is hard to imagine, but of the three two were afterwards returned, one of them only a few years ago. In these Bibles Mrs. Tyler recorded the dates of her children's births. An amusing fact growing out of the theft of these Bibles was that Mrs. Tyler couldn't remember afterwards the exact date of her son Lyon's birth. The best she could do was "sometime in August." And so Dr. Tyler,

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who knew more dates in Virginia history and biography than any other Virginian before or since, never knew the precise date of his own birth!

During that abortive Peninsular Campaign of the leaden-footed General McClellan in 1862, young Gardiner Tyler made a quick dash to his home, hoping for a square meal at his mother's table. As he rode up he discovered the yard full of bluecoated men. These were raw troops. The moment they saw him galloping up they assumed that he must be at the head of a body of cavalry, and they did not stand upon the order of their going. Naturally, being alone, at the same instant the scion of the house galloped away in the opposite direction. He missed his home dinner, but he managed by his sudden appearance to scare away the soldiers and give his mother a blessed respite from the invaders.

It was on the occasion of the first sweep of the Union army over this territory that, after wrecking as much as possible in the house, the soldiers proposed to burn it down. At the time they were infuriated because a sniper had shot one of their comrades and wanted to wreak vengeance on the nearest object. At this a young officer interfered, urging that since it had been the home of a President of the United States it should be spared. It is not quite clear why that argument in time of war should have made any difference, but it succeeded, and Sherwood Forest was not burned down. Many years afterwards Judge Tyler, the same who as a young officer had tried to come home for dinner on the occasion just mentioned, was traveling on a boat between Norfolk and New York. As the dining saloon was crowded, Judge and Mrs. Tyler shared a table with

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a white-haired stranger. During the conversation which followed it transpired that their table companion was the Union officer whose plea had saved the Tyler home from fire. It is Judge Tyler's son who keeps bachelor hall in Sherwood Forest today.

Within the house stands a bust of President Tyler of heroic size. With his narrow face and hawklike nose he gives the impression of being overpoweringly solemn. But he had his sense of humor nevertheless. The fact that he could joke about his own unpopularity among the Whigs, in an age when political hatreds were so bitter, is evidence of that saving grace. Also the story is told that when his favorite horse "General" passed away after many years of faithful service, John Tyler buried him with a wooden headboard. On this were painted these words: "Here lie the bones of my old horse General, who served his master faithfully for twenty-seven years, and never blundered but once—would that his master could say the same." All traces of this grave and epitaph have long since disappeared.

When Gardiner Tyler trudged back to Sherwood Forest after Appomattox, he found only a shell of his old home. The place had been wrecked, all the livestock killed or carried off, the furniture smashed, the pictures slashed, and the woodwork defaced by the Northern soldiers. Of the two cast-iron dogs, which even now at the front steps greet the guest with a benign if unchanging expression, he found one lying on the lawn and the other, after diligent search, deep in the woods.

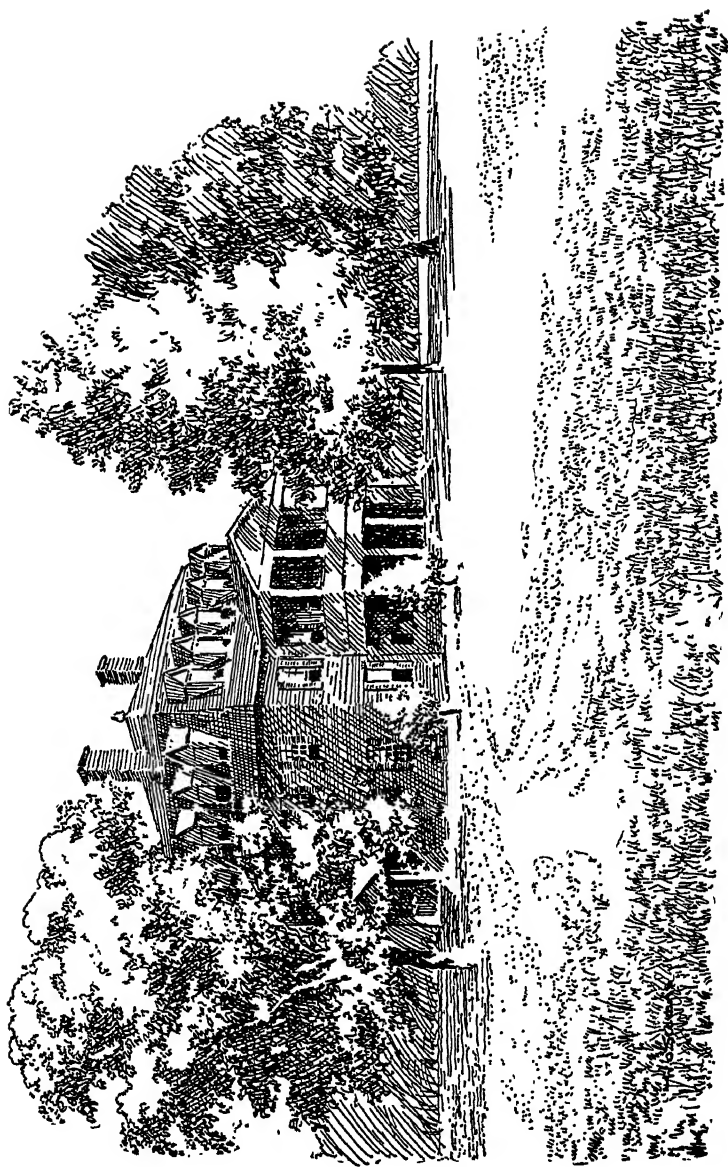
For a good many years Sherwood Forest was tenantless, but once on a hunting trip another John Tyler, a grandson of the

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President, entered the deserted house, made a fire on the hearth, and sat down before it. As the twilight of the long winter afternoon deepened, suddenly in a dark corner, an ancient music box started up and gaily played through its entire repertoire. This apparently had escaped destruction in '62. Perhaps some bluecoated soldier had wound it up then, but it had indignantly refused to play for him. Then when its master, another John Tyler, entered the door, it was so happy that it played every tinkling note it possessed. At least, let us believe that is the true explanation.

From Sherwood Forest we follow Route 5 through Charles City toward a famous James River home of a different character, "Shirley," which stands at the point where the river suddenly turns north. Here one enters the area of the fiercest fighting around Richmond, the radius of which includes Petersburg, Malvern Hill, Seven Pines. Here in ten days forty-two thousand Federals and twenty-five thousand Confederates fell on the field of battle. Appropriately, the highway marked 156 is called the "Battlefield Route." This turns north from Route 5 at Malvern Hill.

Like all the historic river estates Shirley stands apart from the highway, on a dirt roadway of its own bearing left at a spot indicated by a marker. Half a dollar at the gateway of the grounds entitles us, as at Brandon, to the privilege of wandering about the lawns and gardens. We see first the old outbuildings, which, unlike the prevailing colonial style, are not connected with the main house, but stand apart at a considerable distance. It is said that originally there were wings on each side



SHIRLEY

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with a long covered passageway curving forward from the line of the house, but this must have been long ago. The main building also is different in style from the familiar Virginia colonial type, standing higher than any of its neighbors on the James and shaped like a block foursquare. It suggests more the Georgian houses farther north, like the Chase House in Annapolis. It is crowned with a hipped roof set with eighteen dormer windows, and on the river side juts out a two-story white portico. On the right side of the house as it faces the river, is a small single-story portico. This is the main entrance. Like Carter's Grove the door opens upon a magnificent wide hall and staircase, but it is unlike the former in the respect that this room, instead of extending clear through from front to rear, occupies the whole northwest quarter of the first floor. Shirley's famous "hanging staircase" is one of the delights of the architect. This spacious hall gives the interior an effect of elegance and grandeur. The drawing room is one-half the width of the whole house, and is a superb room in itself. Again, as at Carter's Grove, Shirley has been known for the beauty of its interior woodwork, such as the cornices and door casings.

Like Brandon, Shirley has been noted for its fine portraits. Its greatest treasure had been the full-length portrait of Washington by Charles Willson Peale, which Washington liked the best of all his portraits, and which he presented to his friend, the master of Shirley. This hung for many years in the dining room. It was recently purchased by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a princely figure, and it now adorns the restored Capitol at Williamsburg for all to see. There are other portraits in the old mansion of ancestors from the days of King William to

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those of Robespierre, for besides the gentlemen and ladies painted by Kneller and Lely, there are, over the fireplace in the "saloon," three pastel profiles by that émigré St. Memin, who came to America just in time to save his neck from the guillotine, and went about the colonies drawing portraits to keep his aristocratic soul and body together.

The estate is one of the oldest in America, for it was founded by Sir Thomas Dale as early as 1613. He had the resounding title of High Marshal of Virginia and came hither as a successor to Lord De la Warre ("Delaware" in later spelling). He evidently named the place Shirley after Lady De la Warre who was a daughter of Sir Thomas Shirley.

Somehow, the settlers on this plantation escaped the great massacre of 1622. In 1640 Colonel Edward Hill built a modest house here, and on his death his sister Elizabeth inherited the estate. In 1723 she married a John Carter, eldest son of "King" Carter, and thus Shirley came into the clan of Carter. The present mansion was built by a Carter sometime early in the eighteenth century—the date is a matter of guesswork—and it has been owned and lived in ever since by descendants of Carter. One of the daughters born here became the wife of General "Lighthorse Harry" Lee and the mother of Robert E. Lee.

From Shirley we return to the highway and retrace our course to the spot where on our right a marker indicates the driveway to "Westover." The dirt road winds away to a considerable length. We paused and asked a young bucolic, "How far is it to Westover?" He reflected for some moments. "Well,"

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he said, after a long pause, as if he had been using calculus on the problem, "well, 'tain't so far." With this heartening, if somewhat vague, intelligence we proceeded hopefully, and sure enough, 'tain't so far to the gate of Westover.

Just before reaching Westover there is a branch road leading to Berkeley. Here were born Colonel Benjamin Harrison and William Henry Harrison, who became President. This also is a colonial home with fine carved woodwork in the interior, but it has been disfigured by a nineteenth-century porch which completely surrounds it. Berkeley is worth visiting if one has time to spare, but it cannot stand comparison with its neighbor Westover.

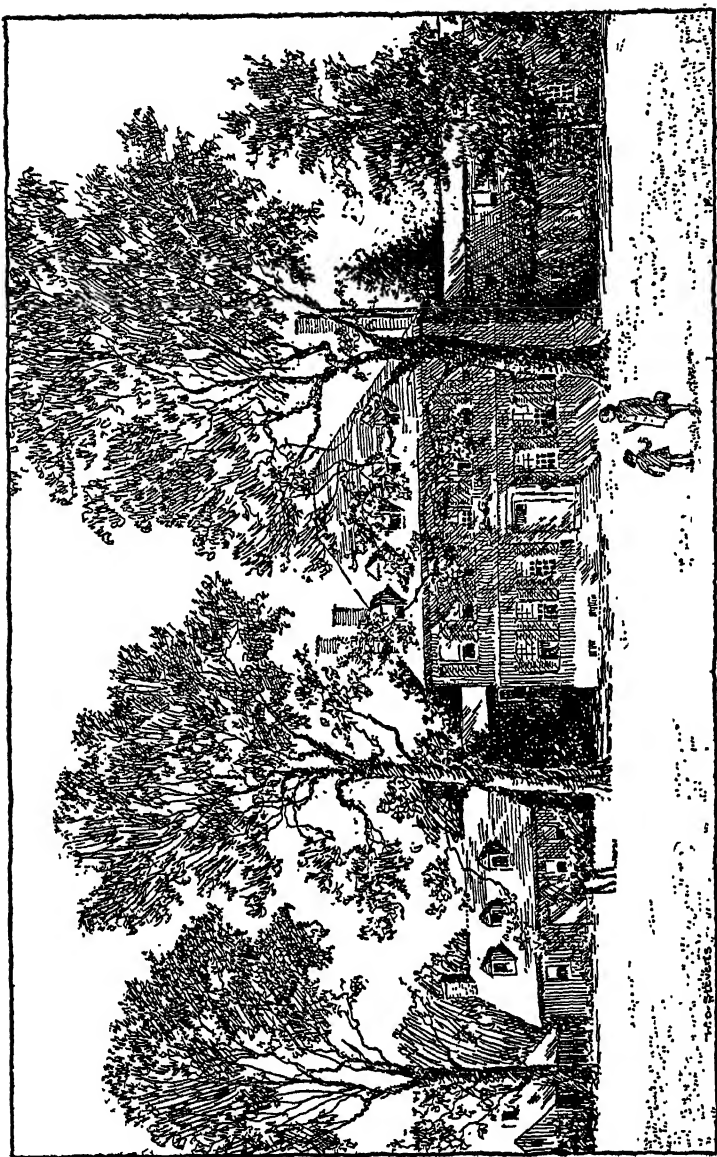
For the convenience of the tourist there are signs posted as one enters the Westover grounds to guide him to where he should leave his car and dollar simultaneously for the privilege of the visit. Like so many other James River mansions this is open on the interior only during Garden Week, but for the rest of the year there is a guide appointed who meets the stranger and shows him over the estate.

Probably, if there is any one of these historic manor houses of the James whose name is more familiar to Americans generally than any other it is Westover. This and Carter's Grove reign as rival queens over Tidewater Virginia, and indeed there are many points of resemblance between the two. Here, as at Carter's Grove, rises the magnificent central house, with its steep, hipped roof and dormers. In recent years this central building has been joined to its wing on the right, and another wing was built on at the opposite end. Naturally, as at Carter's Grove, the real front of the house faces the river, with its row

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of ancient tulip poplars—twelve of them here—standing in military precision like grenadiers of the Old Guard on parade. Not one has broken ranks in one hundred and fifty years. Here, too, one may sit on the lawn and under the shade of those trees look at the glitter of sunshine on the James. At Westover, however, the house does not stand so high above the river as Carter's Grove, nor so far from its shore, and here the river is less than a mile wide.

Formerly—that is, as late as the close of the nineteenth century—the approach to Westover was always from the river. An asthmatic little steamboat still plied between Richmond and Norfolk three times a week, taking passengers to the river estates as required. This ancient wheezer, with its patched sides and decrepit engine, bore the fanciful name of "Ariel." With a tremendous to-do of clanging bells and chugging paddles she would lurch up against the wharf at Westover. The traveler would hop out on the landing, and walk up across the lawn to the handsome front door with its three-sided stone steps. The present-day visitor, touring by car, approaches the house by the rear or garden side. From here the walk leads up to the door through great gates of handsomely wrought iron, swung on stout posts ten feet high. These, together with the smaller garden gates, were made in England two hundred years ago. Atop the main entrance posts may be recognized the "Birds," with outstretched wings, emblem of the family name, and in the "overthrow" of the gate one can readily decipher the monogram of William Byrd. This approach through an ornamented gate—what the architect calls a "claire-voie," is unique among the colonial homes of Virginia.



WESTOVER

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

The ground we walk on is historic. It has seen more than a hundred years of English settlement before this mansion was built, or those gates brought from across the sea. In 1619, Francis West, Lord Delaware, one-time Governor of Virginia, settled in this neighborhood. Of Lord Delaware's three brothers each had his own plantation here on the peninsula, and a John West was the first white child born on the York River. Hence "Westover" here and "West Point" at the head of the York. In the massacre of 1622 six people fell under the tomahawk on the grounds of Westover.

In 1688 William Byrd bought this site with twelve hundred acres of the original grant. As a youth in his twenties he was a friend and sympathizer of Nathaniel Bacon, and joined Bacon in his southern expedition against the red men. Bacon and his followers lighted their campfires here at that time. Afterwards Byrd was apparently too important a personage to be included in the hangings which took place after the failure of that rebellion. At any rate, he made his peace with the Governor. In 1691 he erected a modest farmhouse on this land and died here at the opening of the eighteenth century.

Byrd was a man of remarkable energy and common sense. He traded not only in tobacco, like his neighbors, but also in slaves and in furs. His Indian trading ran along a trail of four hundred miles, and his knowledge of the red man was so thorough that he was sent to Albany as a delegate to deal with the Indians and signed a treaty with the Iroquois in 1685. His shrewd dealings built up a handsome fortune for his son, the second William Byrd.

This man became an outstanding figure in the colony. Like

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other rich planters' sons he was sent to relatives in England for his education, and there he made a host of friends in high places. He married Lucy Parke, daughter of the aide to the Duke of Marlborough, the officer who was granted the honor of conveying the news of the victory of Blenheim to Queen Anne. Byrd studied law at the Middle Temple and for his erudition on that subject was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. In Virginia he was appointed to various political offices, but what we remember him by chiefly today is his writings. During the course of his official tasks, such as determining the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia in 1727, he traveled much, and he left the records of what he saw in a narrative that is not only an extremely valuable document of colonial history, but also pleasant reading. Instead of the ponderous solemnity of the contemporary scribes, he had a light touch and a sense of fun. For example, during a drouth he comes upon two mills, and he says he "had the grief to find them both stand as still for the want of water as a dead woman's tongue for want of breath. It had rained so little for many weeks . . . that the Naiads had hardly enough water to wash their faces."

In contrast with most of his neighbors he loved books, and his library of nearly four thousand volumes at Westover was the finest and the largest private collection in America. It was he who built Westover in 1737. After his death it burned down (1749), but was rebuilt that year, probably on the same lines, and this is the house we see today.

William Byrd's father was, as we have seen, a very successful trader, but the son preferred being a gentleman and a wit, after

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the style of English aristocracy, with the inevitable result that he had trouble with money matters. With all his extravagant tastes he affected to love "simplicity," and the "rustic scene." This sort of thing was quite the fashion in the time of Queen Anne and King George I. His daughter Evelyn was painted, not in the court dress she wore when presented to King George but as a "shepherdess," though she probably would have been much annoyed if a sheep had so much as looked at her. So in his later years, here in this palatial home of Westover, he wrote "A library, a garden, a grove, and a purling stream are the innocent scenes that divert our leisure." He probably had in mind the lines of his friend Mr. Pope, beginning:

"Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."

But if life at Westover was rustic simplicity it certainly had elegant trimmings. Colonel Byrd was in London at the time Governor Spotswood took his autumn junket to the Shenandoah Valley, and it is said that it was he who attended to the matter of having the golden horseshoes made by a London goldsmith for the Governor.

The son of this brilliant man, William Byrd the Third, had neither the business ability of his grandfather nor the literary tastes of his father. He devoted his life chiefly to the card table, spending the greater part of his days in England. This William Byrd the Third is a tragic figure. A slave to the vice of gambling, nevertheless he served with distinction in the French and Indian War. When the Revolutionary War broke out he was a

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strong Loyalist. His two sons left England for Virginia, one to serve in the British army, and the other to fight under Washington. This last was a great grief to the father. But an even deeper wound was his feeling over Washington's conduct. In the French war Byrd had been associated with him and the two Virginians had become friends. When the news came to him that his old companion in arms had become the arch rebel in the field against the King it broke his heart. Borne down with grief, and the consciousness of the financial ruin he had brought upon his family, he killed himself in 1777.

His widow was left with the estate and the debts. She was a kinswoman of the famous Peggy Shippen who married Benedict Arnold, and while that officer was raiding this part of Virginia early in 1781 he made an overnight visit to his wife's relative at Westover, accompanied by nine hundred soldiers. For this reason Mrs. Byrd was suspected of being a Tory, and her papers seized. On one of Arnold's boats that was captured letters were discovered from her to him, but she finally succeeded in establishing her innocence of any act or desire to help the British cause.

During the same year Cornwallis arrived here too, but his guest manners were not above reproach. For instance, he quartered his horses in the nursery of Westover (on the ground floor), an act that does not seem very considerate or even gentlemanly, especially if Mrs. Byrd were thought to be a Loyalist.

The following year, after Cornwallis had been given his come-uppance at Yorktown, a French nobleman was entertained here, the Marquis de Chastellux. He wrote that the estate of Westover "surpasses them all in magnificence of build-

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ings, beauty of situation, and the pleasures of society.”

Poor Mrs. Byrd! It may have been a great effort to keep up appearances for the Marquis on that visit. In the following years she had to sell all her family plate; the splendid collection of books brought together by her father-in-law was broken up and scattered for whatever they would bring. At the close of another war with Great Britain, 1814, she went to her rest, and at her death Westover passed out of the family to a succession of different owners. The Byrd name, however, is still notable for honorable achievements in Virginia and the nation.

In the Civil War the Union armies came to Westover, and General Fitz John Porter was glad to make the old mansion his headquarters. There is extant a painting of Westover with army wagons and campfires on the front lawn, but that visitation was not so harmful as one might have expected, and again Westover survived an invading army. In the succeeding drab years the house never was allowed to sink to the neglect that overtook Carter's Grove. So much for an interlude of Byrd and Westover history.

Wandering in the garden on the west side of the house and at the rear, the visitor comes upon a gray stone monument to the Honorable William Byrd, Esquire, with a lengthy inscription after the fashion of those days, extolling his shining qualities and giving a complete biography. This is William Byrd the Second, who built Westover. But if one is romantic—and who wouldn't be in such a setting?—a more interesting grave is that of his daughter Evelyn. This, strange to say, lies far from her father's monument in a solitary place overlooking the river. One story is that she selected the spot herself for her grave, the

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place where she used to sit and look down the river for a ship which might bring her lover from England. And at one time there stood a little brick chapel here. On the level tombstone lies this inscription:

“Here in the Sleep of Peace
Reposes the Body
of Mrs. Evelyn Byrd .
Daughter
of the Honorable William Byrd, Esq.
The various and excellent endowments
of Nature, improved and perfected
By an accomplished education
formed her
For the happiness of her friends
For the ornament of her country.
Alas, reader!
We can detain nothing however valued,
From unrelenting death—
Beauty, fortune, or exalted honour.
See here a proof!
And be reminded by this awfull tomb
That every earthly comfort fleets away,
Excepting only that arises
From imitating the virtues of our friends
And the contemplation of their happiness.
To which
God has pleased to call this lady
On the 13th day of November, 1737,
In the 29th year of her age.”

There is a portrait of this young lady in the collection at Brandon. She is posed in the fashion of the early eighteenth-

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century painter with her head slightly to one side and her eyes looking in the opposite direction straight out of the canvas. In her lap rests a beribboned and flowered garden hat. This is the portrait that was painted of her in London, representing her in a robe of blue-green as the "shepherdess." Unfortunately, the name of the artist has long since been lost (although the painting has been attributed to Kneller), for the canvas has undergone fresh backings from time to time, and the touch of the restorer. This was painted in London when Mistress Evelyn Byrd was the sensation of the day, and the reigning toast.

Her mother, when Evelyn was only sixteen, joined her husband in London and, like so many others from the colonies, died there of smallpox. Mr. Byrd then sent for his daughter to come and console him. She was beautiful, and her father was not only rich but lavish in his entertainment. Further, he was handsome, magnetic, gifted, making friends wherever he turned. For his many accomplishments he was nicknamed the "Black Swan of Virginia." He knew everybody from the King to Colley Cibber, the dramatist, and Beau Nash, the social arbiter. No wonder all doors swung wide for his attractive daughter. She conquered all by her charm and beauty. She was immediately presented at Court. Addison was no longer living, but she met Mr. Pope and the other wits.

The romance of Evelyn Byrd concerns her love affair with the son of the Earl of Peterborough. The story is told often that this girl in her teens was in love with the Earl himself, a scoundrelly old rake, well along in his sixties. But it was his son. One would think that such a match might have been suitable in the eyes of the Honorable William Byrd, Esq., but

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he was highly displeased. Perhaps it was because the Peterboroughs were Catholics and Mr. Byrd was a stout Protestant. Or possibly he did not want the dissolute Earl as an in-law who might take it into his head to visit Westover. It may be remembered that the Earl in his memoirs cheerfully confessed to having committed three major crimes before he came of age! Whatever the reason, Colonel Byrd took Evelyn away from the life of London and the attentions of her lover, back to Virginia, where there wasn't much for a girl to do but sit and look out of her window at the James. Here she is supposed to have pined away and died of a broken heart.

Perhaps her death was due more to the ravages of that deadly plague, consumption, than her unhappy love affair. We know very little about her, for she left no letters nor diaries. She flits across the stage for a brief drama of dazzling success, of romance; then falls the curtain on tragedy, and the footlights go out.

Colonel Byrd had four other daughters besides Evelyn, and one son. These married into the neighboring Virginia families, especially the Carters—three of them. The daughters became dignified ancestors of the famous Virginians of the era of the Revolution. The son was that unhappy William Byrd III mentioned before, the last of the family to own the estate.

In a stroll about such homes as Carter's Grove, Shirley, and Westover one can hardly contemplate the impressive architecture, the spacious interiors, the richly carved woodwork, marble mantels, and mahogany staircases without wondering what the life was that went on in these baronial halls. What were the thoughts under those huge, hot periwigs of these fine

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gentlemen who look down at us so scornfully from their frames on the wall? Did these lords of the manor read books, travel, write letters, go into politics like William Byrd II, or was there more time given to gambling, cockfighting, and drinking? How much did the care of these wide plantations fall under their personal supervision? How often were the men bored by having nothing in particular to do? The answer seems to be that it depended on the individual. Some were the actual business managers of their plantations; some left everything to overseers.

And what about the women, the wives, daughters, mothers, sisters, and maiden aunts? What was the life of these fine ladies of quality? Did they, like the men, ape the ways of the English landed gentry? What did they do with themselves on those isolated estates? We romanticize over the picturesqueness of the period in which they lived, but perhaps their "drums" and "routs" were as dull as our own cocktail parties. No doubt the lady of the manor was often afflicted with unwanted entertainment. Strangers would arrive, expecting free hospitality. Tiresome relatives would come for a visit and stretch it out interminably. Uncle George doubtless gurgled his soup at the beginning of dinner and fell under the table at the end. Aunt Patty gave orders to the servants, nagged the children, and scattered snuff over everything she touched.

These Virginia ladies of high degree had a great burden of responsibility which their sisters in England did not share, the care and training of the house slaves. And that was no small task. The women were probably kept far busier than the men, and for all the flourish of the armorial bearings atop the gate-

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posts, for all the gilt and silver on their coach and four, the ladies of Westover and the neighboring estates had their full share of human worries. The conventions of genteel portrait painting in the days of Lely and Kneller made the women look as if their faces were nothing more than masks, all cut from the same die. We get no hint whatever of personality from them, and can only wonder what they were like.

The consolations of the church may have been helpful here as in England, where a curate can always be depended upon to pass the tea and talk to the old ladies. But the parsons sent over to Maryland and Virginia livings were too often dispatched there to get them out of the country. In those days an English bishop thought that anything would do for mere colonials. In the time of the third William Byrd, for example, Westover church was presided over by a drunken, gambling scoundrel named Dunbar. He fought a duel over a bet on a horse race, and wounded his adversary. He also carried a challenge from a Benjamin Harrison at Berkeley to a Benjamin Harrison, his kinsman at Brandon. Incidentally, duels were very rare in eighteenth-century Virginia. He liked fomenting quarrels, being apparently as full of malice as he was of vices. It must have been edifying on Sunday morning to hear a sermon from this man, still unsteady and blear-eyed from a drunken spree the night before. Unfortunately, Dunbar was not an exceptional case. Bishop Meade, in his history of the Virginia churches, has many a tale to tell of the scandalous type of clergy that was foisted on the colony during the eighteenth century. That is the chief reason why the Presbyterians and Baptists and Methodists found a hearty response here, so that by the time of the Revo-

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lution more than half of the population of Virginia were dissenters.

It is a fascinating subject to try to recreate the life of the men and women in the days when Westover was young. Someone has still to write the novel that will make those fine ladies and gentlemen, with their slaves, their indentured white servants, their work and play, live again.

When one stops to consider what all these estates along the James suffered in war, first from the hands of Arnold, Phillips, and Cornwallis in 1781, and secondly from the invasion of Union armies and gunboats from 1862 to 1865, it is remarkable that any of their walls and roofs were left standing. This is particularly true when we realize how, after the Civil War, this entire section was left prostrate, and remained so as an aftermath of conquest and Reconstruction for two decades. Happily, in our own times each of these homes has come into the hands of those who have both the means and the taste to restore it to its pristine beauty. It may be added as a very prosaic note that in the last fifty years the chief menace to these old homes has been the modern heating system. At Shirley, for example, the paneling, chair boards, and cornices that had survived two centuries and two armed invasions unimpaired began to crack and pull apart under the hot, dry breath of a furnace newly installed as a "modern improvement."

Before leaving, we pause to let our eyes rest on Westover for a farewell look. The stately walls stand in such restful dignity. The ornament is concentrated on the doorways on either side. Each has its own beauty of classical design, but each differs from the other. The north door, the one we see through the



THE RIVER-FRONT ENTRANCE

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wrought-iron gates, is completely fashioned in stone. It is more beautiful in proportion and more exquisite in detail, but it is not nearly so famous as the south entrance. This has been called the best-known doorway in America. It is more massive, having overhead its heavy, broken, "serpentine" pediment in the baroque style, with its stone pineapple in the center. This pineapple was introduced over many doors because it signified hospitality, and that was a singularly appropriate symbol for Westover. Beyond these doorways all the rest of the structure is simple, the architect depending for his effect on the dignity of mass, line, and proportion. Who was the nameless architect, we wonder, who left this monument of his skill behind him?

The late afternoon sun throws alternate patches of fiery red and deep purple over the ancient brick. The whole expresses repose, refinement, stability. It is well to remember that from such homes as these were bred that brilliant generation of Americans to whom we owe our independence, the form of our government, and the guidance of the infant nation through the first stormy decades.

Oddly enough, it has never been fashionable to admire these Georgian mansions. Jefferson seemed to think they were awful beyond words, because he wrote of a plague of architecture in his native state. Yet it is hard to explain why, if he had such a dislike for this style, he should have built a Georgian house for himself. It will be remembered that he gave his opinion of the college buildings in Williamsburg by comparing them to brick kilns. During the nineteenth century one epidemic of bad taste after another swept over the land, leaving mansard roofs,

A DAY ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE JAMES

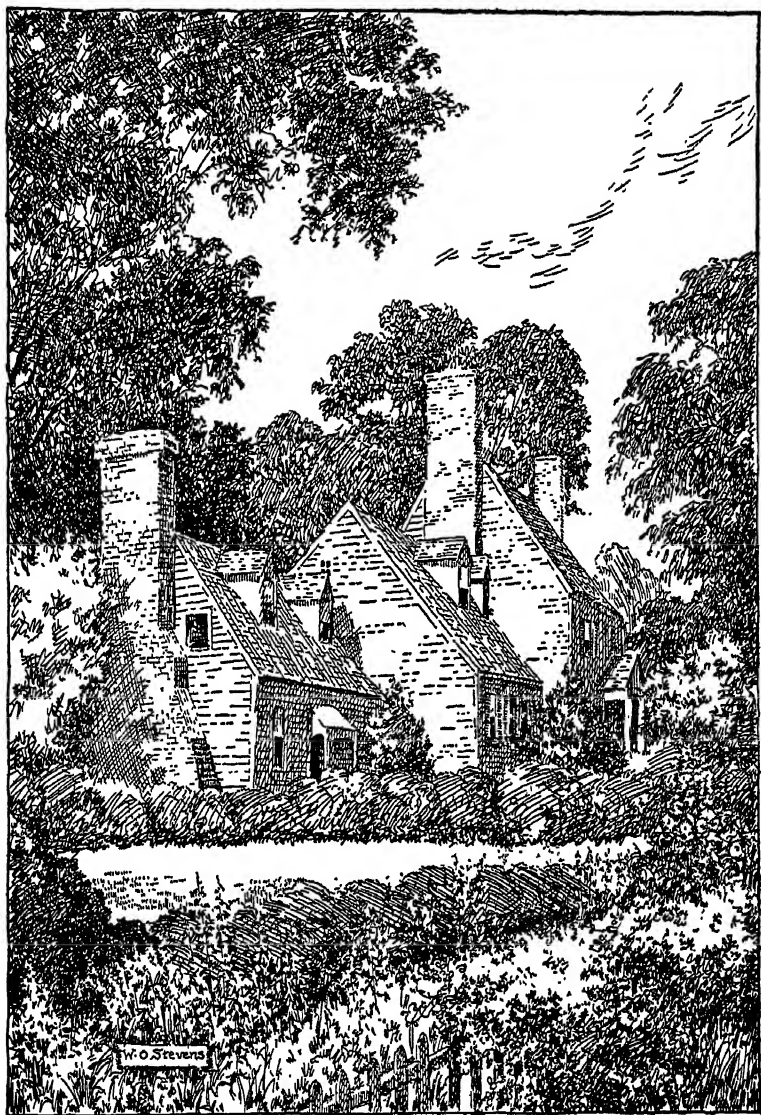
cupolas, turrets, jigsaw fringes, and what not. And now the architectural fashion has nothing but contempt for these relics of our colonial life, because they echo the classical note. We must needs live in houses that look like wash boilers, with horizontal windows curved round the corners and flat roofs adorned with metal rails. Nevertheless, it is just possible that fifty years hence these ultramodern dwellings are going to look even more ridiculous than the jigsaw monstrosities of 1880. But Carter's Grove, Shirley, and Westover on the James, and other similar mansions like Kenmore in Fredericksburg or the Hammond house in Annapolis, will still look serene, dignified, and beautiful as they have done for the better part of two centuries.

CHAPTER X

THE DRAB HUNDRED YEARS

ALTHOUGH the capital had been shifted from Williamsburg to Richmond in 1779, the decline of the city was almost imperceptible at first. As the Romans themselves were unaware that the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was going on under their noses, so the Williamsburgers were still content with their town even though the courts and legislatures had moved to the city at the falls of the James. The war activities of the years 1780 to 1781 furnished plenty of excitement, and except for Lord Cornwallis's brief sojourn, they provided gaiety for society and plenty of money for the tradespeople. When on May 1, 1783, peace was proclaimed, Williamsburg celebrated with a procession that was formed with "attendants in front, supporting two staffs decorated with ribbons," a Herald on a horse, "neatly caparisoned," a "Sergeant bearing the Mace," city officials, from Mayor to Common Council, and then plain citizens all scuffling along in the dust from one appointed place to another. At each pause the proclamation of peace was read, and all wound up at last to quench their thirst at the Raleigh Tavern.

After that the town lapsed into the calm of deepening obscurity. When the nineteenth century dawned, this calm had already become a sleep so profound as to be a coma. Anyone who was wide enough awake might note that the local mer-



THE ST. GEORGE TUCKER HOUSE

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chants, one after another, were closing their shops and following the legislature to Richmond. The keepers of taverns and ordinaries bewailed the lack of patrons, and were quitting business, too. But what of mere innkeepers and tradespeople? The local society was still famous for being "genteel." It was getting shabby, it was true, but, oh, so genteel!

Nor was the local mart of trade the only place affected by the shift to Richmond and the successful conclusion of the War of Independence. The college found itself on very short rations indeed. It had carried on more or less during the war, but now that independence was won it found itself with no more revenues coming from the Crown or the Church of England. It worried along on a hand-to-mouth basis by selling parcels of land out of the original royal grant. What salaries were paid to the President and faculty must have been meager at best.

The two architectural splendors of the town, the Palace and the Capitol, could no longer be pointed out with pride, for the first, while in use as a military hospital, in 1781, burned down and the Capitol was collapsing by degrees. Already, in 1794, the eastern half was pulled down and the brick sold to cover the cost of repairing the rest of it. Then, in 1832, that half was burned up, and the life story of the building was ended. It will be remembered that during the French occupancy in 1781 the President's house at the college also was the victim of fire. It does seem as if people were very careless about fire hazards in those days.

From 1812 to 1814 there was a brief stir due to "Mr. Madison's War." Militia companies were formed, and gentlemen had brilliant uniforms made for themselves as officers thereof. But

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the war went elsewhere. Chesapeake Bay, the Rappahannock, and the Potomac heard the guns of a British fleet, but not the James and the York. Williamsburg merely fluttered her eyelids for a moment and again all was still.

Another decade brought her into an hour of fame when Lafayette returning to America, as the guest of Congress and making a triumphal tour over the country, paid a reminiscent visit to Williamsburg and Yorktown. How the old gentleman withstood his travel on rough roads, followed by his daily diet of banquets and speeches, heaven only knows. But he stood up under the strain marvelously. At Williamsburg he was the guest of Mrs. Mary Monroe Peachy on Court House Green. This location is marked "53" on the official map and named the "Randolph-Peachy House." The same dwelling had entertained General Rochambeau in 1781 when it was in the possession of the widow of the famous Peyton Randolph. Of course, there was the inevitable banquet in Lafayette's honor at the Raleigh Tavern, where he listened with his unfailing courtesy to the florid eulogies of numerous orators, and doubtless responded with the same speech he had used everywhere else. Before the day of radio "hook-ups" and daily newspapers a distinguished visitor did not have to plan a new oration for every place where he was entertained.

By this time the town had slipped downhill a long way, having sunk to a mere village, living with much pride of ancestry, but without much hope for posterity. Apparently, as in any hamlet of its size in the country, the business enterprise of the community was centered in the combined General Store and Post Office. As a professor at the college wrote a friend, "It is

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a Book Seller Store in which you will find Hams and French Brandy: it is an Apothecary's shop in which you can provide yourself with black Silk Stockings and Shell Oysters: it is a Post Office in which you may have Glisters and chewing Tobacco." It had also the club advantages of the typical country store, for the same writer adds that the men met there "every afternoon to dispute about the Presidential Election and about the quality of Irish Potatoes." That seems like a far cry from the days of Lord Botetourt, of George Wythe, of Peyton Randolph, and of Patrick Henry.

At the same time, since many of the occupants were too poor to keep their homes in repair, the old houses that had seen brilliant entertainment in the seventeen-hundreds were now sagging drunkenly out of perpendicular or sinking into ruin, sans paint, sans shingles, sans everything.

In common with the rest of the country, especially the South, this era between the birth of the century and the Civil War was a time of intense seriousness. People took life solemnly. Eighteenth-century society had been gay, witty, and sophisticated. That of the next century was, for the most part, ponderous, dull, unsmiling. As Mark Twain observed, Sir Walter Scott's sentimentalizing of the Middle Ages took the South by storm. Oratory of the flamboyant, spread-eagle sort was listened to solemnly by the sons and daughters of men who would have laughed at it in 1775. As Walter Page put it, the South suffered grievously from "the oratorical habit of thought." Every gentleman was expected to have up his sleeve two orations ready for any occasion from a Sunday-school picnic to a state dinner, one on the "Glories of Virginia," and another on "Lovely Woman."

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Genteel females listened placidly to the praise of their sex, for among them had grown up the cult of the Belle. Every girl was carefully brought up to this by her mother. Every young man who danced with her or called at her house was a "suitor," regardless of his intentions. The damsel was supposed to flirt with every available male, and to be engaged to half a dozen young men at the same time, but to be so refined that she would never admit that she was going to marry anybody until about a fortnight before the ceremony when she went into seclusion. She was not seen abroad by mortal eye until she walked up the aisle on her father's arm.

Legends grew up around these belles. One Virginia beauty was so perfect of face that she never smiled for fear of making a wrinkle in her cheek. This, with other stories, was repeated in an awestricken tone for decades. One Williamsburg lady decided that with her beauty she would marry none but a peer, and placidly waited for some Duke or Earl to cross the Atlantic and cast his coronet at her feet. She was still, one might say, a "lady in waiting" when she died, but there's nothing like hitching your wagon to a Star and Garter. A neighbor of this belle, Miss Gibbie Galt, after reading *Paradise Lost* declared that she would marry no one unless he measured up to Milton's Satan. She, too, died still waiting. To pass the time she kept a school in her home for little Williamsburg boys and girls, some of whom may have reminded her of her Ideal before she was through with their education.

The cult of the Victorian Lady was closely connected with the cult of the Belle. One of the things Miss Gibbie's little girls learned was that a maiden's feet were stitched to the hem of

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her skirt. There were no such things as legs except on furniture, boys, and other animals. When a Queen of Spain was presented with some pairs of silk stockings by a loyal manufacturer of these articles, they were sent back to him with the observation, "The Queen of Spain has no legs." So the Virginia lady had no legs.

Once in what we call "the gay nineties" a popular belle committed an atrocious crime. On a summer evening when the mosquitoes were at their worst she lifted her skirt a few inches and scratched a bite on her ankle. From that time forth and forevermore she was damned as a "fast" woman. She is still living in single blessedness. Under the code a girl might be a feline compound of malice and a notorious purveyor of scandal; she might lie like a small-college catalogue; she might be a monster of selfishness, and she could still be a lady. But anyone who could lift the hem of her skirt two inches to scratch a maddening mosquito bite— Oh, the hussy!

In general, the belle of the Victorian era in Virginia was something like a guest towel, fair to look upon, and not for the common touch. Something might be said also of those bygone "suitors" that danced attendance on those belles, who never dared to address them by their first names, who sent them gilt-topped books of poetry (like *Lucille*) as "tokens of regard," adorned with elegant engravings, and who wrote them long, flowery letters. What silky side whiskers they wore, and how their trousers bagged at the knees! Ah, where, indeed, are the beaus of yesteryear?

There is a daguerreotype, now exhibited in the old "Publick Magazine," nicknamed the "Powder Horn," of somebody who,

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we are told, was "A Great Beauty and Belle of Williamsburg." (The label insists that she was both.) The dress is the hideous costume of the 1840's. Her hair is slicked down close to the skull by oil, also in the ugly fashion of the day. The lineaments seem pleasant, but not what one would call dazzling. On second thought, perhaps the young ladies of this present generation need not repine.

After sixty years of almost uninterrupted slumber Williamsburg was awakened by the thunder of war. When Virginia passed her ordinance of secession, automatically William and Mary closed its doors, for all the students and all the faculty from the President down went into the army. But it was a year after the firing on Sumter before the town heard the boom of artillery and saw the line of ambulances filled with men screaming in their agony, dripping blood as they lurched along Duke of Gloucester Street. From that time on, war was no glorious adventure. In 1862 Williamsburg lay on the direct line of march between Fortress Monroe and the capital of the Confederacy, and for the rest of the war she knew the tread of hostile armies, and the presence of the wounded, sick, and dying in her homes.

In the Yorktown story the Confederate General John Bankhead Magruder was seen holding back McClellan for a month and then making a successful evacuation. Before that happened, he had a second line of entrenchments and barricades thrown up between Yorktown and Williamsburg with a fort in the middle. To strengthen this defense General Joseph E. Johnston came from Richmond with reinforcements, leaving General Longstreet in command.

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Two days after the occupation of Yorktown the Union army advanced on Williamsburg and thus was fought the "Battle of Williamsburg." Of the Union army Hooker's division stood the brunt of the fighting against odds for five hours. The story is characteristic of the way the Union armies operated in the early days of the war. There was no concerted action. The other generals besides Hooker had their own plans of attack, with the result that there was no cooperation. While Hooker was in desperate need of help, other divisions were standing idle. Finally reinforcements arrived. The turning point seemed to be the charge by General Hancock's men before which the Confederate line broke. At night the Confederate army retired in good order toward Richmond. It seems that a number of Williamsburg citizens, having had no excitement for forty years, went out to see the battle as a sort of free circus with fireworks. It rained—that was a dreadfully wet spring in Virginia—and these citizens stood under umbrellas to watch the fighting. When the Confederates retreated, these sightseers got uncomfortably tangled up with the troops as similar spectators had done on the famous retreat from Bull Run the year before. From the historian's point of view this battle is highly satisfactory since both sides claimed the victory. Considering the number of men involved, the losses were not large, but they were heavy enough to fill the church, the college buildings, and homes with the horrors of battle. Whoever won the victory, the Union army occupied Williamsburg, much to the dismay of the citizens. Later, McClellan's drive at Richmond met a bloody setback in the Seven Days' Fighting. After this McClellan felt bound to retreat.

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Those were the days when military science had not developed as far as during the World War. In that conflict, whenever an army of the Allies took a severe beating from the Germans, the defeated army always—in the cable messages to America—“made a strategic retirement to previously prepared positions.” In other words, we were given to understand that the General intended to go back anyhow. In Civil War days armies retreated because they had been licked, and for three years Union armies did a great deal of this sort of thing until even the Northern newspapers made a joke of the slogan “On to Richmond.” After Malvern Hill McClellan fell back to Harrison’s Landing on the James to give his army a chance to recuperate.

The inhabitants of Williamsburg, with their sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers, all off to the front in the gray ranks, prayed for deliverance from the Yankee who had come down like the wolf on the fold and whose cohorts made themselves at home in their midst. Only for a few hours was their prayer granted when General Wise came galloping into town one day in September, 1862, with a force of Confederate cavalry. Catching the Union troops unprepared, he cleaned them out of town and captured the Yankee provost marshal. This officer was very unpopular with the citizens for what might be delicately described as his lack of tact. But in the evening of that very day, back the Federals came in force and it was General Wise’s turn to make a strategic retirement to previously prepared positions. But to the joy of Williamsburg he took the provost marshal with him. That was the last occasion for gladness in Williamsburg, because the Union army stayed put in the town for three long, dreary years until the war ended.

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The Yankee soldiers were so enraged at being drummed out of town by General Wise on that September day that when they returned some of them set the main college building on fire as a reprisal. This was as senseless a performance as all acts of reprisal usually are.



THE FORGE & WHEEL SHOP

In a *Williamsburg Scrap Book*, compiled by the Williamsburg Garden Club, there are a number of anecdotes of that period of military occupation. But they savor of such "small-beer" chronicles that by indirection we may guess that the hand of the enemy was not more severe than might have been expected. There are no stories of "atrocities." Indeed, the one incident that can be called an atrocity occurred with a Union officer as

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the victim. Lieutenant Disosway had made himself liked, despite his blue uniform, by his chivalry and consideration for the people of Williamsburg. One night when some of the soldiers had discovered some liquor, they became very disorderly and even threatening. The lieutenant went after them and ordered them back to their quarters. One soldier, too drunk to realize what he was doing, drew his pistol and killed the officer.

His funeral was made the occasion of a tribute from the people whom he had tried to protect, and the body was sent with messages of sympathy to his home. Long afterwards, at the time of the Jamestown celebration in 1907, two little old ladies came to Williamsburg. They were the sisters of Lieutenant Disosway who, after all the intervening years, had been able to fulfill their lifetime ambition to come to that Southern town which, in the midst of war, had sent messages of admiration for him and sympathy for his family.

There is another brighter anecdote of the war, and this is associated with Bassett Hall, the Williamsburg home now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller. A cadet at West Point, named John W. Lea, resigned to "go South" when Virginia seceded. He was in the Confederate army at the battle of Williamsburg and badly wounded then. A West Point classmate, recognizing him, offered to take care of him, but he preferred to accept the invitation extended to him by Mrs. Durfey, the mistress of Bassett Hall, where he stayed on parole. In the army of occupation another West Point classmate turned up who recognized Lea also and visited him as an old friend. This was Captain George A. Custer, in later years famous for "Custer's Last Stand." Incidentally, among the Brady photographs of the

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Civil War there is one of the young Union captain sitting on a cracker box with still another West Point classmate captured in this campaign, Lieutenant Washington. Apparently, a trifle like a mere war made no difference to men who had been friends and classmates at the Point. Custer did all he could for Lea. Months afterwards, when he came back to Williamsburg, he called to see how his friend was getting along and was delighted to find he had recovered. Not only that, but, in proper story-book fashion, Lea had fallen in love with Margaret, the daughter of Mrs. Durfey. For the wedding, which had been planned for the next week after Custer returned, Lea asked Custer to act as best man, and when he learned that his friend might be ordered away, the wedding was held the next day.

The ceremony that followed is described in a long letter written by Custer to his sister, a letter that is quoted in Schaff's *Spirit of Old West Point*. Lea, the bridegroom, was resplendent in a new gray uniform trimmed with gold lace. Custer, with a bridesmaid on his arm, was arrayed in his best uniform of blue. The bride and bridesmaids were dressed in white with wreaths of flowers in their hair. Custer says of them, "I never saw two prettier girls."

Indeed, it must have been a charming ceremony. Custer was not ordered away at once, but remained a guest in Bassett Hall for a fortnight after the wedding. During this time, Cousin Maggie, the bridesmaid, regaled the Yankee officer by playing and singing "Dixie," and "Maryland, My Maryland," and he took much banter from all sides about his being in the wrong army, but he seemed to enjoy it. Later, Lea was exchanged, and returned to his army for the rest of the war.

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The presence of an army of occupation did nothing to break the united front of Williamsburg citizens concerning the war. In 1776 there were not a few who were known to be Loyalists. Some fled the country, some joined the redcoats, and others grimly held their peace. But from 1861 to 1865 there seems to have been only one sentiment. From the campus of the college to the ruins of the Capitol at the other end of the town there was only one loyalty—the Confederacy.

The three years' encampment of the soldiers did not help much in a town that had been decaying for sixty years. They pulled down ramshackle old houses, long deserted, and used them for firewood. The remains of the Palace offices were used to furnish bricks for the chimneys erected in the cabins built for winter quarters. The Christopher Wren Building at the college was a blackened ruin. Duke of Gloucester Street was plowed deeply with the wheels of gun carriages, ambulances, supply wagons, and over all lay the mess and litter of three years of soldiers' encampment.

To the long-drawn humiliation of military occupation was added the bitterness of ultimate defeat. When the war was over, the surviving sons and brothers came back to Williamsburg, but there was little to find save the old home associations. Already a mere relic of the past when the war began, Williamsburg had nothing to look forward to when the war was ended. The only possession it had clung to when everything else had faded away was the college. In 1869 the Wren Building was repaired, and a brave effort was made to open the college again, but there was no money left in Virginia to pay tuition or professors' salaries. It was hard enough just to keep alive. After a

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desperate struggle the college again gave up the ghost.

In order to keep the charter the President, old Colonel Ewell, went through the formality of enrolling one student a year. Then he would come in from his farm, ride up to the campus, tie his horse to a tree and, climbing the steps of the Wren Building to the bell rope, give it several pulls. Mournfully the bell clanged to announce that the college was "in session." Then Colonel Ewell would go sadly down the steps and all was silence on William and Mary campus for another year. As a newspaper put it, "the college halls were left again to the bats and the echoes."

It is fitting that the story should pause for a moment to offer a tribute of respect to this gallant man. A West Point graduate of high standing in the class of 1832, he had left the army, and in the course of time (1854) had become President of William and Mary where he had taught mathematics for six years. Ewell was a strong Union man; he believed secession was not only folly but unconstitutional, yet when his state seceded he went with her wholeheartedly. All he had he put into Confederate bonds. Though fifty years old at the outbreak of the war he went into the army, helping Magruder on the Peninsula and later became Assistant Adjutant General to General Joseph E. Johnston, with the rank of Colonel.

After the war he counseled reconciliation between the two sections. He refused better pay elsewhere to return to William and Mary, organize a faculty, and try to carry on. That he could not raise the needed money in 1869 was not his fault. He poured what was left of his own fortune into the old college, of which only a trifle was ever repaid. During the seven

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years when William and Mary was left "to the bats and the echoes," he jealously guarded what remained of the college endowment. He refused to allow the institution to be removed to Richmond. No doubt he felt as if he had been a failure when he laid down his task, but William and Mary has good reason to do him honor. A little bricked-in lot, sheltered by a tree, is where Colonel Ewell rests now from his labors, and it is where it should be, in the heart of William and Mary campus.

In 1888, after the college had been deserted for seven years, another attempt was made to begin anew. The total endowment at this time was thirty thousand dollars. There were five buildings badly run down, and a weedy, unkempt campus of twenty acres. The town was as dead as Pompeii. But there was still a great tradition and there were those, as Webster said of Dartmouth, who loved it. A new President was chosen, Dr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler, son of President John Tyler, the same who as a small boy at Sherwood Forest had witnessed the looting of his own home by the Union soldiers, and had sat on the fence singing "Dixie" in defiance of them.

For this new beginning the Virginia legislature came to the rescue with the grant of an annual appropriation. Five years later Congress passed an act to pay back the old college for some of the losses it had suffered by the military occupation. The institution opened with five professors and a president who taught also. It had a desperate fight to keep going until, in 1906, it was transferred to the state. Thus there was one trembling little spark of life amid the encircling gloom of Williamsburg.

About the time that the college was brought back to a pre-

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carious existence, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad came to Williamsburg, a reminder of the outside world of hustle. But the contemporary scene had no interest for the citizens of the ancient capital. Scoffers from the outer limbo used to ask why the railroad should come to Williamsburg, since there was no



COTTAGE ON PALACE GREEN, THE REAR

earthly reason why anyone should want to go there, and no one there had money enough to buy a ticket to get away. Nevertheless, the C & O rumbled by, giving its daily toot to try to wake up Williamsburg, all in a friendly spirit but also all in vain. Some of the older inhabitants say that they can remember when the railroad even laid its ties on the sacred dust of Duke of Gloucester Street, though that seems incredible. Nowadays,

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under the persuasion of Mr. Rockefeller, it has moved afar off, well behind the garden of the reconstructed Governor's Palace, where the trains can be heard, but cannot offend the eye or nose with unseemly and uncolonial habits.

The nineteenth century stepped out and the twentieth century came in, but there was no change in Williamsburg. Rip Van Winkle's slumber was a mere forty winks beside the deep and dreamless sleep of this village. Newspapermen in Richmond would look up the word "sleep" in the index of a quotation book and, when there was not much to fill space with, would turn out a solemn disquisition on Williamsburg's trance, plentifully adorned with gems of prose and poetry. It was said by travelers from this antique land that the old men sitting on the veranda of the City Hotel were, chairs and all, covered with cobwebs. Since no one had any use for time, when the sexton pulled the Bruton Church bell one Friday morning, thinking it must be Sunday, the rector and the congregation dutifully responded and the services were held. And the veracious stranger who was present at this unexpected Sabbath reported that all the ladies came in hoop skirts, and the little girls wore pantallettes. The rector offered prayers for "the President of the Confederate States of America, and all others in authority." But that story may be a calumnious fabrication.

So Williamsburg, without even turning over in her sleep, entered the twentieth century. In 1912, to the immense delight of the newspaper fraternity, there was an election day at Williamsburg which everyone forgot, as quoted in the *Williamsburg Scrap Book*. According to the *Richmond Times Dispatch* "the clerk forgot to wake the electoral board, the electoral board

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could not arouse itself long enough to have the ballots printed, the candidates forgot they were running [no one ever "ran" in Williamsburg], and the voters forgot that they were alive." This editorial from which these words were taken was entitled "The Lotus-Lidded Williamsburg."

The following year the same newspaper published another editorial on the "Lotus-burgers" based on another item of news. It seems that a municipal official had enjoyed for some time the princely emolument of fifty dollars a year for winding the clock in the Bruton spire and keeping it clean. But the City Council decided that the town was too poor to pay for this luxury. This inspired the editor to a long and eloquent commentary. "They," he exclaimed, referring to the citizens of the "Lotus-Lidded" village, "have seized on eternity and bound it captive. . . . Time has always worried Williamsburg. The people didn't know what to do with it. There was so much of it, it was so persistent. They tried abolishing the calendar, but time kept up. Now they will kill time by stopping the clock." And so on for a whole page of spoofing. It was very disrespectful, but what did Williamsburg care? She slept on serene and untroubled for nearly two decades of the present century.

It had been a hundred years and more of increasing poverty, drabness and decay. That other capital near by, Annapolis, also founded by Governor Nicholson just before Williamsburg, had a similar period of depression after its period of glory in the eighteenth century when it was the "Athens of America." But the town on the Severn was permitted to remain the capital of the state as Williamsburg was not, and, in the days of deepest gloom, a national school, the Naval Academy, was established

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there which gave the town sustenance and hope for the future. Poor Williamsburg was not only deprived of the capital but given nothing to take its place.

Like another venerable American town, Nantucket, in its period of decline it had a strongly feminine character, for every male with any gumption went away to find something to do. But Williamsburg never had the bluestocking tradition of that old whaling port. It produced no Maria Mitchell, no Lucretia Mott. Indeed, the ladies of Williamsburg would probably have sniffed at these Quaker persons. Nor was there any local poetess of renown such as flourished in the seventies and eighties bombarding with their verses the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, no Celia Thaxter, no Lucy Larcom, not even such a bard as Julia E. More, whom Mark Twain delighted to call "The Sweet Singer of Michigan." Mr. Clemens's favorite passage was the conclusion to her book of poems, "L'Envoye":

"And now dear friends
What I have wrote
I hope you will pass o'er
And not criticize as others have did
Hitherto heretofore."

(Ah, what writer approaching his last chapter has not felt his heart throb to that plaintive string?) A few ladies sent effusions to the *Southern Literary Messenger* or the *Williamsburg Gazette*, but on the whole the inhabitants of Williamsburg twanged no lyre, but stuck to their knitting, content with their way of life, their friends, and their books.

The more one reads of the nineteenth century in America the more drab and ugly it appears on the external side. Photo-

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graphs almost anywhere, but especially in the South, show the absence of civic pride, of untidiness which found a fitting background for the ugliest clothes, furniture, and houses in the history of the world. A picture taken in Annapolis, for example, in 1890, shows that the street bearing the high-sounding title of "King George Street" was then a mere uneven dirt thoroughfare without sidewalks. As for Duke of Gloucester Street in Williamsburg in the nineteen-tens, it was a dismal track of dust ankle-deep, or mud much deeper, with a more or less grassy plot between, in which was stuck a long row of telegraph poles. On each side were abominable frame shops with false fronts. Nobody cared.

Into this muddy backwater of Lethe all of a sudden a cobblestone was dropped, which made a resounding splash and stirred the ripples. This was our entry into the World War. The situation of Williamsburg was still, as it had always been, a point of strategic importance between the two great riverways leading to the ocean.

As in 1862 the peninsula became a scene of feverish activity both for the concentration of troops for debarkation and for the manufacture and storage of military supplies. Near Williamsburg, all of a sudden, the munitions-making town of "Penniman" sprang up overnight, growing to a size of fifteen thousand inhabitants. For this Williamsburg became the base of supplies, and suddenly prosperity came to the old place. Concrete was poured along Duke of Gloucester Street. Shacks and shops and filling stations sprang up on every side to catch the dollars that dropped from a government employee's hands, or shall we say the pennies from Penniman? But these things

THE DRAB HUNDRED YEARS

made the aspect of Williamsburg only the worse, for to sheer ugliness was added a raw, jerry-built newness that consorted ill with Bruton Church, the Wren Building, and the St. George Tucker House. Then with the close of the war in 1919 the town of Penniman disappeared like April snow, leaving Williamsburg a collection of ugly shacks and blasted dreams of affluence.

Williamsburg has been singularly the victim of war. The Revolution took from her the seat of government and the chief reason for existence. The Civil War made her a prisoner for three years and left her destitute and hopeless in the end. Then the World War brought bane rather than blessing and left her to struggle disfigured and unhappy. With such a history Williamsburg should be the site of the Peace Palace or at least the regular place of assembly for the pacifists of America. The only difficulty is that in spite of this record the tradition of the families who have always lived in Williamsburg is that of the sword and musket on the wall, for their men have always been soldiers when the drums began to beat. They are Virginians.

So the stage was set for the great Transformation Act for which the present-day Williamsburg is famous. This was the state of the town when Dr. Goodwin made his memorable address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in New York. Dr. Goodwin had come to Bruton Parish in 1903, and mindful of the historical importance of the church had raised money and restored it four years later to most of its former aspect before the desecration of 1839 had been inflicted. Dr. Goodwin went elsewhere for a space of years but returned to become the rector of Bruton again. In 1926 he acquired the historic Wythe House,

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making it the Parish House. The following year Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., came to William and Mary to attend the dedication of the hall which is a memorial to the founders of Phi Beta Kappa. And it was in that year, 1927, that Mr. Rockefeller decided to give his financial support to Dr. Goodwin's plan of restoring Williamsburg, a plan defined as "an endeavor to restore accurately and to preserve for all time the most significant portions of an historic and important city of America's colonial period." At last, the long, dark age was over and the renaissance of the classic Williamsburg was begun.

CHAPTER XI

THE BUILDINGS OF THE WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION

HAVING in the preceding chapters painted in imagination the historical background for the restored Williamsburg, we may now see these buildings in their proper setting, their relation to American history and particularly to the history of Virginia. Officially the restoration work as planned for "Area A" in Williamsburg is now complete, but the slower process of assimilation and change for the buildings and properties in the other area lying outside will go on until all of what was old Williamsburg will be brought into the scheme. Many of the restored buildings are still privately owned and occupied, but there are now five exhibition buildings open to the visitor, and there we shall now bend our steps.

As noted earlier, for the convenience of sight-seeing, and ultimate economy as well, the authorities offer a block ticket for one dollar and a half with coupons that admit us to each of these five buildings. The coupons are good for a period of one week, so that, if the traveler has the leisure, he need not attempt to crowd all his visiting into one day. The stranger will find that trying to do this leaves him with weary eyes and feet and a jumbled memory of pewter, Chippendale, old prints, silver and what not, in the midst of which is the well-bred murmur of hostesses chanting their story. It is an all-too-familiar scene in a Williamsburg inn "parlor" at the end of a summer's day to

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

discover moist and weary travelers, like Milton's fallen angels, "with looks downcast and damp," overcome by more "atmosphere" than they can readily assimilate.

In order to buy the excursion ticket one repairs to the Restoration Headquarters at the Craft House, which stands at the



TOO MUCH "ATMOSPHERE"

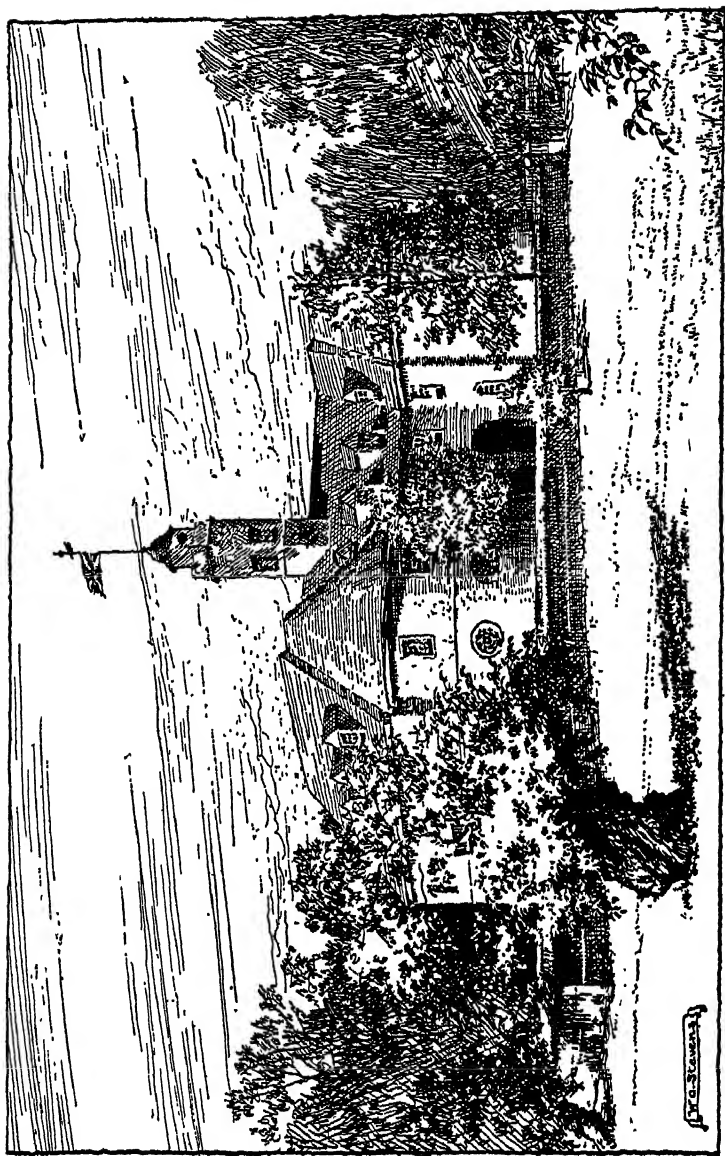
elbow of the new Williamsburg Inn. Returning to the Duke of Gloucester Street at about the center of the town one may begin at the little Court House. This is one of the restorations. It is noticeable for its curious, jutting porch, which has no visible means of support. In this building one may browse about among the archeological exhibits. Spades brought to light forty tons of relics of colonial Williamsburg which were of utmost value in much of this reconstruction. There are also photo-

BUILDINGS OF THE WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION

graphs, showing restoration work at various stages.

One may take these exhibition places in any order he pleases, but the official recommendation is that we should begin with the Capitol and work along Duke of Gloucester Street to the Palace. It would be superfluous to describe in any detail the buildings to be visited, because the guidebook given with the ticket of admission is so complete in its story. But it may not be amiss to call attention to some of the salient features on the one hand, and on the other to mention special details in danger of being overlooked.

The Capitol is one of these two major works of reconstruction here in Williamsburg, the other being the Governor's Palace. The latter, except for the cupola, bears a strong family resemblance to other mansions of its period which we have seen, such as Westover and Carter's Grove, but the Capitol looks like nothing that has survived from colonial times. There were two of these Virginia Statehouses here in the eighteenth century. The first was completed in 1705. Governor Nicholson, who didn't exactly shrink from self-advertising, as we may remember, ordered his own coat of arms to be painted on the cupola. But the following year, when that blustering official had been recalled, the General Assembly of Virginia voted to have Queen Anne's arms painted on the front of the "cupolo" instead. On account of the disastrous experience by fire of the government buildings in Jamestown, the Capitol was erected with no provision for heating, and with strict regulations to forbid smoking or the use of candles. Fortunately, for the colonial officials, the sessions of legislature and courts took place during the mild seasons of October and April. But it is true that sometimes the



THE CAPITOL

W. C. CLEMENT

BUILDINGS OF THE WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION

October session dragged on into winter weather. The Secretary of the Colony complained that the records were in grave danger of ruin from the dampness, and as a result chimneys and fireplaces were added. This was in the year 1723. At the same time the thrifty Burgesses told the Secretary that he would have to furnish his own fuel. Whether the ban against smoking was lifted is not clear, but, in February, 1747, the building was burned down, leaving nothing but the brick walls. The following year, by a close vote, for many Burgesses even then thought that the seat of government should be moved elsewhere, the Capitol was ordered rebuilt. In this process a number of alterations were made on the original plan, and the result was not too successful. But this Capitol is the one that has the chief historical associations. It was in this second building that Major Washington was thanked for his services, and where all the exciting events took place leading to the Declaration of Independence. In spite of these later associations—notably the “Caesar-Brutus” speech of the fervid Patrick Henry—the Restoration authorities chose to reproduce the earlier building. This was for two reasons, first, that earlier capitol was in its day the finest building in America—as the second certainly was not. And the other reason is that for that first building there was available a complete record of the details of its construction and furnishing, while those of the second building were scanty. Accordingly, what the visitor sees today is a replica of what was the architectural pride of the colonies in the year 1705. Even in 1724 the Reverend Professor Hugh Jones of the college, whom we have had occasion to quote elsewhere, wrote: “The Cause of my being so particular in describing the Capitol

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is, because it is the best and most commodious Pile of its Kind that I have seen or heard of." Not bad from an Englishman in America!

At the center of what is called the "piazzza," in the central archway, is an iron-railed circular space in which formerly stood the statue of Lord Botetourt. Of course, the good Baron stands there no longer, but, if one were to be meticulous about the matter of anachronisms, that railed inclosure would not be there either, for of course the building that burned down in 1747 was not the one adorned by his lordship's statue.

Entering the Capitol the visitor is greeted by a hostess in her costume of 1748 or thereabouts, so wide of beam with her side hoops that one speculates on how she gets through a doorway until one sees her deftly hoist the hoops, port and starboard, to make the passage.

This particular phase of eighteenth-century costume is not graceful, but, as explained in an earlier chapter, it was selected so as to avoid the elaborate headdressing which went with later eighteenth-century styles. Anything for the hair seems to be acceptable with this dress, except, of course, short hair, which in any period of the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries would have been a major scandal. The same may be said of lipstick and vermilion fingernails, but far be it from us to imply that any hostess is guilty of these anachronisms.

We shall meet these impressive ladies in all but one of the exhibition buildings. They shepherd us into convenient groups, tell us their story, sweetly and patiently, like kindergarten teachers, and see to it that no one lingers too long over any particular item. They are distinguished for many pleasant qual-

BUILDINGS OF THE WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION

ities, but one that marks them as different from all other guides at historical shrines on this planet is that at the end of the route their hands are not extended for a quarter, franc, a lira, a mark, or a shilling.

They must get very tired of saying the same things over and over. "Day unto day uttereth speech." But they are never in the same building two days in succession and they do adjust their discourse to the group in tow. And their patience must be sorely tried by notable examples of the Great American Moron. It is whispered that one of their afflictions is that they are kept so busy by sight-seers that they have no opportunity to enjoy a smoke, and that at the least lull in the onrush, certain of these grande dames whisk down into the basement of their building where they permit themselves the luxury, and shocking anachronism, of a cigarette. But, tut-tut, let us not stoop to gossip. Let us, rather, meekly follow our Shepherdess and listen to what she has to tell us of the Capitol.

Of all the treasures on view the finest are the portraits. Two of them have been lent by Mr. Preston Davie of New York for exhibition in the Capitol, one of King William, painted by Sir Peter Lely, and one of his consort Queen Mary, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. It is particularly fortunate that a capitol built during the reign of these monarchs should, in its reconstruction, be able to hang portraits, painted from life, by these two famous artists. The prize of all, however, is the full-length portrait of Washington by Charles Willson Peale. This hangs in the office of the Clerk of the House of Burgesses, opposite the door. It was, of all the numerous portraits made by him, the one that the Father of His Country liked the best. It was painted before

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he became an old man, and while he still had his teeth. This he gave to a good friend, a Carter of Shirley on the James. It, in short, is the portrait mentioned in our sketch of Shirley, the one which Mr. Rockefeller acquired, in order that it might hang where the whole nation could see it. Here is the greatest of all our national figures as he would like to be remembered.

The one scene connected with the Williamsburg Capitol which is best remembered is that debate on May 29, 1765, over the Stamp Act, made memorable by Patrick Henry. The discussion took place in the House of Burgesses, and the present reconstruction of the large west room on the ground floor is probably a good picture of the chamber as it looked in 1765. The Speaker's chair is the original one of that occasion, having been lent to "Colonial Williamsburg" by the Commonwealth of Virginia. It was carried to Richmond in 1779 and so escaped the general destruction of the old Capitol.

For a description of the famous scene with its oratorical climax, let us turn to the biographer of Patrick Henry, William Wirt, whose own style has all the swelling pomp of the old-time eloquence, quite appropriate to the occasion. In the House of Burgesses Henry was the leader of the radicals. He had introduced five resolutions in condemnation of the Stamp Act. The fifth was a flat denial of the right of any but the Assembly of Virginia to lay taxes on the people of the colony, and it was this resolution that caused the greatest excitement. Let William Wirt go on with the story:

The cords of argument with which his adversaries frequently flattered themselves that they had bound him fast, became pack threads in his hands. He burst them with as much ease as the unshorn Samson

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did the bands of the Philistines. He seized the pillars of the temple, shook them terribly and seemed to threaten his opponents with ruin. It was an incessant storm of lightning and thunder which struck them aghast. The faint-hearted gathered courage from his countenance, and cowards became heroes while they gazed on his exploits.

It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, while he was descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, that he exclaimed in a voice of thunder and with the look of a god, "Caesar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third ('Treason!' cried the Speaker—"Treason, treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant, but rising to a loftier attitude and fixing on the Speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the most determined emphasis)—*may profit by their example*. If *this* be treason make the most of it."

After the comment made by Thomas Jefferson on this biography of Patrick Henry, already quoted in connection with the story of Washington receiving the thanks of the Burgesses, it is only fair to add that in a footnote to this Patrick Henry anecdote Wirt informs the reader that, in order to be sure that he had the facts, he submitted this story to Thomas Jefferson, who had been a witness of the scene. Jefferson reported that it all had happened exactly as Wirt narrated it.

Patrick Henry's bold eloquence carried that fifth resolution through the House by just one vote, but the following day it was ordered expunged from the record. Probably when the Burgesses read those defiant words in the cold light of another day they felt that the resolution *did* smack of treason and that the British government might be inclined to "make the most of it."

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From the Capitol, following our instructions, we turn down the lane that leads to the north of the building and pay our respects to the "Public Gaol." That English spelling is a torment to the typesetter and the proofreader in these parts. Even in 1734 the clerk of the Assembly spelled it "goal," and so it appears once in capitals, even in the careful pages of *A Brief and True Report for the Traveller Concerning Williamsburg, in Virginia*, that delightful publication in eighteenth-century dress issued by Colonial Williamsburg. Half the travelers who read the word in their guidebooks can be counted on to pronounce it "goal." Our pamphlet says that the word "is traceable to the term 'Gayhole' applied to English prisons of the thirteenth century." One can understand the second half as applicable, but the first syllable must have been ironic at least.

Since the General Court held its sessions in the Capitol, it required the presence near by of a prison where those awaiting trial could be kept safe and where others should be confined for their crimes or at least until such time as they were taken out to be hanged. This jail underwent various changes in the course of two hundred and twenty-five years, but when the reconstruction work was begun there were still parts of the old walls and rooms left as well as the foundations.

To keep it parallel in point of time with the Capitol the "gaol" was reconstructed to conform to the building as it stood before the changes made in 1773.

It was from this place of detention that thirteen of Blackbeard's followers were brought for trial, and from which they were taken out to be hanged. Hither, also, many years later, was conveyed Henry Hamilton, British governor of the North-

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west Territory, who had been taken unawares at Fort Vincennes by George Rogers Clark. Because His Excellency was notorious for having offered the Indians a bounty for every colonial scalp brought in, he bore the nickname of "Hair-Buyer," and was not what one would call popular among the rebels. Here Governor Hamilton languished from June, 1779, to July, 1780, when he was removed elsewhere for fear he might be rescued by Cornwallis. It is doubtful if the Governor was made comfortable. In fact, he makes sarcastic remarks about his quarters and his company in the pages of his journal.

But however unpleasant that "gaol" may have been, it could bear no comparison to the horrors of the British prison ship *Jersey* of those same years in New York harbor. And the more one reads about the prisons of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the more one comes to the conclusion that this "gaol" at Williamsburg was a better place for its purpose than most other prisons in any land of that period. The Reverend Hugh Jones described it in his day as a "strong, sweet prison." That second adjective is hardly the one the reader would select, but that use of the word goes back to a time when it often meant merely "suitable."

There was another class of prisoners not to be confused with the felons, since they were there because of reverses of fortune rather than for criminal acts. These were the debtors, and their treatment was much more considerate. For example, they had a fireplace in their quarters, whereas the criminals were free to die of pneumonia. But our friend Parson Jones says that imprisonment for debt was very rare because in Virginia the laws were "so favorable for Debtors that some esteem them too in-

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dulgent." Apparently he had no difficulty in meeting *his* bills, and did not feel much sympathy for those who could not.

There is another little brick prison for debtors standing on the Court House Green (number 14 on the map) which suggests that despite Mr. Jones's statement there may have been a good many who were incarcerated for debt after all. This was a "poor debtors' prison" for James City County, and it was used "on sufferance" by the city of Williamsburg for the same purpose. This is now the local headquarters for the D.A.R.

Of course, one will note the restored pillory and stocks outside the jail, but there is no whipping post. This last was an important and probably efficacious deterrent to misdemeanors in some of the colonies. There is also no gallows. Evidently, the hangings and brandings took place in a spot well out of the village. But to return to the stocks, if the present edge of the board on which the victim sat is authentic, then sitting in the stocks must have been a form of torture.

Contrary to the practice elsewhere in the exhibition buildings, our guides here are men. These are dressed to represent the "gaolers" of the period. Those black three-cornered hats worn over wigs look exceedingly hot and heavy for a Williamsburg summer's day, but in warm weather these gaolers are under no necessity of wearing coat or waistcoat. It is said that it was no mean problem of research to ascertain just what sort of clothes gaolers wore in 1740. The prints and paintings of that age dealt with ladies and gentlemen almost exclusively.

The Hogarth engravings in—shall we say—the reception room of the keeper are there because a description of the place records that the Gaoler had a dozen prints tacked to the walls

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of this room. Evidently, despite his cruel duty, he had a feeling for the fine arts. The prodigious locks on the door of his bedroom upstairs suggest the constant fear that a desperate rogue might break from his cell and murder him in his sleep.



YE GAOLER

On leaving the gaol to regain Duke of Gloucester Street be sure not to miss a glance at least at one of the most attractive of the colonial dwellings in Williamsburg, snuggled down in the midst of flowering shrubs, with a fine example of an eighteenth-century formal garden in the rear. It is no. 57 on

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

the guide map, the Coke-Garrett House. This has been restored, but though it is still privately occupied it may be admired from the other side of the fence.

Up Duke of Gloucester Street for a short walk and we arrive at our next port of call, the Raleigh Tavern. There is no missing this, for a signboard hangs out over the sidewalk bearing a fine likeness of the great Sir Walter. By the way, what sign painter in Williamsburg in the eighteenth century could have painted a portrait as admirable in drawing and color? The original tavern is said to have had a bust of Raleigh in lead above the door and that, too, has been reproduced.

Williamsburg as the colonial capital was naturally a place where "inns," "ordinaries," and "taverns" flourished. In Virginia the distinction between these terms was never clearly held. It is said, however, that at an ordinary one paid a fixed price for food, drink, and lodging, but that at an inn, as at a French hotel today, the patron was charged as much as the innkeeper could extort. Just how a tavern differed from the other two is a cloudy point also. The new corporation invested with the task of keeping guests housed and fed in Williamsburg is called "The Williamsburg Taverns and Ordinaries," a term that leaves inn out of account. However, in practice there was probably little difference between the conduct of inns, ordinaries, and taverns in eighteenth-century Virginia. And the Raleigh, the most famous and long-lived of all, was always known as a tavern.

For a hundred and fifty years this place of entertainment flourished, the most celebrated tavern in Virginia even in the declining years of Williamsburg's fortunes. Henry Wetherburn,

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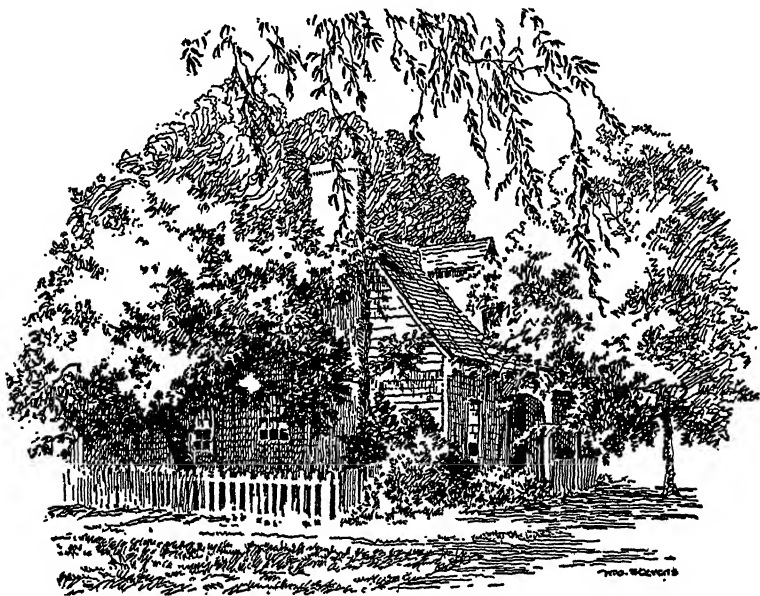
the first keeper we have a record of, made his name ring through the nasal trump of fame as the inventor of an "arrack punch." So potent and beguiling was this concoction that one William Randolph of Tuckahoe sold two hundred acres of land to the father of Thomas Jefferson for the price of "Henry Wetherburn's biggest bowl of Arrack punch."

From decade to decade the original building was added to until the peak of the tavern's size and prosperity was reached in the stirring years between the passage of the Stamp Act and the Declaration of Independence. Because of its importance as a place of resort for people of wealth, all the areas in front on the street and the sidewalk, and in the neighboring properties, were at a premium for doing business. Shops snuggled as close as they could alongside. Auctioneers bawled for bids, horse traders besought attention to their stock, peddlers went in and out among the crowds crying their wares, and pickpockets were there too, but more silent. In short, the Raleigh was the business center of the colonial capital as well as its leading hotel.

The chief place of interest to the visitor in this restoration is the Apollo Room. Following the old English custom, the Raleigh gave fanciful names to its principal rooms, the "Apollo," and the "Daphne." The compiler of the official guide-book suggests that the name Apollo was taken from the room in the Devil's Tavern, London, which was the favorite haunt of Raleigh. And the old motto over the mantel of that room, "Hilaritas Sapientiae et Bonae Vitae Proles"—"Jollity is the child of wisdom and good living"—adorns the Apollo Room here. The Apollo Room was the grandest place in all the

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colony for varied entertainments, especially balls and dinners. Official celebrations of all sorts were held as a matter of course at the Raleigh. Not only did the Judges, Burgesses, and the lawyers hold their informal debates at this tavern, but mer-



THE "QUARTER"

chants, travelers, William and Mary students as well. It is generally believed that it was in the Apollo Room that the William and Mary boys founded the society of the Phi Beta Kappa, which has been one of the few mainstays of scholarship in these United States. Those boys were probably very young. Even in his day John Tyler was sent to the college at twelve,

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and he graduated at seventeen. It was more like a preparatory school, a "college" in the English sense of "Eton College" and "Winchester College." It is interesting to note that these boys in their teens should have chosen for their new society the two mottoes which are represented by the initials on the two faces of the present Phi Beta Kappa watch key, one in Greek and the other in Latin: "Philosophy the Guide of Life," and "Knowledge First." Those young men seem to have had the quaint idea that a college was primarily a place for the cultivation of the intellect. In spite of the fact that this idea has long since been outmoded in American education, there is a fine new memorial building on William and Mary campus in their honor, for there are those even today who believe that these boys were not so far wrong.

The time of the greatest importance of the Raleigh Tavern coincided with the period when royal governors and Virginians were so at odds on public questions that debates and caucuses which would ordinarily be held in the Capitol were transferred to the Raleigh for greater freedom and safety. They could say anything there as loudly as they pleased. In that same Apollo Room the Burgesses assembled in 1769 after the House had been dissolved for its rebellious conduct in protesting the British Revenue Act, and there they went a step further and passed a nonimportation agreement. Thomas Jefferson tells of a seditious conclave in the same room in 1773, which he aided and abetted, to the end that united action might be assured against the Tory Ministry. The next year the House of Burgesses, being again dissolved for protesting against the closing of the port of Boston, in the Apollo Room passed more nonimportation

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agreements. Another meeting here issued a call for a general Continental Congress to meet at Philadelphia.

Through the Revolution and long afterwards the old Raleigh continued to do business as the chief hostelry in Williamsburg even after it ceased to be the chief one in Virginia. After the Revolution naturally the business slid downhill steadily, but it did not surrender. In 1824 the Apollo Room saw a brilliant dinner in honor of Lafayette, already noted. This was presided over by Colonel Burwell Bassett, a nephew of Martha Washington, in the presence of the Governor of the State and his Council, Senator John C. Calhoun, and Chief Justice Marshall. In 1859 there was another dinner given in the Apollo Room by the ladies of Williamsburg to the "alumni and invited guests" of William and Mary College. This occasion was graced by the presence of not only the Governor of Virginia, but also of ex-President John Tyler who made an appropriate speech, but in the course of the dinner suffered a grievous blow on the head from a champagne bottle when two negro waiters collided. In December of that same year, like so many other buildings in Williamsburg history, the Raleigh Tavern caught fire and burned to the ground. And it did not rise from the ashes until in response to the magic wand of the Restoration.

As the sight-seer enters the Raleigh and wanders about through the "Parlour," "Bar," "Gaming Room," "Dining Room," not to mention the "Apollo" and the "Daphne," he is increasingly impressed by the extent and the richness of these rooms. The modest front of the Tavern on Duke of Gloucester Street does not prepare one for the size of the ground floor as it extends through the long "ell" that stretches out in the rear.

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And still more is one struck by the luxuriousness of the furnishings. Most of us have the idea that a colonial tavern was a pretty rough place of entertainment, long on fleas, liquor, and tobacco juice, and short on comforts and adornments. But the Raleigh Tavern even for today wears an air of luxury. To make this restoration authentic, the architects were able to use two full inventories left by two different innkeepers of the eighteenth century. So conscientiously has this restoration work been done that even the nails in the floor are hand-wrought as they were in the original structure.

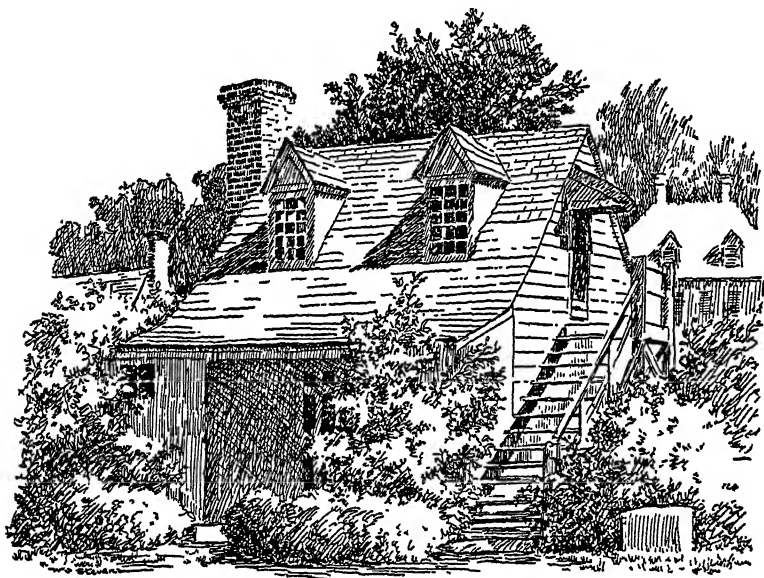
No doubt the Raleigh advertised that it catered to the "most genteel trade," but it is said of the Charlton Inn which stood directly opposite (number 20 on the map) that while much smaller than the Raleigh at one time it enjoyed "the most exclusive patronage," as a realtor would put it today, and charged accordingly. There is evidence from travelers that the Raleigh was no mean amateur either when it came to making out the bill.

As we leave the Raleigh Tavern we may recall Benson Lossing's comment on seeing the ancient Apollo Room just about to fall a prey to "remodeling." Luckily, he says, he was able to sketch the original just in time. "Had my visit been deferred a day longer, the style of the room could never have been portrayed. . . . The sound of the hammer and saw . . . seemed to me actual desecration; for the Raleigh Tavern and the Apollo Room are to Virginia relatively what Faneuil Hall is to Massachusetts."

While on the subject of inns and ordinaries it may be worth while noting that there is another hostelry up the street (num-

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

ber 13 on the map), the Market Square Tavern, which, while not so famous as the Raleigh was longer lived. It became a tavern in the decade before the Revolution and through wars and disasters it kept on as a tavern right up to the time it was



STABLE, MARKET SQUARE TAVERN

taken over by the Williamsburg Restoration. And under that magic touch it shines now in renewed splendor, still serving the traveler to Williamsburg. It would be interesting to know what other inn has been so long in service.

Proceeding two blocks from the Raleigh Tavern, across Bouteourt and Colonial streets, to the corner of the Court House Green, we pause at the "Ludwell-Paradise House," which is the

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fourth of the exhibition buildings. This is a plain brick dwelling standing on the sidewalk with a double flight of steps to a central door. We learn from the guidebook that this is architecturally "unique" because it represents a transition from the simple seventeenth-century dwelling to the highly developed town house of the eighteenth century. The Ludwell part of the name comes from the brave colonel who married the relict of Governor Sir William Berkeley, whom we have met before. It will be remembered that Mrs. Ludwell insisted on being known for the rest of her life and in death as "Lady Berkeley," and thus, as we have seen, it reads on her tombstone in Jamestown churchyard. One's heart bleeds to think what life must have been for Mr. Ludwell as the third husband of that lady.

The "Paradise" part comes from a certain John Paradise of London who married Lucy Ludwell of Williamsburg, granddaughter of the first owner of this house. He was a friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the literary arbiter of his day. When, because of his English sentiments, the rebels confiscated his house, Dr. Johnson referred to it as "Paradise Loss," which was his idea of a merry quip.

Mrs. Paradise was, to put it mildly, eccentric. For instance, she scandalized her husband and his friends by pouring scalding water over gentlemen she didn't like who came to tea. The English probably attributed such performances to her being an American. Her long-suffering consort soon passed to another and, we may be sure, happier life, wherever it is. The widow, early in the eighteen-hundreds, returned to Williamsburg. Here she astonished the natives by installing her coach in a specially built back hall. When callers arrived, Mrs. Paradise would in-

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vite them to sit with her in the coach while the house servants rolled it back and forth.

She wore such a lofty headdress that she could not perch her



TOOL HOUSE, LUDWELL-PARADISE PLACE

bonnet on top of it. Instead, she had a little black page who followed her, carrying her bonnet on a cushion lest the neighbors should be tempted to say that she had none. There is another story to the effect that when she saw another woman wearing an attractive hat Sunday morning she would call to

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borrow the hat and keep it for an indeterminate length of time. All these oddities were no doubt explained in Williamsburg as customs of the inexplicable English with whom Mrs. Paradise had lived so long.

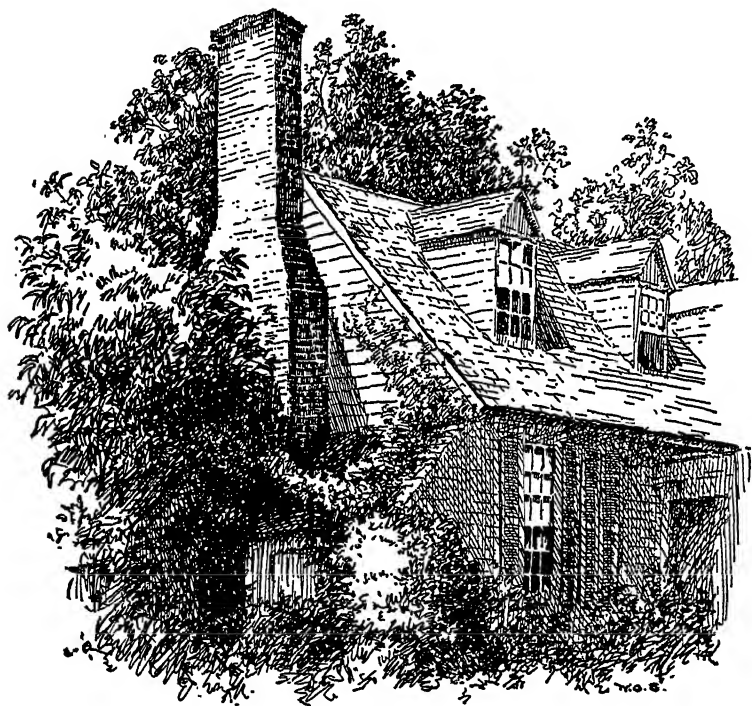
But by and by the excuse of eccentricity could not be stretched to cover the lady's surprising performances. So one day another coach drew up at the door and carried her off to a larger house on the other side of the town, the "Maison des Fous." She died intestate and this residence became the center of much litigation. Philip, her grandson, the son of an Italian count Barziza, came to Williamsburg, sued for possession and lost, but he spent the rest of his days here. He helped the town to expand to the extent of begetting ten children, the last of whom was denominated "Decimus Ultimus Barziza." The note of finality in that "Ultimus" was no doubt a great relief to Mrs. Barziza.

The house was still in use as a dwelling when taken over by the Restoration and had suffered few changes in the two centuries of life. Only the outside kitchen and stable called for reconstruction.

At present this house contains Mrs. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, collection of American Folk Art as a loan exhibition. Here we see American pioneer art among the great mass of people who could never afford to employ Peale, Copley, and Stuart. The artists represented here are men whose trade was to paint carriages and houses, but could be persuaded to try their hand at a family portrait, and such portraits! Others left their carriage wheels to dry while they indulged their secret ambition in painting a landscape or a scene from Scripture. Notice, for in-

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stance, the Amos Doolittle series of the Prodigal Son, in which the characters wear the contemporary dress. Also, there is that other series of the Good Samaritan story in which all hands



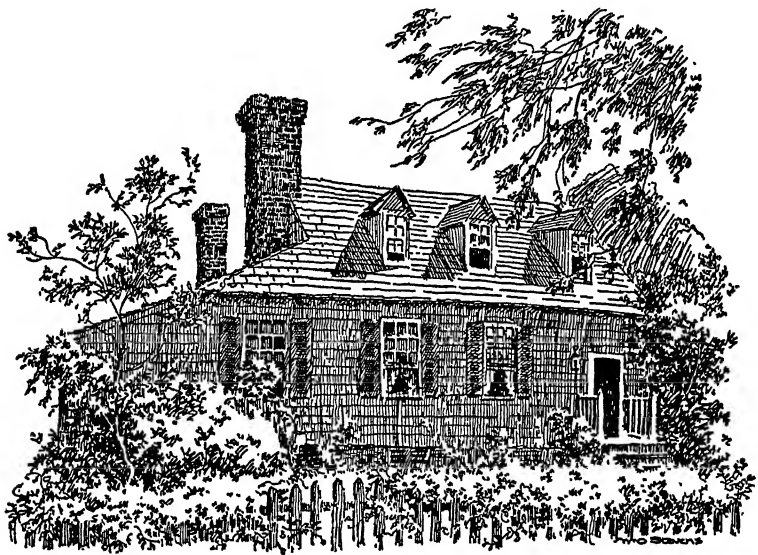
A TYPICAL GABLE END, WALLER HOUSE

wear the cocked hats and knee breeches of 1770. The Good Samaritan—not being a Jew—is clean-shaven, but the rest have huge beards.

One of these amateur artists has risen to considerable fame

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and his pictures now command high prices. This is Edward Hicks. He was a Quaker and his hero was William Penn. He is noted for his paintings on the theme of Isaiah's prophecy of world peace—"When the lion shall lie down with the lamb." The example here represents five Quaker gentlemen far in the



GALT COTTAGE

background standing solemnly round the grave of William Penn, which is unmarked as Quaker doctrine required. In the foreground are large figures of cattle and sheep. Hicks adorned coaches, houses, and signboards for a living, but he painted pictures like these for sheer love of it. Every now and then he would retire to his separate star and draw the thing as he saw it for the God of things as they are.

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This is a priceless collection of one phase of early American history. Here are the samples of the eighteenth century and the paintings on velvet of the nineteenth century, which were genteel accomplishments for the well-brought-up girls, and there also are the Cigar Store Indians of a still later generation.

In the carriage house at the end of the garden in the rear are the two coaches which convey the hostesses to and from their posts of duty. They are worth seeing at close quarters. Both were probably made in London, and one was formerly in the possession of a Carroll of the south bank of the James.

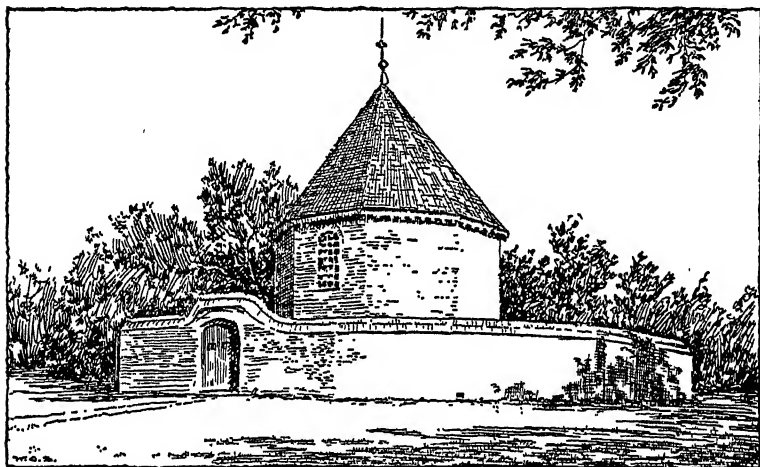
As we pass up the street toward our next objective we come, on the left, in Market Square, upon the curious brick cone of a building easily recognized as the ancient Public Magazine or "Powder Horn." And though it interrupts the sequence of events on our official program we will stray from the prescribed path for a few minutes to look at it.

Its history goes back to 1714 when Governor Spotswood had it built as a magazine for storing "the Arms, Gunpowder, and Ammunition now in the Colony, belonging to the King." Thus it served for sixty years until Lord Dunmore secretly removed the powder from it on April 20, 1775, and in so doing enraged the Virginians to the point of rebellion. After the Revolution it went through a variety of phases being by turns a market house, then a Baptist Church on Sundays and (horrors!) dancing school on week days. In the Civil War it served as an arsenal and thereafter it became a livery stable.

In 1890 the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities—A. P. V. A. for short—acquired the building, and it is now in their possession. However, it was restored by Colonial

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Williamsburg in 1935 and a wall built around it as it stood in the early days. It is now a museum for which one pays twenty-five cents admission. This goes for the expense of upkeep. Here are all sorts of archeological relics from the old "Tower" muskets, which are being collected into a small arsenal of their own, to flint arrowheads and tomahawks.



PUBLIC MAGAZINE OR "POWDER HORN"

Not so many years ago the Magazine was wrapped in a very becoming mantle of ivy, and now that all the restoration work is complete, we may hope it will grow again, though they do say it increases dampness and does not appeal to the architect for several other reasons.

Last on our list of show places of the Restoration and most important of all is the Governor's Palace. This, as an achieve-

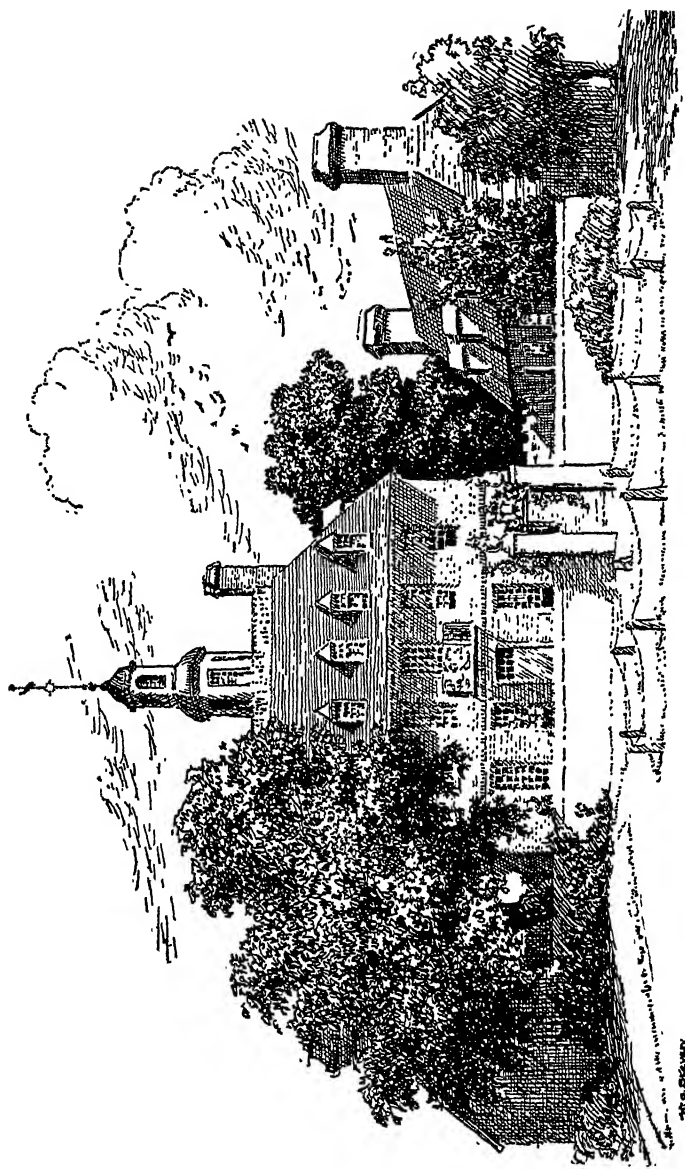
OLD WILLIAMSBURG

ment of reconstruction, is so sumptuous and so extensive as to take one's breath away. A visit here requires plenty of time. In the official guide there is a double page of diagrammatic drawing in bird's-eye view of the buildings and grounds with figures of identification below.

The history of the original palace begins with the year 1706 when the Assembly provided an appropriation for the purpose of a Governor's residence. When Governor Spotswood arrived in 1710, he found all the money used up and the house standing unfinished. Under his gentle persuasion more money was extracted from the Assembly, so much so that by 1718, when the work was still going on, certain thrifty burghers complained that the commonwealth's money was being squandered to build a "palace." Hence the term used ever since, "The Governor's Palace." When it was finished about 1720, it was no doubt the handsomest residence for a colonial governor in all British America.

Indeed, it is sumptuous even today, both outside and in. It must have been amusing to see those two professional democrats, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, living in all that baronial splendor during their terms as Governor of Virginia. Such a residence certainly required an army of servants to keep up. Probably it was a relief to Jefferson when the capital was moved to Richmond and he was able to slip into less expensive quarters.

During the Yorktown campaign the building was used as a hospital and the one hundred and fifty-six soldiers who died here were buried in the Palace garden. Their graves, with no markers, were discovered when the restoration work got under



THE PALACE

Engraved from a drawing by J. G. Smith, Esq., and published by J. G. Smith, Esq., 12, Pall Mall East.

W. G. Smith, Esq.

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way. In December, 1781, the building caught fire and burned to the ground. It was then filled with sick and wounded, but only one died in the flames.

What was left of the outbuildings was used for a century as private homes and these disappeared during the occupation of the Northern army in the Civil War. When the railroad came it laid its tracks right across the site of the Governor's Park, and then a factory reared its ugly head at the north end. To make the desecration perfect, a particularly hideous schoolhouse squatted on a part of the old palace foundations, facing the Green.

The more we look about this piece of restoration work the more we are, as the hymn puts it, "lost in wonder, love and praise." Within, each room is a treasure chamber of the past. It is impossible to call attention to any special items out of the myriad objects to be seen, and each according to his taste will want to linger over those things that interest him most. In this building, particularly, one would bid the hostesses not to go so fast.

It is amazing what care, research, and expense have been poured out on the furnishing of the restored palace. Agents of Colonial Williamsburg have hunted all over America and England and in some far corners of the earth to assemble the collection housed under this roof. Whether it is a portrait of King George, purchased from some English manor house, a great chandelier discovered in Canton, a figured wallpaper brought from a room in an English home, nothing has been spared to make the Palace of today a counterfeit presentment of that Palace into which Governor Spotswood moved two hundred

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and twenty years ago.

Thanks to the inventories of three colonial governors, the floor plans drawn by Thomas Jefferson, the copperplate engraving found in the Bodleian, and extensive references to the building in official records of the Assembly, the Restoration architects had no lack of information to work on. In addition, it was soon discovered, when work began, that the original foundations, both for the main building and the auxiliary ones were still intact. Similarly, for the restoration of the garden there was important material found in the contemporary records. When the excavation began, practically all the foundations were uncovered beneath the turf, showing the original lines of the walls, steps, pond areas, and drain pipes. For the details of planting, however, a thorough study was made of contemporary gardens in England and the colonies. Here, as we wander about these grounds we see a perfect replica of the formal garden of the original estate, with all the geometric divisions so fashionable in eighteenth-century England. Here are the "canal" and "fish pond," "falling gardens," "maze," "mount," and "box garden," not to mention the more plebeian kitchen garden set away modestly behind hedge and wall as if it were not quite fit for genteel eyes. And it is from the garden looking back that the visitor gets a charming aspect of the Palace, not so austere as the face that fronts on the Green but rising at the end of a vista of "twelve apostles" of red cedar trimmed like pillars. Perhaps Francis Bacon had in his mind's eye some such garden as this when he was moved to write his essay on gardens. "God Almighty," he began, "first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of pleasures."

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The research work on this reconstructed garden must have been most interesting, for there was considerable literature available on plants and flowers in England a century before Governor Spotswood walked these paths. For example, a certain John Parkinson, who called himself "herbarist and apothecary" to Charles the First, brought out a folio on English flowers—illustrated by crude woodcuts—which he dedicated to the Queen. From such works as these we know that roses, peonies, iris, gladioli (how *did* they pronounce that word?), narcissus, lilies, tulips, carnations, and many more were familiar in those days.

These old books on plants, as suggested by Parkinson's title, considered them from two angles, one is their usefulness in medicine and the other their beauty and fragrance. And the author prescribed for both. Here is a recipe for a bouquet or, as it was called then, a "sweet posy." "Take two moss-rose buds half open, a small spray of rosemary, half a dozen heads of lavender, to which add a cluster of mignonette, three old crimson clove-carnations, a small bunch of white jasmine and a sprig or two of sweet scented verbenæ."

It might be interesting to know whether the gardener of two to three hundred years ago had to worry about mildew, black spot, rust, red spider, and aphid. The seventeenth-century poet, George Herbert, was a flower-lover. The guide still points out the surviving root of a lilac that he planted in his garden at Bemerton, England, nearly three centuries ago, but the poet notes sadly that of "gardening and building no man knoweth the cost." He probably had a bill at the apothecary's for sulphur and arsenic.

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From time immemorial the English have cultivated flowers, and this elaborate planting in the rear of the Palace was no



IN THE PALACE GARDEN: THEN AND NOW

new thing in kind, though it was in degree. It is true that one of the Rothschilds, when asked which was the most beautiful garden in England, snorted "Covent Garden." But his bank was not the kind where the wild thyme grows, and he was hardly representative of English sentiment. It is more signifi-

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cant that a favorite name for a garden was "plesauunce," a place of delight.

The formal layout of the beds and walks, and the geometric patterns of box, with "maze" and "mount" probably are due to the influence of the Dutch tradition that came into England along with William of Orange. Francis Bacon did not care for these ornaments, saying scornfully that he noted similar decorations on tarts from the bakeshop. And fifty years after Spotswood had gone to walk the paths of a fairer Paradise, the fashion in England had changed so completely that even today on the Continent the phrase "English Garden" means a place where the landscaping and planting are informal. But this would have been thought untidy in 1740, and doubtless Mr. Alexander Pope would have enjoyed walking in His Excellency's plesauunce because here nature was to such advantage dressed.

The hostesses who may be seen guiding visitors near the rear entrance of the Palace are not the only bit of antique pageantry in this garden. For every now and then an Ethiop appears in cocked hat and knee breeches, plying the rake or the clippers. It may be observed that he sometimes carries an unmistakably twentieth-century galvanized iron pail, and one may be pardoned the dark suspicion that when nobody is looking he pushes a twentieth-century lawn mower, but let us not spoil the picture by such corroding thoughts. There are limits to this business of historical accuracy. Even the hostesses, it will be remembered, ride in an automobile on Fridays, Sundays, and rainy days.

Some of the growing things in this garden, though newly

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placed there, are as old, or nearly as old, as the original Palace. For example, the bowling green, indicated on the diagram as the "Box Garden," is lined by box trees two hundred years old. It may be added that every detail of this garden from the iron gates and marble urns to the beds of pansies is there because it has a right to be in this living picture of an ancient colonial garden.

In brief, the Palace is a piece of restoration work that both for scale and detail has never been attempted before in this country. It is hard to find any reconstruction in any other countries that may be compared with it. Of course Viollet le Duc rebuilt the walls of Carcassonne, which was a magnificent achievement, but that work offered nothing like the infinite variety of problems that had to be solved in the reconstruction of the Palace. Not a tithe of the significance of what one sees can the casual tourist take in during his tour of the rooms and the grounds. To appreciate what meets the eyes at every glance would mean many visits and the presence of a guide who had shared in the work, for the Governor's Palace is the crowning achievement of the Williamsburg Restoration.

CHAPTER XII

COLLEGE AND CHURCH

THERE are two other shrines in Williamsburg of the first importance, and these require no ticket of admission. They are William and Mary College and Bruton Church. Already we have touched on them frequently in these pages, but have not looked at them so closely as they deserve.

At the college we have done obeisance at the statue of the good Lord Botetourt, and in the rear portico of the Wren Building have read the tablets of "priorities" and of notable alumni. We have also seen the beginnings of the institution under the redoubtable Governor Nicholson, and the long presidency of the no less redoubtable Dr. James Blair. And at the other end of the story we have shed a tear over the struggle of President Ewell to bring the institution back to life after the Civil War. But there are other bits of history that may be filled in here and there to give a more rounded picture of the second oldest college in America. In fact that ancient campus of twenty acres, bounded in triangle fashion by the Wren Building in the rear and the two streets meeting at a point in front, makes now the oldest group of college buildings in the country. The other two structures on either hand of the Wren Building are the President's House, on the Richmond Road, and Braffer-ton Hall on the Jamestown Road. These are the three historic buildings of William and Mary. It is a blessing to be grateful

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for that in the recent days of expansion these eighteenth-century relics were not swept away to make room for the new as has happened for example at Harvard and Yale. And although the college stands outside the area of restoration, the first piece of work done by Mr. Rockefeller in 1928 was the restoring of the Wren Building to the aspect it wore more than two hundred years ago. And the work went on to include the Brafferton (of 1723), the President's House and the Chapel, both of 1732.

The President's House was built in 1732; that is, a whole generation after the college was inaugurated. This is the building mentioned in an earlier chapter as the place where Cornwallis made his headquarters for a brief space, and where afterwards the French officers lodged until they were burned out. Here, long afterwards, Ambassador and Mrs. Jusserand were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Tyler at a reception in honor of both the old ties and the new.

The other building was called Brafferton Hall because it was erected out of funds coming from certain Brafferton estates in Yorkshire, made available for the college by the kindly offices of Robert Boyle, the famous scientist. The fund was administered by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and by them applied to this Indian School.

The interesting fact about Brafferton Hall is that it was intended to be a school for the education of the Indians. Pious folk in England were distressed as they reflected on "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind," and particularly his heathen soul. Pocahontas was baptized and ever afterwards lived and died a model Christian wife and mother. The good work must go on, they declared, with the others of her race.

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And so a brave effort was made. Certain young red men were persuaded to attend college with the idea of educating them to become missionaries to their own people. Just how they were induced to come is not clear, but the results were discouraging. We are indebted to the Reverend Hugh Jones for a picture of what this education of the Indians amounted to:

The young Indians, procured from the tributary or foreign Nations with much Difficulty, were formerly boarded and lodged in the Town; where abundance of them used to die, either thro' Sickness, change of Provision, and the way of Life; or as some will have it, often for want of proper Necessaries and due Care taken of them. Those of them who have escaped well, and been taught to read or write, have for the most Part returned to their Home, some with and some without Baptism, where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish Rites.

A few of them have lived as Servants of the English, or loitered and idled their Time in Laziness and Mischief. But 'tis great Pity that more Care is not taken about them, after they are dismissed from School.

They have admirable Capacities when their Humours and Tempers are perfectly understood; and if well taught, they might advance themselves and do great good in the Service of Religion; whereas now they are rather taught to become worse than better by falling into the worst Practices of vile nominal Christians, which they add to their own Indian Manners and Notions.

Mr. Jones's opinion should carry weight, for being professor of mathematics at the college, he had every opportunity to watch the experiment at close quarters.

In Miss Mary Johnston's novel *Audrey* the half-breed villain Hugon is represented as one of these Indian scholars, and his

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bitter enmity toward the white men with whom he had dealings later arose from the fact that there had been across the campus a fence within which the Indian boys had lived and studied and played, not being permitted to associate with the white boys on the other side. As Hugon claimed that his father was "of the noblesse," he fiercely resented this discrimination. We hear very little about these Indian boys. It is not difficult, however, to picture them sitting on benches or "forms" in front of a "master," probably a gentleman who had been at an English university and taken Holy Orders. We can imagine the despair in his face as he looks into their impassive eyes and struggles to make them learn the Articles of Religion. "There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, and passion," etc.

Behind the grunted monosyllable or the dead silence the teacher could not reach the savage mind, which, unable to comprehend such words, was probably wandering on the banks of the Chickahominy hunting deer. Stolidly the Indian boys sat on the benches and stared at the teacher, their heads, so to speak, muddy but unbowed. Their schoolroom lessons they learned very ill indeed, but they took all too quickly to the white man's firewater. That, combined with smallpox and tuberculosis, made a ghastly casualty list in the student roster.

It is a tragic fact in our history that even when the white man tried to be kind to the red, which was not very often, he succeeded only in killing him off as effectively with schooling as with gun powder, "for abundance of them used to die." And yet the attempt to educate and convert the Indian was continued stubbornly until the period of the War of Independence,

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when the enterprise was tacitly abandoned.

There were practical problems about the college which concerned not only the teaching and conversion of the savages, but also the housing and oversight of the slaves. After a while an apartment was set aside for the Indians and their master, but the negroes seem to have been stuck into corners for lack of proper slave quarters. "These servants," says Professor Jones, "not only take up a great deal of Room, and are noisy and nasty, but have also made me and others apprehensive of the great Danger of being burnt with the College thro' their Carelessness and Drowsiness."

Probably he observed with annoyance and pain the chasm between the well-trained servitors of an English university or public school and these poor children of the wilderness. And perhaps the shocking prevalence of fires in the chronicles of old Williamsburg was due partly at least to the "carelessness and drowsiness" of these African slaves.

It may be wondered whether our clerical professor thought that these "noisy and nasty" black men so exasperatingly addicted to shiftlessness had souls to be saved as well as the Indians. If so, he kept his convictions to himself. Corporal Trim, in the famous book of another eighteenth-century divine, isn't quite sure on this point, but he thinks that "a negro *has* a soul an't please your Honour," and Captain Shandy agrees with him on general principles because he thinks that God would not give white men souls and leave black men without. There are records of the baptisms of slaves in Bruton Church, and in 1754 the establishment of a school for negroes. But in the early days the conversion of the slaves seems to have been largely left

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to God's "uncovenanted mercies."

Another matter connected with the college troubled Professor Jones. In England, whether it was at Eton or at Oxford, students were kept inside the walls after dark. It was assumed that the boys, if left to themselves, would severally and collectively raise the devil. At William and Mary he observes:

Another thing prejudicial to the College, is the Liberty allowed the Scholars, and the negligent Observance of College Hours, and the Opportunity they have of rambling Abroad.

To remedy this, there is wanting some Contrivance to secure the Youth within the College at certain Hours; which has hitherto been in vain attempted, because of the many Servants lodged in the College, and the several Doors and Ways to get out of it.

The students were thus left free to get into as much mischief as the Williamsburg constabulary would tolerate. They were probably often noisy during the night watches, and were inclined to frequent the taverns, inns, and ordinaries, more than was good for them. Yet this free-and-easy condition was true of that generation of William and Mary boys that produced, among other famous men, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and John Marshall.

In the list posted on the wall of the Wren Building, "Some of the Priorities of the College of William and Mary," there are events which serve as milestones in the history of the institution. In 1729 it took the lead of other American colleges by being the first to have "a full faculty, consisting of a President, six professors, usher, and writing master." Outside of a grounding in Latin and Greek grammar, probably the course in those days was rather elementary, as suggested by the presence of a

OLD WILLIAMSBURG

writing master on the faculty. In eighteenth-century Virginia there were few educational advantages for a plantation boy whose father did not employ a private tutor, and no doubt many a youngster presented himself at the college with but a small proficiency in the three R's. Even a hundred years and more later, in the decade just before the Civil War, it has been said that sometimes a boy from a plantation home arrived at Harvard unable to read or write.

The "usher" in that early faculty list was probably, as at an English school, a sort of assistant teacher, an ill-paid underdog who could be impressed into all kinds of tasks that the rest of the faculty wanted to get rid of, and be made to run their errands.

Another milestone, already touched on in the story of the Raleigh Tavern, was the founding of Phi Beta Kappa in 1776. Following this on the list of priorities is the statement that William and Mary was "the first college to have the elective system of study." This innovation took place in the year 1779. It is not likely that there was a wide choice of studies at that time, but that there was any choice at all is the significant thing. This idea, be it added, though sponsored by President Eliot of Harvard has not been an unmixed blessing to American education.

This year, 1779, in spite of its being the gloomiest year of the War of Independence, seems to have been one of great activity at the college, for it witnessed a second educational experiment, tried here for the first time in America. This was the honor system, which is still in force. It has been copied elsewhere with varying results. In some colleges where the sentiment in

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the student body responds to the appeal of honor, the plan has succeeded. In others where the word honor means nothing to the great majority, the system is impossible. But it is a splendid boast of this college that the plan inaugurated here has been adhered to successfully for more than one hundred and fifty years.

The same year that saw these two significant beginnings witnessed also the step up to the status of a university by the addition of post-graduate courses. William and Mary thus claims to have been the first American university. At the same time it added a school of Modern Languages and a school of Municipal and English Constitutional Law, both of these being the first in America. All this in one year, 1779!

After the Revolution, though severely handicapped by lack of funds, the college gained two more priorities, being the first, in 1784, to give a course in political economy and, in 1803, the first to inaugurate a school of Modern History. After that, chill penury forced the college to surrender its leadership to the richer and larger colleges in the North.

Of the temper of mind of eighteenth-century Virginia students Jones says that "they are more inclinable to read Men by Business and Conversation than to dive into Books, and are for the most Part only desirous of learning what is absolutely necessary in the shortest and best Method." This inclination to treat education as something to be translated into action is strikingly borne out by the careers of the famous graduates. Of all courses offered by William and Mary the favorites were those in law, which gave preparation for both private business and public service. For this purpose William and Mary had a great

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teacher, George Wythe, the "first professor of the first law course offered by an American college." He was the man who taught John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Henry Clay, and many other distinguished men in state and national annals, and whom they always looked back upon with veneration.

We might pause to take a closer look at this institution of learning as it was in the era of the Revolutionary War. There were then five professors, four of whom were married despite the regulation against the wedded state. Students and professors seem to have associated on a very informal and democratic footing, for they all ate in a common dining hall. Dress seems to have been particularly informal. Students were not required to wear either coats or shoes if the weather was hot. In general, the boys seem to have deported themselves as they pleased.

A college regulation regarding drink ran thus: "No liquors shall be furnished or used [at the students' tables] except beer, cider, toddy, or spirits and water." One might grant that the exceptions were fairly liberal!

When the Revolutionary War broke out, the college was in a ferment of rebellious sentiment. Three professors and twenty-five to thirty students immediately enlisted. The President, Bishop Madison, a cousin of the Madison who became President of the United States, was an ardent Whig. In his sermons he always avoided the phrase "Kingdom of Heaven," and spoke instead of "that great republic where there is no distinction of class and where all are free and equal." This was the gentleman who with his wife was rudely ejected from the President's House at the college by Lord Cornwallis and forced to take

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refuge in the Wren Building.

All the rest of his faculty were Whigs also except for one Englishman who was a Loyalist and didn't care who knew it. One day after dinner an "usher," Mr. James Inness, later Attorney General of Virginia, resented this man's presence and shied a pewter plate at his head, narrowly missing the professorial wig. As the ill-mannered usher received no discipline for the offense, the Tory instructor departed in wrath for England. This may be another doubtful legend, for it is on record that Inness was dismissed from the college prior to the outbreak of the Revolution because of absenting himself without leave to indulge in patriot activities.

Toward the close of the war the students became disgusted with the indifference of the people of Tidewater Virginia toward the conflict. They complained that "the want of Men, Money, Provisions, and still more of Public Virtue and Patriotism is universal—a melancholy Lethargic disposition pervades all Ranks in this part of the Country, they appear as if determined to struggle no more, but to 'stand still and see what the Lord will do for them.'" This complaint expressed in July, 1780, would have fitted almost anywhere as well as in "this part of the Country." Fortunately the Lord sent Rochambeau and De Grasse.

For a while, after the treaty of peace, the college suspended operations. After it resumed, it developed a reputation for "free-thinking" which scandalized the godly. Bishop Meade, writing in 1856, says that "at the end of the century the College of William and Mary was regarded as the hotbed of infidelity and of the wild politics of France." That was the reason, he says,

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why many of the best citizens of the Old Dominion turned away from William and Mary and sent their sons to Northern colleges such as Yale and Princeton where the theology was orthodox. "No wonder," he concludes sadly, "that God for so long a time withdrew the light of His countenance from it." He would have liked to see the college a "Seminary of Ministers of the Gospel."

As personal examples of the taint of infidelity he cites George Wythe and Thomas Jefferson, although both these gentlemen served as vestrymen of Bruton Church. He mentions also as a dreadful instance of this same evil a Reverend Mr. Tally of Gloucester who preached "infidelity under the specious garb of universalism." In short, Mr. Tally didn't believe in eternal damnation. "And afterwards," concluded the Bishop, "he gave a fit comment on his doctrine by dying the death of a drunkard."

No doubt this aroma of "infidelity" may have deprived the college of much of the support it needed from the people of Virginia in those lean and difficult years of the nineteenth century up to Virginia's ordinance of secession.

Perhaps enough has been said in another chapter of the closing of the college during the Civil War, of the heroic effort of its President, Colonel Ewell, to revive it afterwards, and the final renaissance, with state aid, under Dr. Lyon G. Tyler. In that first year of its renewed life there was an impressive ceremony under the shadow of the old Jamestown tower in which Dr. Tyler, his associates, and a new student body dedicated themselves to a rebirth of William and Mary College.

Dr. Tyler was one of the last examples of a college president

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in America who was, first of all, a scholar, interested primarily in a program of education. He was one of the foremost historians of Virginia, noted for his painstaking accuracy. The modern idea that a college president should be a combination of a high-pressure business executive and high-class beggar would have been something Dr. Tyler could not have understood. It would not have been easy for him to twitch the sleeves of rich men asking, "Brother, can you let me have a million?" Under him, be it remembered, William and Mary took on a new lease of life, and marched ahead steadily if unostentatiously as a small college proud of its great tradition.

In 1918 an innovation was made which Dr. Tyler had long advocated, the introduction of coeducation. The following year Dr. Tyler resigned to become President Emeritus. After him there came a period of great physical expansion under the next president, Dr. J. A. C. Chandler. A college that had never gone above two hundred pupils now numbered ten times as many. The present head, Dr. John Stewart Bryan, has the astonishing ability of running a newspaper in Richmond with one hand, a college in Williamsburg with the other, and doing both with ease and success.

The campus today presents a very different picture from the William and Mary of the old days. What used to be merely cow pasture and woodland in the rear of the Wren Building is now a wide lawn with many handsome brick structures. A visitor, while college is in session, gets much the same pictures here that confront the eye in any coeducational institution, whether on the campus or in the various places of refreshment in the town. He will develop the same dark suspicion that a

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goodly number of the Marys have come to college in order to major in Williams, and vice versa; though, of course, many boys do go to college for loftier reasons—such as football. In the hot season here as in other institutions there is a summer school for teachers, and the idler who seeks the refreshing shade of the corridors of the Wren Building will hear through the open doors of the classrooms the rustle of notebooks and murmur of discussion. Pause at a door and you may hear a lecturer admonishing his meek and conscientious schoolmarms that they must “integrate, correlate, motivate, and evaluate” their something or other, exactly as at every other summer school the country over.

So the present-day William and Mary on the surface seems indistinguishable from a hundred other American colleges of her size. It is her great past that is still her present glory. She has risen now after a century of poverty to a size and affluence never before dreamed of. We shall be profoundly grateful to her if she will now set about graduating just a few more Thomas Jeffersons, James Monroes, John Marshalls, George Wythes, Peyton Randolphs, and John Tylers. Indeed, the nation could do very well these days to have the services of even one of these men.

Although the Wren Building is open to the visitor, it is no mere show place, for it is still in active service. But there is a room which no one should miss, the restored Chapel. This is a bit of eighteenth-century England, identical in character with many a chapel in university or public school in the Mother Country. Beneath its floor lie the bones of several distinguished citizens of Williamsburg, such as the Randolphs and notably

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Lord Botetourt, among whose good qualities was an active interest in the welfare of the college.

So much for the famous institution. It cherishes both a sense of the past and its duty to the present. In a little folder issued to visitors as a "bulletin," the aims of the college are expressed in these words:

Its mission is to cherish the traditions which are brought to it out of the past and to interpret them in the light of the needs of the present. Its responsibility is to preserve and to perpetuate what a noble past has to say for itself, and to say also to its students the things which will enable them to serve nobly in the present and the future.

So, as we depart, we will turn and doff our hats to the Wren Building as a lamp of learning set down in the wilderness more than two hundred and thirty years ago and still alight with the old flame. We might leave the campus by the handsome iron gates opening on the Richmond Road. The posts are topped with the figures of King William and Queen Mary, looking majestic in peruke, robe of state, crown, orb, and scepter. King William bulges out in front like one of the convex burgo-masters of his native Holland. Both monarchs are vastly better looking than any contemporary portraits would lead us to believe, but if we must have kings and queens in America by all means let them be good to look upon.

From these regal gates we will turn back on Duke of Gloucester Street to our other objective, Bruton Parish Church. This, too, has been touched on here and there in these pages already, for the church is the dominating landmark, not only in the Williamsburg scene, but also in Williamsburg history. When Middle Plantation was created for settlement in 1633, some

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sort of church was erected there. In 1674 "Marston" and "Middletowne" parishes were merged to form "Bruton" parish, and then a new church was ordered built. This was the first Bruton parish church. Colonel John Page of Middle Plantation gave the land for the site, but it took nine years to complete the building. Since this proved to be too small for the needs of Williamsburg, after it became the capital of Virginia, in 1710 another church was ordered to be erected on the same site. Governor Spotswood drew the plans and directed the building. A contemporary says of him that "He was well acquainted with Figures, and so good a Mathematician that his Skill in Architecture, and in laying out of ground to the best Advantage, is yet to be seen in Virginia." The building was finished in 1715, and this is the present Bruton Church.

It is something of a mystery why the parish was named "Bruton" in the first place. In the entrance to the church, however, there is a picture of the church at Bruton in Somerset, England. Evidently someone interested at the time in Virginia affairs harked back in his memory to a village church in England which perhaps had been associated with his boyhood. It has been noted that the Ludwell family was associated with that Bruton of the home country. The name must have been strange to Benson Lossing, who is usually very accurate, for he invariably writes the name "Brenton" in the pages he devotes to Williamsburg in his *Field-Book of the Revolution*. Perhaps the printer was to blame. The name was unfamiliar, and other "corrections" made by typesetters were "Benton" or "Burton."

Through all the life of Williamsburg and its college from

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1715 on, this church was the center of activity in life and the final resting place in death. The bell rang not only for services but for all occasions of public rejoicing. All state processions paused at Bruton Church, and all colonial assemblies opened in solemn pomp by meeting in the church to offer prayers for Divine guidance. The bell is one of the most historic in America. It rang for the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, for the Declaration of Rights of May, 1776, for the hauling down of the Great Union from the Capitol cupola, for the surrender of Cornwallis, and the peace celebration of May 1, 1783. The old clock came from the cupola of the abandoned Capitol.

Entering by the gate that opens on Duke of Gloucester Street, we see that the entire churchyard is surrounded by a wall of old brick. The story runs to the effect that the vestrymen complained when this wall was finished, in the year 1752, that it would never last. They felt so doubtful of its ability to stand up that they refused for a time to pay the contractor. They were right, for although that same wall has stood for a matter of two centuries, it did so by means of constant expenditure for repairs.

In many ways this is the most restful and secluded spot in all Williamsburg. Outside the wall there is a tremendous to-do of comings and goings of automobiles, but none of that is visible and little may be heard here. The trees throw deep shadows on the grass and over the stones. In bright contrast with the different shades of green are the little Confederate flags that mark the graves of veterans of the Civil War here and there with a touch of scarlet. Sight-seers make for the door of the church as a rule and wander little among the graves, so that if

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one sits under the shade of a tree at the far side of the churchyard on some flat tombstone he can be very much to himself, a pleasant experience after strenuous days of sight-seeing.

It is also worth while to ramble about among the gravestones and memorial tablets and note the names of former parish-



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ioners of Bruton who were interred here. These include two colonial Governors. It is too bad that the good Governor Spotswood who did so much toward building this church should have ended his days in Annapolis and laid his bones in Yorktown. Here lies a former Justice of the Supreme Court, John Blair, Jr. Here are members of the Colonial Council and Secretaries of State. Here is John Page of Middle Plantation on the

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land which he gave. Here rest several presidents of William and Mary College, and there are tombs of others not particularly notable yet of interest in themselves.

By the north wall of the churchyard is the grave of Mrs. Ann Timson Jones. She was the wife of a certain Reverend Scervant Jones who founded the Baptist Church in Williamsburg and conducted services, in lieu of a better tabernacle, in the "Public Magazine." Her epitaph reads thus:

MRS. ANN TIMSON JONES

Here Lies All That the Grave Can Claim of
Mrs. Ann Timson Jones

Consort of the

REV. SCERVANT JONES

Born 1st of Sept., 1787

Married 26 Dec., 1805

Baptized 3 Mar., 1822

Died June 6, 1849

If woman, ever yet did well;
If woman, ever did excel;
If woman, husband ere adored;
If woman, ever loved the Lord:
If ever faith and hope and love;
In human flesh did live and move;
If all the graces ere did meet;
In her, in her they were complete.

My Ann, my all, my angel wife,
My dearest one, my love, my life,
I cannot sigh or say farewell,
But where thou dwellest, I will dwell.

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The Reverend Mr. Jones was so desolate after her death that he took unto himself another wife who also proved to be a mirror of womanly virtues. But it is said that he was somewhat embarrassed on returning from his second honeymoon to discover the tombstone he had ordered for Ann strapped to the stagecoach on which he and his bride were traveling.

For some reason this dissenter found burial in this Church of England graveyard, and he lies beside Ann, his first wife. "Where thou dwellest I will dwell." But where the second wife is buried nobody knows.

The lyric gift of the Reverend Mr. Jones was not confined to elegy and epitaph. The *Williamsburg Scrap Book* tells the story that he used to time his pastoral calls so as to be invited to sit down to dinner. Once he came in just too late. The family had finished, but he was invited to enjoy what was left. The head of the family bore the unusual name of Howl. After a gloomy look about the table Parson Jones closed his eyes and spoke this grace before meat:

Lord of love, look from above
And bless the Howl that ate the fowl
And left the bones for Scervant Jones.

AMEN.

There is one family stone which bears touching tribute to the mutual affection between some of the families and their colored servants, for on the stone, in addition to the names of the different members, is included that of the "mammy," whose life-long devotion was thus recognized. And elsewhere lies a very recent grave which, except for the date upon it, might be of two centuries ago. Upon this tombstone is incised a large

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family crest. Beneath is the name of the deceased, but the epitaph consists entirely of the fact that the man was descended from some notable official of colonial Virginia, as if that were the only creditable thing that could be said of him.

Another who has rested here quietly a long time now after a stormy life is Sir Thomas Lunsford. He was one of the Royalists who came to Virginia when Oliver Cromwell made England an unsafe place for Cavaliers. He had been a soldier of fortune and had made such a reputation for ferocity that in London he was lampooned as a "child-eater." Here in Virginia, however, he made a good name for himself, showed no taste for cannibalism, and died in the bosom of the Church.

At the door of Bruton the traveler finds a sexton who is also a guide. The interior presents a picture of an eighteenth-century Virginia church with its high box pews, stone flagging, and lofty pulpit. This interior is the restoration made by Dr. Goodwin in 1907. Opposite the pulpit is the canopied Governor's pew, which was fittingly set up as a memorial to Alexander Spotswood under whose direction and supervision this church was erected. It was a place of honor, and as the good Governor sat there on what amounted to a throne, in his full-bottomed wig and velvet suit trimmed with lace, he must have been the center of admiration. But it may have been trying on occasions to be so conspicuous. In one of the high box pews an ordinary person might safely doze off before the parson got to his "thirdly, my brethren," or comfort oneself with a pinch of snuff, but in the Governor's pew one could hardly cross his legs without distracting the attention of the whole church.

As we walk up the aisle, we notice that the different pews

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have been marked as memorials to the famous patriots of the Revolutionary era who came here to worship. We also learn from the guide of many historic treasures in this church. Here is the baptismal font which, according to tradition, was used to make a Christian of Pocahontas, and was brought here from Jamestown. In the safe are the Communion services, one given in 1661 to the Jamestown church by Francis Morrison, acting Governor of Virginia. The next oldest is the set bequeathed to William and Mary College by Lady Rebecca Gooch, wife of Governor Gooch, in 1775. The cup bears the date 1686, and the plate 1737. The third set is called the "George the Third service," for it bears that monarch's coat of arms. It may have been his own gift, but it is more likely that the set was presented by the governor of that time, Francis Fauquier. This silver bears the dates 1766 and 1764.

In the safe is also the prayer book of the Revolution in which the prayer for King George is struck out and the name of the President of the United States is substituted. There are also other changes in the book, such as drawing a line through the phrase "King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the only Ruler of Princes," which was much too monarchical in sound. There is also here the prayer book of the eighteen-sixties, with the "President of the United States," struck out and on the margin is the notation "April 17, 1861, the Governor of Virginia." It was not until February, 1862, that Jefferson Davis was inaugurated under the "permanent constitution" of the Confederacy.

The lectern was the gift of President Theodore Roosevelt and the Bible was presented by King Edward the Seventh on the

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occasion of the tercentenary celebration at Jamestown in 1907. The prayer-desk Bible was given by President Wilson. In the chancel are the gravestones of the grandparents and the great-grandfather of Martha Washington, and near the door of the northern transept are the graves of her two children by her first husband, Daniel Parke Custis. Over the entrance of the church is the gallery where William and Mary students were herded for their souls' edification. This was built in 1753. Lest any son of Belial should try to escape, the doors were locked during the service. These future statesmen relieved the boredom of the sermon by cutting their initials on the pews, even as other college boys have done before and since. In that gallery sat Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Marshall, Edmund Randolph, John Tyler, and Winfield Scott.

The restoration performed by Dr. Goodwin thirty years ago was for the time admirable, but in the light of the perfection of the restoration work done all about Bruton since then the rector is now embarked on the project of raising a fund to build transept galleries, such as existed in Governor Spotswood's time, to repanel the pews for correct design, and to paint them as they were originally. As early as 1721 a gallery had been built on the south side of the church for the boys of the parish who apparently had to be segregated. One wonders how they behaved during service! There was also a north gallery for slaves who entered it by an outside stairway. Other changes he has in mind, but a still greater problem is one of repair. For termites, those demons from the nether region, are no respecters of holy places, and they have long been gnawing away at the paneling and pews.

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Outdoors, the brick wall about the churchyard, the one that was supposed to fall down any minute, but was made to last two centuries, now needs further repairs. The tombstones require care and the grounds call for drainage and landscaping. This has recently been made a Federal project. But the edifice itself needs attention still. Surely, for this restoration and repair work there should be a generous response from the myriads of Americans who have wandered about Bruton churchyard and bared their heads in the doorway. For this is not merely an old church of the Episcopal denomination. It has been called "the noblest monument of religion in America." There is a great cathedral in New York and one in Washington, but neither is "national" in the significance that attaches to this little church. Neither can boast any such associations with the birth and early struggles of our nation, or the great names of Virginia that were also the great names of America.

If one can time his trip to Williamsburg so as to include a Sunday, so much the better, because a service in Bruton Church is an experience needed to make the picture complete. Such was the good fortune of the writer on a recent June Sunday. Outside there was a shuttling of cars on Duke of Gloucester Street, strangers with cameras and dark goggles and guide-books were thronging along the walks, but inside the church sight-seeing was forgotten. Visitors were here too, but the atmosphere was one of worship. Probably nine-tenths of the congregation were strangers to Williamsburg. Many of them were evidently of other faiths, for some were having trouble finding the right place in the prayer book, and others didn't try, but listened to the responses in silence; evidently, the first

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two hymns were not familiar either.

These worshipers had come, some of them, from the far corners of the land. I happened to know that the man on my left was from Arkansas, and there may have been others there from Maine to New Mexico. That congregation was a picture of "brotherhood in the bonds of unity." At the end of the service all rose and sang "America," the hymn written by a young Baptist minister in Massachusetts more than a hundred years ago for a Baptist Sunday-school picnic. "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith." Everybody knew *that* hymn. The chorus of voices singing those familiar words thrilled one with a sense of national unity which, contrary to the belief of Europeans, is a reality in America; this, despite our wide boundaries, a great civil war, and a flood of immigration. After such a service one left the door of Bruton aglow with the feeling that this little, very old church is not only a historic shrine, it is our real National Cathedral.

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AS we step out of the gateway of Bruton churchyard we bring to a close the story of this pilgrimage. Perhaps enough has been touched upon in the foregoing pages to suggest the infinite variety of scene in this historic area we have covered together. Naturally each traveler will look for those objects or those sites which interest him most. For instance, on walking up to the entrance of Bacon's Castle I beheld a visitor standing on the lawn and gazing placidly at the landscape. "You see," he explained, "my wife's inside. She likes old houses and old furniture. I don't. I'm down here to visit the battlefields."

In fact, this problem of husbands who get restless while their consorts are gloating over pewter and mahogany and marble mantels is even now engaging the attention of "Colonial Williamsburg, Inc.," which endeavors to make everyone happy who comes thither. It has been proposed to lay out by the bank of the James an eighteen-hole golf course in order that Mr. George Babbitt may find peace and contentment thereon while Mrs. Babbitt goes into raptures over the "cute" houses and the "perfectly darling" furniture. Another suggestion is to organize river trips—every man likes to get out on the water—or to rent out small boats for fishing. It must be confessed that there are no exciting game fish to be caught from the James, but, for that matter, there are no fish whatever in the

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Seine; and yet scores of Parisians may be seen all day, happy in the contemplation of their floats and lines, as rapt and motionless as a W.P.A. worker leaning on his shovel. And finally there is, near Newport News, just off Number 60 highway, the "Mariners' Museum." Here is a magnificent exhibit (free, by the way), which appeals to the masculine mind if anything could. It is a gift to the public of Mr. Archer M. Huntington. In the language of its charter its purpose is to establish "a museum and library pertaining to nautical subjects, things, and interests, and otherwise to advance learning, the arts and sciences relating to or bearing on water craft, and marine navigation." Breathes there a man with soul so dead who wouldn't enjoy browsing in that kind of museum? Here is everything salty and seafaring from delicate scrimshaw to a ship's anchor.

Yet an informal survey of the throngs of visitors in Williamsburg and Yorktown suggests that the men, for the most part at any rate, seem to be as interested as their wives. We are all conscious of an appreciation of the value of our ancient memorials as we never were before, and this sentiment is by no means restricted to the distaff side of the family. There is developing a very general desire to learn more about our past by visiting the scenes where our early history was made, and in these days of cars and fine highways that is far easier to do than ever before.

Indeed, there is room for enlightenment on the subject of American history, since it seems to be an unwritten law that no one shall learn anything whatever from courses in school.

In an ancient book, also not very familiar in these days, stands this commandment, "Thou shalt not remove thy neigh-

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bor's landmark, which they of old time have set in thine inheritance, which thou shalt inherit in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee to possess it." In this commandment we might substitute some such word as "national" or "historical" for "neighbors" and accept it as applicable to ourselves. For indeed they of old time have set these landmarks in our inheritance, in the land which the Lord our God has given us to possess it, but far too many of them in the past have been removed to make room for wider streets, factories, apartments, and filling stations, all in the name of our restless desire for "progress" and "better business."

It will be interesting to observe the effect of all the recent restoration work on the nation at large. Already, architects tell us, the influence of the restored houses in Williamsburg has been to stimulate a new interest in the American domestic architecture of the eighteenth century. Probably four-fifths of the houses built in the last two or three years, they say, have been of this type. One of the popular magazines has even issued working drawings of what are called "Williamsburg houses." For the practical advantage of this colonial architecture in America is that it includes the frame cottage for the modest purse as well as the brick mansion for the rich. In either case the style offers a design that has the virtues of symmetry, beauty, and livability.

Nor are the landmarks of our inheritance only the houses in which our ancestors lived. Their furniture, their table services, their mantels, their cornices, doorcases, panels, also were beautiful. The effect of such a display of these things as we see in

the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg the men who gave us a home on the James, is bound to give birth to deep and strong lived, have some such surroundings and furnishings, land of justice, homes. Naturally, there are not enough antiques to go, certainly not enough to fit the modest budget of many a holder who appreciates these treasures. To meet this situation those in charge of the Williamsburg project have recently undertaken to establish craft shops for cabinetmakers, blacksmiths, and silversmiths. Perhaps other trades will be added in time. As nearly as possible these workers and their tools will be housed in the buildings which used to stand in Williamsburg as the shops occupied by these same crafts. In fact without this feature of activity we might carry away the impression of the new Williamsburg as being too much of a lifeless museum exhibit. Now, however, there will come from these shops accurate, handmade replicas of the eighteenth-century chairs, tables, sideboards, highboys, fireplace and kitchen utensils, table silver, and so forth. These can be purchased not only in Williamsburg but also in the large cities of the country. These things will not be "imitation antiques," made to look old, and bored by gimlet-made wormholes, but honest reproductions or copies of the finest examples of eighteenth-century craftsmanship.

A still greater influence of all this restoration work is the encouragement such achievements as we have seen in this area of the Cradle of the Republic will give those patriotic individuals and societies from Savannah, Georgia, to Portland, Maine, who have long been trying to save from forgetfulness and destruc-

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bor's landmark, which the churches in their communities, the heritage, which thou of great men and stirring times, in order thy God giveth - an inspiration for generations yet unborn. might subconclusion of the *Brief and True Report for the Trav-* for "neighbouring Williamsburg, the author expresses the hope of deed who have labored for the restoration there in these words: ance, it will in each of its Spheres and Phases and through poem all revive and retain something of the Strength and Beauty of Another Age, something of the Spirit of the Men who lived in it and made it great." And he adds the stately words of Pericles' oration in honor of the Athenian dead, ending, "For the whole Earth is the Sepulchre of famous Men; and their story is graven not only on Stone over their native Earth, but lives on, far away, without visible Symbol, woven into the Stuff of other Men's lives."

To this passage may be added those words already quoted from the Bulletin of William and Mary College, "Its mission is to cherish the traditions which are brought to it out of the past, and to interpret them in the light of the needs of the present. Its responsibility is to preserve and to perpetuate what a noble past has to say for itself. . . ."

Those men and that noble past have still much to say for themselves to us of present-day America, especially in these topsy-turvy times when the ideals that lighted that age are now more than ever ridiculed as old-fashioned and visionary, when still to have faith in democracy is to be damned by our Intelligentsia and Cognoscenti as either naïve or feeble-minded. It makes that faith stronger to be able to look upon the scenes

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now recreated for our eyes, where the men who gave us a country, and who laid its foundation deep and strong lived, labored, fought, and died, that their vision of a land of justice, liberty, and opportunity might be fulfilled.

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